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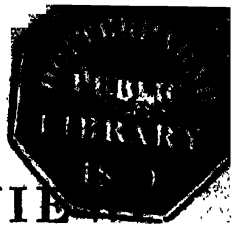
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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

APRIL, 1836.

ART. I.—*The Controversy between Sir Richard Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor, in the Court of Chivalry, A.D. MCCCCLXXXV—MCCCXC.* Vols. 1 and 2. By Sir N. Harris Nicolas, K.C.M.G. Folio. London. 1832.

‘IN our days,’ says Bailey—writing at the beginning of the last century—‘all are accounted gentlemen that have money; and if a man have no coat of arms, the King of Arms can sell him one.’ This is equally true, at least, in the present day. The aristocracy of wealth, to speak modestly, closely rivals that of rank; but our estimable friends, Garter, Clarencieux, Norroy, Lyon, and Ulster, with their dependent heralds and pursuivants, are, we believe, still fully occupied in supplying its members, as they spring up, with a variety of ingenious devices, in imitation of the coat armour of olden time, for emblazonment on the panels of carriages and the covers of side-dishes.

The fashion of armorial bearings is one which some may be surprised to find still maintaining itself in defiance of the Utilitarians. It would seem, at first view, a task of difficulty to account for its resistance to that ‘reforming spirit of the age,’ which announces such a philosophical scorn for hereditary honours of any kind. For, in truth, besides its *apparent* ‘inutility,’ the noble science of heraldry, with its quaint language and strange symbols,—the chiefs, pales, bends, fesses, chevrons, saltires, and so forth,—is such an unknown tongue to the million, nay, even to the thousands who inscribe these hieroglyphs on their equipages, that it really is almost a matter of marvel how so antiquated, and, with our present habits, incongruous a practice, should not long since have gone out of use, with the jousts and tournaments of the age of chivalry to which it appropriately belonged; whereas, on the contrary, it has not, that we are aware of, been in the least degree relaxed.

It is a strong example of the tenacity of associations once generally adopted. The ‘bearing of heraldic arms,’ when the *arms* they represent were really borne by knight and squire, was the distinctive mark of gentility—none being permitted to assume them who was not entitled to them by his rank. And so enduring is a notion which has once rooted itself in the mind of a people, that even now, though centuries have elapsed since the armour of

chivalry was consigned to the museums of the curious, no one who lays claim to gentility would like to be supposed deficient in his due attributes of helmet, crest, shield, and motto.

There must needs be consolation in the inveterate obstinacy of these ancient though mysterious attachments, for such persons as believe them to guarantee the continued veneration of the people of this country for some at least of those more intrinsically valuable institutions and opinions, from an association with which the former derive all their importance. These will entertain no serious fears for the Peerage, whilst radical tailors sport coat armour on their dennetts, and believe in the endurance of a general respect for blood and title so long as wealthy cotton-spinners 'write themselves armigero,' and sue out their liveries and arms at the Herald's Office. How we ourselves view *this* question, we shall not at present say; but we certainly never have seen anything at all ridiculous or irrational in the desire of those among the middle classes, who have attained wealth by honourable exertions, to distinguish themselves from the common herd, who bear perhaps the same surname with themselves, by heraldic devices. Several of the most powerful families of our titled aristocracy, and some even of the oldest, inherit their wealth and consequence from a clothier, a goldsmith, or a merchant of a former age, who felt as much pride in bequeathing to them the armorial bearings he had obtained from the Herald's College, as the property accumulated by his prudence and industry. It is the peculiar boast of this country that, almost from the foundation of the monarchy, the ranks of her aristocracy have been thus gradually fed, and their numbers kept up, by addition of the eminent and enterprising from the general mass; so that no one has ever been so lowly in birth or station that he might not aspire, by the exercise of his talents and energies, to become the founder of a family which should eventually take rank with the direct descendants of the Knights of Battle-Abbey, or the Barons of Runnymede. Are they, then, right who would ridicule, as childish pageantry, objects which have engaged so much of the attention and affections of mankind? Or can those things be justly called *useless*, the desire of which has often stimulated the flagging spirit of industry, and called forth the latent energies of genius?

But there is more to be said, even than this, on the matter. The inheritance of heraldic honours is usually coupled with that of substantial advantages—manors and messuages, lands and tenements. The rules of descent are the same for an estate as for a coat of arms. The elder son carries off the honours of the 'entire' family escutcheon with the patrimonial acres;—the younger branches taking it only 'with a difference,' or mark of inferiority.

inferiority. But, even to them, this shield remains a memorial of their connexion with the 'head,' who enjoys the estate, which, upon his death without issue, may revert to them; and not unfrequently does it happen that the continued bearing of the ancient coat proves a most important link in the chain of evidence by which their heirship to the estate itself is eventually substantiated.

Again, *heiresses* bring to the person whom they marry their family shield as well as their family property; and though the estate has in too many instances disappeared, while the 'quartering' remains, yet the one still serves as a memento attesting the former existence of the other, and recording the 'alliance' which introduced it. If we look at the great landed properties of the three kingdoms, we shall find that the bulk of them have come down to their present possessors in strict conjunction with their heraldic insignia. Almost every estate on their rent-roll has its representative in a corresponding quartering on the family achievement; and the latter come to be prized accordingly, not merely for themselves, but as symbols indicating either the past, or actual, or contingent title to things whose value no one has ever doubted—fat acres and lordly mansions.

Moreover, there are other grounds, besides ancient association and the representation of property for the value placed upon their escutcheons by our *untitled* century,—among whom, in the absence of hereditary rank—(which is shared by multitudes infinitely below them in every continental realm)—coat armour is the only distinctive mark of birth and high blood. Probably the Stapyltons of Carleton, the Harcourts of Ankerwyke, the Berkeleys of Spetchley, the Kingscotes of Kingscote, the Cliftons of Clifton, or the Carys of Tor Abbey, would almost as soon part with their estates as with the several cross-crosslets, crosses-pateè, bars, mullets, and escallops that decorate their shields, and which they have inherited with those estates from their remotest ancestry. Who can wonder if the Stuarts, for example, pride themselves on the 'double tressure, flowered and counter-flowered gules,' which marks their descent from the family of Scotland?—or the Lanes on their crest of 'a strawberry-horse, bearing between his fore-legs a royal crown,' which was granted by Charles II. as an especial badge of honour to the family of Colonel Lane, who saved his life after the battle of Worcester?—or the Douglasses of every branch on the *crowned heart* in their blazonings, which commemorates the romantic self-devotion of 'the Good Lord James' to the dying request of the great Robert Bruce, that his heart should be conveyed to the Holy Sepulchre by the best knight of all Scotland?—or the Seatons on the crown resting upon a

sword, which the same chivalrous monarch fixed in their scutcheon to show his gratitude for their support of his tottering throne? or the humblest Mr. Howard in the land, on the magnificent *addition* which records the victory of Flodden? Examples are numerous in which 'entire arms' or 'honourable augmentations' of this kind have been granted as a special memorial of noble actions, or of a life replete with them. And is it strange that the descendants of men thus distinguished should set a value on the heraldic honours which, whether with or without a title, they have inherited from so proud a source?

For these reasons, while illustrious descent, and gentle blood, and territorial property are held in any estimation (and the day, we still hope, will not soon arrive, in spite of the levelling propensities of certain sages, when they will cease to be so held in this country), so long will heraldic insignia be prized as their outward symbols and representations.

It has been long a matter of dispute, among antiquaries, from what period the adoption of armorial bearings is to be dated. Some of the more zealous illustrators of the '*Arte of Armorye*' would carry it back to the heroic ages, because Achilles and Æneas are represented to have borne some device upon their shields. By more than one writer the hieroglyphs of the Heralds are deduced from those of Ancient Egypt; while others, more rationally, see their origin in the symbols borne by commanders of all ages on their banners, or impressed by sovereigns and states upon their coins. Sir George Mackenzie attributes their invention to the Patriarch Jacob. Robison, and, after him, Gwillim, to Alexander the Great. Several heraldic writers affect to discover much mysterious allegory hid under the different bearings of shields, which are said to represent the whole ancient mythology, or the virtues personified, or the presumed moral or mental qualifications of their bearers. The author of the '*Armorie of King Arthur and the Round Table*' (1586) translated from the French a '*Treatise on Armoryes and Ensignes Military*; their peculiar seavenfolde significations, planets, signes, proprietyes, vertues, and fortunes quotidian.' But the '*Treatise on Armourye*' of the learned Prioress of Sopewell, the Lady Juliana Berners, in the '*Boke of St. Albans*,' as it is our most ancient, is also perhaps the most curious disquisition on the subject. It discusses the questions of 'how gentylmen began, and how the law of armys was first ordaynt;' and, in the fashion of the old chronicles, commencing with the fall of the angels, and proceeding through that of man and the Deluge, it makes out Our Saviour to be 'a gentylman on his moder's side;' and goes on to show, 'by the lynage of coote armuris, how gentylmen are to be knowu from ungen-

tylmen.' Mixed up with all this mass of pedantry, profaneness, and absurdity in the books on heraldry, there are, as usual, a few grains of truth and reason. No doubt, in the earliest ages, kings and military chieftains bore distinguishing devices on their standards and their coins,—sometimes, perhaps, on their shields and helmets. But the *general* use of such devices, and their *hereditary transmission*, are practices that unquestionably arose only in the age of chivalry and feudalism; and it is not difficult to account for their adoption. The essence of the feudal system was the obligation to military suit and service of those who held lands under the lord or suzerain. Each 'knight' was bound, for his 'fee,' to bring into the field, when called on by his lord, a certain number of men at arms. An army, therefore, was necessarily composed of a great number of separate companies, each obeying the orders only of its knightly leader, and fighting under his banner or pennon. It became expedient, consequently, to vary to a very great extent the symbols displayed on these standards; and it is obvious how equally necessary it was that the person of the leader himself, who often fought with the visor of his helmet down, so that his features could not be recognized, should be distinguished by the blazoning of conspicuous colours on his shield, and some well-known badge on his helm. The symbols or 'bearings' thus introduced on banner, shield, crest, or surcoat, as rallying points in the battle-field, became permanently associated with the noble deeds that were performed under their cognizance. And it was the same in mimic as in real war. Tournaments and jousts were fought always with a closed visor; and in the lists, as in the field, the 'knight of the azure plume,' or the 'silver shield,' would often gain universal applause, while unknown by any other designation. The sons of those who had 'won bright honour' on such occasions, would naturally wish to bear the badges which their father's prowess had distinguished; and the 'inheritance of arms' was thus an unavoidable consequence of their general assumption.

The practice having in this manner introduced itself almost as a matter of necessity, the sovereigns in chief must have soon found it desirable to regulate it on some fixed principles. It is very doubtful, however, by whom this was first attempted. The statement of Menestrier, a French writer of considerable weight, of the fifteenth century, is most probably correct. He traces the institution to Henry the Falconer, who was raised to the imperial throne of the West in 920, and is said to have applied himself diligently to the regulation and encouragement of tournaments. It is generally supposed that family arms have been always more jealously regarded, and the laws of heraldry better observed, in Germany

Germany than in any other country. The earliest well-authenticated instances of the adoption of armorial bearings on shields belong to the twelfth century; as those of Richard Fitzhugh Earl of Chester (ob. 1119),* of Robert le Norman Earl of Flanders,† and of Geoffry Magnaville Earl of Essex.‡ The shields on the Bayeux Tapestry exhibit not only crosses of different shapes and colours, but a sort of dragon; and on the seal of Robert the Frisian, Earl of Flanders, attached to a charter dated 1072, is represented a lion rampant§. At the period of the first crusade, it was certainly customary to ornament shields very highly. Robert of Aix, who was himself present, describes the shields of the European knights as ‘resplendent with gold, gems, and colours;’ and it has been plausibly suggested, that the vast concourse of warriors from all countries on this occasion must have necessitated the use of a great variety of distinctive blazonings, and probably introduced what became subsequently a general practice.

Many heraldic badges and devices were no doubt originally assumed as distinctive decorations at tournaments, but the greater number took their rise from incidents on the field of battle; such are the bloody heads and hands, the battle-axes and swords, gauntlets, arrows, turrets, and so forth, with which so many shields are charged. The ‘simple ordinaries,’ as they are called,—namely, the chief, the fess, the bar, the bend, the chevron, the cross, and the saltire—were probably, at their origin, but stripes of blood or paint struck on the field of victory across a plain shield by its bearer or his approving leader, as a memento of the action in which he had distinguished himself. Some bearings are celebrated by tradition as having been granted in this manner, others are known to have been assumed by the choice of their wearers. We may instance as an early example of the first kind, the ‘three inescutcheons gules,’ borne by the Hays; the last of which name, it is said, obtained these arms when, with his two sons, having rallied the Scottish army to the defeat of a party of Danes at the battle of Luncarty, in 942, they were brought to the king with their shields all covered with blood. The legend says the father was a ploughman, and fought with the yoke of his plough; whence the crest of the Hays has remained to this day a rustic bearing a plough-yoke in his hand.||

The scallop-shells, bezants, alerians, Saracen’s heads, crescents, and crosses in all their varieties, smack strongly of the

* Meyrick’s Ancient Armour.

† Uredus, Sig. Com. Flandr. p. 14.

‡ Gough’s Sep. Mon.

§ Uredus, p. 6.

|| We by no means vouch for this story, or for others of the same class which we may have occasion to quote. We believe the *male descent at least* of the *De la Hays* has been satisfactorily traced to a knight of Normandy, who came into Scotland a century or two later than the battle of Luncarty.

Crusades, in which they were doubtless first adopted. The animals with which so many coats are charged were probably assumed as emblematical of the possession of their respective qualities. The 'magnanimous lion, king of beasts,' was, of course, a general favourite, and every device that ingenuity could suggest was soon adopted to vary his mode of appearance, so that the same bearing should not be repeated in any two instances. He is 'tricked' of all colours, and in every attitude, rampant, passant, statant, seyant, combatant, guardant, regardant; and again, by duplication, statant-guardant, passant-regardant, &c. He is cut up into demi-lions or reduced to a lioncel. He is 'collared,' 'crowned,' 'fettered,' or 'armed' with every known implement of violence; his head and limbs, and even his tail, are severed and displayed in every imaginable position; lastly, unlucky beast, he is 'debruisé,' 'dehaché'—or 'coupé in all parts'—to adorn the coat of the Maitlands.

Next to the lion in general esteem ranks, perhaps, the leopard—two of which are supposed to have been borne on the shield of William the Conqueror. The stag, the boar, the eagle, the falcon, the greyhound, the bull, and the horse, run very close in the rivalry of favour. The choice of beasts of chase probably derives from the predilection of their first bearers for the sport. Indeed, there always seems to have existed a close connexion between heraldry and the chase. The 'Boke of St. Albans,' already mentioned, treats of 'hawkyng, huntynge, and armouye;' and 'Henry the Falconer' has been noticed as the probable founder of the science of blazon itself. The technical description by heralds of some of these bearings sounds not a little whimsical to the uninitiated; as where mention is made of 'two greyhounds *respecting* each other,' a 'peacock *affronté*'—a 'buck's head *attired* proper,' &c. &c.*

Some charges are evidently chosen as a sort of hieroglyph of the family name: such are a stoek borne by Starkey, a roach by Roche, three turbots by Turbut, primroses by Primrose, a crow by Corbet, three whales by Whalley, cocks by Cockagne, Cockburne, Cockerell, &c., trouts by Troutbeck, coney by Coningsby, swallows by Arundel, pikes by Lucy, arrows by Archer, bows by Bowes, an elephant by Oliphant, a ram's head

* German blazonry employs even a still greater number of animals of all sorts than our own; and they are usually disposed after a manner which shocks the eye of an English herald: as, for example, foxes talking to crows in a tree, wolves looking in at a window, hares holding a conclave,—seeming, in truth, more like illustrations of Æsop's fables, or the odd representations sometimes seen on country sign posts of a 'goose and gridiron,' 'cat and fiddle,' &c., than the legitimate charges of heraldic escutcheons. We are reminded of an anecdote of Napoleon, who while inspecting the quarterings of his illustrious father-in-law—a perfect Noah's ark—is said to have remarked sily, 'Parbleu! il y a beaucoup d'*animaux* dans cette famille là.'

by Mytton or Mutton, three legs of hose by Hoso, three right hands by Tremayne, three right arms mailed and gauntleted by Armstrong, bulls' heads by Gore, with many other instances. Not only have the earth, seas, and air been ransacked for heraldic figures, but the heavens likewise and the regions of fable. Chalonier bears three cherubims.* Suns, crescents, and stars shine on many a shield. Griffins, cockatrices, wiverns, dragons, harpies, mermaids, phoenixes, and unicorns display their portentous attributes, and were probably assumed like the Gorgon's head of old time for the purpose of petrifying an antagonist. Stephen of Blois bore a centaur on his coat. The arms of the Duchy of Milan are 'a crowned serpent swallowing an infant,' which is said to have been adopted by Otho, first Count of Milan, when on his way to the Holy Land with Godfrey of Bouillon, he slew the 'great giant Volux,' who wore this terrific crest upon his helmet. Bishops, on the other hand, appropriately inscribe keys, croziers, mitres, bibles, lambs, and angels on their coats. The bearing of the Bishop of Chichester is odd enough, viz., 'a *Presbyter John* sitting on a *tomb-stone*; in his left hand a mound, his right *extended*, a *linen* mitre on his head, in his *mouth* a sword.' The command or capture of fortresses naturally suggested the towers, battlements, keys, portcullises, and battering-rams seen on many escutcheons. One of the most singular bearings in existence is that of the ancient family of Dalziel, viz., a naked man hanging from a gallows with his arms extended;—a bearing of honour (though so liable to be taken for the reverse), since, 'if hoar antiquity may be believed,' it was granted to perpetuate the memory of a brave and hazardous exploit performed by an ancestor of the Earl of Carnwath, in taking down from a gallows the body of a favourite and kinsman of Kenneth II., who had been hung up by the Picts. A reward having been offered by the monarch to any one who would rescue the corpse, none were inclined to venture, until a gentleman of the family of Menteith came to the king and said 'Dal-zel' (Gaelic for 'I dare'), and having performed his task, assumed the above arms and the surname of 'Dalziel.' Such is the legend.

Of late years the multiplication of the order of persons desirous of bearing arms has kept the invention of heralds on the stretch in supplying them with novel charges, and though it was impossible

* In a strange work, published by the Chester Herald, Randal Holme, 1688, entitled 'The Academy of Armoury, or a Storehouse of Armoury and Blazon, containing the several variety of Created Beings, and how borne in Coats of Arms, foreign and domestic,' &c., the first chapter blasphemously introduces an heraldic disquisition 'On the proper blazoning of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Cherubim and Seraphim, the Heathen Gods and Goddesses, demy-Gods and country-Gods, the holy orders of Angels, and the infernal orders of Devils.'

to maintain, under these circumstances, the simplicity of the ancient coats, yet it must be owned that they have run deeper than was necessary into the opposite extreme of complexity. What can be more absurd than the following instance of a crest not long since granted to the family of Titlow?—‘a book; on the book a silver penny; and on the penny the Lord’s Prayer; and on the top of the book a dove holding in its beak a crow-quill pen!’ We do not object to the historical coats of arms granted to the Sydney Smiths, Trowbridges, Mitchells, Thompsons, and our other naval and military heroes, since they fulfil the most legitimate purpose of armorial ensigns—the commemoration of acts of valour; but a little more taste, perhaps, might have been advantageously employed in their design, which is usually overcharged with emblems and scrolls. The heroes of Crecy and Poitiers did not think of inscribing on their shields the names of every field on which they gathered their deathless laurels.

The ‘differences’ borne to distinguish the younger branches of a family are said to have a hidden moral in them. The crescent of the second son indicates that there is room for the increase of his fortune; the mullet, or spur, of the third, hints that he must up and ride if he mean to get anything; the martlet, or swallow without feet, of the fourth, reminds him that he must keep upon the wing, having no land to stand upon. These allusions are probably imaginary. Not so the ‘canting’ mottos so frequently introduced in the ‘scroll;’ such as the ‘*Fortē scutum salus ducum*’ of the Fortescues, ‘*Ne vile velis*’ for Neville, ‘*Ne vile fanō*’ of Fane, ‘*Templa quam dilecta*’ of Temple, ‘*Vernon semper viret*’ for Vernon, ‘*Vive et vivas*’ for Vivian, the ‘*Peperi*’ of Pepperell, the ‘*Homo sum*’ of Homan, the ‘*Fare fac*’ of Fairfax, and the ‘*Festina lente*’ of Ouslow. The Herons bear a heron for their crest, and for their motto ‘*Ardua petit ardea*,’ thus uniting every species of quibble with the benefit of alliteration. Alliteration is a very favourite conceit in mottos, as ‘*Volens et valens*’ Fetherstone, ‘*Think and Thank*’ Aylesbury, ‘*Thure et jure*’ Foulis, ‘*Pro rege, lege, grege*’ Ponsonby, ‘*Dum spiro spero*’ Dillon, ‘*Ora et labora*’ Dalhousie, ‘*Astra castra numen lumen munimen*’ Balcarras, ‘*Patior potior*’ Peyton, ‘*Furth Fortune and fill the fetters*’ Athole. Many mottos are full of pith and vigour, and fitted in a high degree to animate those who bear them to maintain the honour of their ancestors untarnished. There is perhaps nowhere a collection of terser apophthegms than in the mottos on the escutcheons of our nobility. What can be more inspiring to a life of loyalty, valour, truth, piety, and virtue, than the ‘*Jamais Arrière*’ of Douglas, ‘*Essayez*’ Dundas, ‘*Nul conscire sibi*’ Winchilsea, ‘*Pro aris et focis*’ Heselrigge, ‘*Virtute non verbis*’ Lansdowne, ‘*Virtus sola nobilitat*’

nobilitat' Wallscourt, 'Tout d'en haut' Bellew, 'Deo, regi, patri' Feversham, ' Craignez honte' Portland, 'Spectemur agendo' Montague, 'Sans tache' Gormanstown, 'Droit et avant' Sydney, 'Garde la foi' Poulett, and a hundred others? Mottoes are supposed to have been originally the war-cries or 'slogan' of the family, clan, or faction.* This opinion, however, is not confirmed by the earliest known instances of their employment, such as the 'Ich Dien' of the Black Prince, 'Crede mihi' of John le Breton, 'A te salus' of Brian Fitzalan—which, like the mottoes now in use, appear to have been allusions to the opinions or dispositions of those who assumed them; while, among the Scotch clans, as far back as we can trace their history, the *slogan* seems to have been quite distinct from the motto of the chief—being generally either a shout of *his* name, 'a Home! a Home!' or of the usual place for rendezvous, as 'a Bellenden' with the Scotts—'Craig-Ellachie' with the clan Grant, &c.

The origin of 'supporters' is much disputed by heralds, some maintaining them to be derived from the custom of an individual about to be invested with some dignity, being led to his Sovereign between two nobles, in remembrance of which he chooses two noble animals or figures to support his arms. Menestrier, the earliest writer of authority on heraldry, traces the practice to that of ancient tournaments, 'in which the knights caused their shields to be carried by pages in the disguise of lions, bears, griffins, blackmoors, and the like, who also held and guarded the escutcheons exposed to public view some time before the lists were opened.' But the examination of a series of ancient seals, in which animals or other figures are frequently employed as a sort of ornamental 'garnish' to the shield, rather leads to the opinion that the caprice or taste of the seal engravers alone suggested the fashion of 'supporters.' Their use is at present confined, in England, to the nobility and Knights of the Garter and Bath—with the addition of a few untitled families who have received a royal grant for some special service. In Scotland the chiefs of clans and baronets are, it seems, entitled to them—but under the former vague designation many most absurd assumptions are sufficiently notorious—nor can we see why the *Nova Scotia* baronet should have any distinction above his brother of Ulster.

Formerly abbeyes and religious houses bore 'arms.' Trades, guilds, and corporations bore them, and fought gallantly under them, too. Towns and cities likewise had their escutcheons, as well as the Universities, and their several colleges—schools, and public hospitals. They are, in most cases, still jealously preserved, and employed on the seals of these bodies, on their

* Dallaway's Heraldry.

badges of office, and for other purposes. Every bishopric, as already mentioned, has its shield and armorial bearings, in this country, as well as throughout the continent; and all Italian tourists must have remarked the profuse application of the 'arms' of his Holiness the Pope, in heavy sculpture, to every bit of masonry the Papal wealth ever erected within the Roman territory, —impaling of course those of the family to which the particular Pontiff belonged.

Blazoning was not confined to the shield, but, at the time when arms were really worn, was likewise displayed on the surcoat, the mantle, and just-au-corps or bodice. On these the charge was usually embossed in 'beaten' gold, or embroidered in resplendent tissue. Richard II. carried this magnificence of decoration to its highest pitch; but long before his reign the knights and nobles of France and England were accustomed to plunge into the dust and blood of battle arrayed in the most costly and splendid attire. Sir John Chandos lost his life at the affair of Pont de Lussac owing to the rich and long robe he had on over his cuirass, which Froissart describes as 'blazoned with his arms on white sarcenet, argent a pile gules, one charge on his breast, the other on his back.' A curious document, lately produced by Sir Frederick Madden to the Antiquarian Society, entitled 'The Apparel of the Field of a Baron in his Sovereign's Company,' gives an inventory of the equipments for a foreign campaign of Henry the Fifth Earl of Northumberland, the same whose 'Household Book' is so well known. It describes, in the Earl's wardrobe, his 'harness and cote-armure beaten with his arms quarterly,' with a large number of coats, standards, banners, and hundreds of pennons, all 'beaten' or 'powdered with my Lord's arms.*

The habiliments of war displayed in tournaments were equally gorgeous. In 1390 the thirty-four knights who jousted in Smithfield in the king's behalf, were each led from the Tower to the lists by a lady with a golden chain, having their arms and apparel garnished with white harts (the royal badge) and collars of gold about their necks. At the tournament of St. Inglevère near Calais, held by three French knights against all comers for thirty days, 'three rich pavilions of vermillion-coloured silk' were pitched near the lists, before each of which were suspended two shields emblazoned with the arms of the knight to whom the pavilion belouged. Such persons as were desirous of tilting with one of the knights, touched with the point of his lance one or other of the targets, according as he wished to perform with a blunt or a sharp lance.

* *Archæologia*, vol. xx. p. 102.

Badges of Cognizance were sometimes called 'Signs of Company,'—a phrase explanatory of their use. Retainers of every description bore the badge of their lord, and the minstrel of a noble house wore it suspended to his neck by a silver chain. The 'bear and ragged staff' of the Earls of Warwick, the 'buckle' of the Pelhams, and the 'annulet' of the Cliffords, are well-known badges of ancient baronial families. The badges of the House of Lancaster were the antelope and red rose, and a swan argent, gorged and chained or. Henry wore the first and last of these embroidered on green and blue velvet when he entered the lists near Coventry against the Duke of Norfolk. And in that era of factious broils and civil warfare badges were thought of sufficient importance as party symbols, to be forbidden by statute; particularly Richard's white hart, which makes such a figure in history and was a frequent annoyance to Henry IV. In our days we have seen the 'violet' and the 'fleur-de-lis' proscribed in turn from a similar motive. The Scottish *clans* commonly employed as badges a sprig or branch from some tree or bush; Chisholm the alder, Menzies the ash, Buchanan the birch, Maclean the blackberry, Buccleuch the heather—and so on.

The charge and cognizance were moreover profusely embroidered on the trappings of the war-horse and the draperies of the tent; but above all, they were blazoned conspicuously on the standard and banner of the Sovereign, Noble, and Banneret, and the pennon of the Knight. These were borne before them in all war-like expeditions, often planted in the field by their side, hung out at their temporary lodgings, suspended from the roofs of their walls, and finally reared to droop in sympathetic decay over their graves.

The architect made a liberal use of 'arms,' as well as of 'crest' and 'badge' in the adornment of both the exterior and interior of his buildings, ecclesiastical, civil, or domestic. They were sculptured on the walls and over doorways and windows; enriched the gables, drips, corbels, and pinnacles; were painted and embossed on ceilings; and introduced, above all, in stained windows. The arms thus employed were chiefly those of the builder or owner of the house, and of the families with which he was allied; or of its founders and benefactors, if a religious building. But it was also customary to introduce in this manner the arms of Sovereigns, friends, or patrons, as a mark of regard and a compliment. A proof of this occurs in the *Scrope and Grosvenor* contest, of which we shall shortly speak. The Prior of Marton, one of the deponents in that cause, giving his evidence in the year 1386, says—'Two centuries ago, at the foundation of our Church, there was a Knight, Sir Robert Haket, Lord of Quenby,

Quenby, who so much loved one of the Scropes, and the Scrope bore such affection for the Lord of Quenby, that the latter caused a window to be made in our church of the arms of Quenby, and the Lord of Quenby had a window made of the arms of Scrope.'

Arms were carved in profusion on every piece of furniture—embossed on plate—embroidered in the richest manner in gold and silver upon silk or velvet—on canopies, arras, the coverlets and draperies of beds, cloths, and vestures of numerous kinds. The heralds wore them on their 'tabards,' which were and *are* literally 'coats of arms.' But one of their most ancient and 'solemn' uses was on seals;—the seal of a knight or noble affixed to a deed being a convenient substitute for his signature, when, as was usually the case, he could not write—a desirable confirmation of it when, by miracle, he could. The earliest well-authenticated instances of the use of armorial bearings are on seals, of which we have already mentioned some. The exquisite taste displayed in the designs of the seal-engravers of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, is only to be paralleled by that of the cotemporary architects—the nameless designers of the minsters of York, Salisbury, Lincoln, and a hundred other ecclesiastical edifices of northern Europe, which modern imitators have vainly essayed to rival.

On sepulchral monuments, arms were splendidly and profusely sculptured and blazoned. None, however, appear on the most ancient monumental effigies preserved in our cathedrals and churches. One of the earliest on which they occur is that of Geoffrey Mandeville, Earl of Essex, in the Temple Church. He died in 1148, in the very infancy of heraldry. The general use subsequently made of heraldic scutcheons as an ornament to tombs, and a memorial of the family alliances of the deceased, is observable in all our cathedrals and churches; in which also the hatchment, or funeral achievement of the deceased, was usually preserved as long as its more perishable materials permitted; together with in many cases the real arms in which he had fought. Over the tomb of Edward the Black Prince, in Canterbury Cathedral, there still hang his shield and surcoat, embossed and embroidered with the arms of France and England, with his gauntlets and the scabbard of his sword. The sword itself is said to have been taken away by Cromwell. Of the genuineness of these remains, we believe, no doubt is entertained.

In England, the Earl Marshal, and his College of Heralds, which was instituted by Richard III., in 1450; in Scotland, the Lyon King at Arms, and his deputies; in Ireland, Ulster King at Arms, with his dependents, exercise *suprême* jurisdiction in all questions concerning ensigns armorial. By their authority,

authority, subject to the special directions of the sovereign, as 'Fountain of all Honours,' new arms are conceded, and disputes respecting them decided. The extent of their power in cases of the latter nature is at present somewhat obscure, as well as the means they possess of enforcing their judgments. Cases of competition for particular bearings are extremely rare; none having occurred for a lengthened period. It is doubtful, therefore, what treatment any one would meet with in the present day, either at the hands of the injured party himself, or the Herald's College, who should assume the arms of a family from which he does not derive. In former times there can be no doubt that such an usurpation would have incurred heavy penalties in the Earl Marshal's Court; besides, in all likelihood, a broken head, or something worse, in a personal encounter with the aggrieved owner of the stolen coat. Instances of such quarrels were not uncommon.

But it sometimes happened that the heads of two distinct families conceived themselves legitimately entitled to the same coat, and in this case the one usually challenged the other to prove his right in the Court of Chivalry of the High Constable of England and the Earl Marshal. Of this kind of suit, one of the most curious on record, is that which took place in the reign of Richard II., A.D., 1385-90, between Richard Lord Scrope of Bolton, and Sir Robert Grosvenor, for the right to bear the shield 'azure, a bend or.' The original roll, containing the record of this famous contest, with the pleadings and depositions on either side, is still preserved in the Tower, and has long been known as a precious relic of the age of chivalry. But it is not merely of extraordinary interest to the lovers of the 'noble science of Blazon,'—it contains much to illustrate the history and customs of that most brilliant period. The voluminous nature, however, of the roll, and the jealous regulations under which it is preserved, have rendered this manuscript a sealed volume to all but a few pains-taking antiquaries. A portion of it was, indeed, printed by Prynne, but so imperfectly, as to be of little use, except to whet curiosity. That which, on these grounds, has been long a matter of earnest desire, rather than hope, among those who take an interest in such subjects, the zeal of Sir Harris Nicolas has at length accomplished. Through his care, a correct literal copy of the roll has lately issued from the press in a splendid form, accompanied by other documents illustrative of the suit. A second volume contains a history of the family of Scrope down to the age of Henry IV.—and translations of the material parts of the depositions—with copious biographical notices of upwards of two hundred of the deponents in favour of Sir Richard Scrope, comprehending nearly

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nearly all the illustrious statesmen and heroes of the age, from John of Gaunt to Geoffrey Chaucer. A third volume is promised, to continue the biographical notices, giving also a history of the House of Grosvenor, with illustrations of the historical events related by the deponents and of the controversy itself. We hope Sir Harris will not baulk us of this promised addition to the good gift he has already bestowed on the lovers of 'armes and chyvalry;' but will shortly put the finishing hand to a work which, much as we already owe to his genealogical labours, will, we think, prove a more valuable contribution than any he has yet made to our antiquarian and historical literature. The labours of his task can only be appreciated by those who have prosecuted similar researches themselves. Every one of the original memoirs he has compiled must have required the consultation of a vast number of documents, ditficult of access, and still more difficult to interpret, analyze, and reconcile with one another; while those persons upon whom he has been enabled to say least have in all probability given him the most trouble of any. If we have a fault to find in the execution of this laborious task, it is that of a work so valuable to every historian and antiquary, to say nothing of the descendants of the personages whose memoirs are given in it, a very limited number of impressions only should have been taken. We think Sir Harris has underrated the interest which must attach to his subject. It is not a mere piece of family history, or the dry record of proceedings in a court of law, but one rich beyond example in historical, biographical, and topographical facts. The brightest page in the Annals of British Chivalry is the reign of Edward III.; and a volume which produces for the first time from original documents, hitherto concealed in the dust of ages, a recital, taken from their own lips, of the services of all the warriors of that day, the heroes of Crecy, Agincourt, and Poitiers, cannot be uninteresting to any. We do not doubt, at least, that our readers will thank us for laying before them some specimens of this remarkable work, which from the smallness of the impression can have been seen by but few.

The parties in this celebrated cause were, on the one side, Sir Richard Scrope, created Baron Scrope of Bolton, by Richard II., whom he had served twice in the office of Chancellor of England, after having been treasurer to his grandfather, Edward III.; and on the other part, Sir Robert Grosvenor, of Cheshire, the ancestor of the present Marquis of Westminster. Scrope, though by his singular talents and integrity he had attained to the highest civil offices in the realm, was scarcely less distinguished in a military capacity: for in those days, when even bishops and archbishops not unfrequently put on unspiritual armour, it was anything but derogatory

to a lord keeper to carry arms. On the contrary, the sovereign was, in all his expeditions, as a matter of course, accompanied by his chancellor, who by no means kept in the rear; but, as we find it recorded of Sir Richard Scrope by his companions in arms, bore himself gallantly in the fight, and gained 'grand honour' on every occasion. In truth, it appears by these depositions, that from the battle of Crecy, at which he was present, in 1346, to the time when this cause was tried in 1386, a period of forty years—the most brilliant of all our ancient annals—there was scarcely a single battle of note where the English forces were engaged, by sea or land, in which Lord Scrope did not distinguish himself. After the successful usurpation of Henry IV., this nobleman, whose eldest son, the Earl of Wiltshire, had forfeited his life at Bristol, for too faithful an adherence to the fallen fortunes of his royal master,—while another son, Richard, archbishop of York, shortly after fell a victim to the same cause,—still commanded the respect of his sovereign and fellow nobles. Few incidents can be imagined of a more affecting description than the scene in parliament when the attainder of the Earl of Wiltshire was confirmed. Rising from his seat, his eyes streaming with tears, the venerable peer implored that the proceedings might not affect the inheritance of himself or his other children; and after admitting the justice of the sentence, and deploring the conduct of his son, the unhappy father was consoled by his sovereign, who deigned to assure him that neither his interests nor those of his children should suffer for it, for that he had always considered, and still deemed him, a 'loyal knight.' Lord Scrope did not survive this event more than three years, terminating in 1403, at the age of seventy-five, a life full of honours, acquired by a union of valour and wisdom remarkable even in that age, and unstained by a single blemish. The anecdote related by Walsingham, of his endeavours to check the prodigal grants of Richard to his greedy favourites, while he held the great seal, is too well known to be repeated here.

On occasion of the expedition into Scotland, in 1385, when Richard II., took the field in person, Sir Robert Grosvenor appeared armed in the arms 'azure, a bend or,' which through all the battles of the preceding century had been uniformly borne by Lord Scrope and the different members of that family. Grosvenor's right to bear them was immediately challenged, and, in August, 1385, a general proclamation was made through the host in Scotland, that all who were interested in the dispute should appear at Newcastle on Tyne, on the 20th of that month. Lord Scrope attended accordingly. The suit, however, was not then decided, but was further adjourned from time to time, and place to place; commissioners

commissioners being appointed by the Constable (the Duke of Gloucester) to take the depositions of all persons who could give evidence to the facts in various parts of the kingdom;—and was not finally closed till the year 1390, when, the appeal of Grosvenor from the adverse decision of the Constable having been heard before the king in person, ‘in his great Chambre of Parliament within his Palace Royal at Westminster, in the presence of his uncles, the Dukes of Gwyn and Gloucester, the Bishops of London, and others,’ it was determined that ‘the arms should whollye remaine to Sir Rychard Scrope and his heires, and Mr. Grosvenor to have no part thereof, because he was a stranger unto the same.’ The costs of the latter part of the suit, amounting to 466*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, (equal to at least six times as much in the present day,) and reduced to 500 marks by the king, were placed on Grosvenor, who requested Sir Richard Scrope to forgive payment. This, upon Grosvenor’s allowing it to be entered on the record that his pleadings against Scrope were ‘not well nor trewe,’ Scrope assented to, ‘which was done accordingly, and the som forgiven, and they made frynds afore the kynge in the P’lyament Howse.’*

During the progress of the suit each of the claimants produced his friends and companions-at-arms as deponents, to prove the long habitual use of the arms by himself and his ancestors. And it is in these depositions that the peculiar interest of this curious document resides. In them all the most renowned heroes of that chivalrous age—the leaders of the victorious hosts of Edward III. and the Black Prince, the conquerors at Halidon Hill, Berwick, Crecy, Poitiers, Najara, Agincourt, and other glorious fields—are brought upon the stage almost as vividly as Shakspeare himself has produced many of them;—and still more authentically, since here they speak in their own phrase, not ‘as it was set down for them’ by the imaginative dramatist, but as it was *taken down* from their own lips by the Gurneys of the day. We have them fighting their battles o’er again, and recounting, each in his own way, the list of gallant enterprises and immortal victories in which he had participated.

We shall take the liberty to call into court some of these illustrious deponents, and give our readers a sample of their evidence. The first depositions were taken on the 16th June, 9th Rich. II., 1386, at Plymouth, by Lord Fitzwalter, Sir John Marmion, and Sir John Kentwode, commissioners appointed by the Constable; and the first witness called is no other than

‘Old John of Gaunt—time-honour’d Lancaster,’

King of Castile and Leon, as he styled himself, in right of his

* Abstract of the Proceedings in the Harleian MSS.

consort, Constance, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Pedro the Cruel. At the time his examination was taken he was on the point of departure for Spain, with the object of recovering that kingdom, accompanied by his wife and daughters, and a formidable army, composed of the flower of English chivalry—Plymouth being the port from whence the expedition sailed. Its ill success is known; a large proportion of the nobles, knights, and troops having been carried off by fevers in Spain, without any opportunity of distinguishing themselves in action—which the *de facto* King of Castile, Henry of Transtamara, a natural brother of Pedro the Cruel, carefully avoided,—that crafty prince ultimately compromised the quarrel by marrying his son, the Prince of Asturias, with the Duke of Lancaster's daughter, and settling the crown on their issue. We give the deposition of John of Gaunt entire, as a specimen of the usual course of examination:—

‘ JOHN, by the grace of God, KING OF CASTILE AND LEON, DUKE OF LANCASTER, being prayed, and, according to the law of arms, required to testify the truth between Sir Richard de Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor, in a controversy between them concerning the arms “azure a bend or,” do verily testify, that at the time when we were armed in battles and other “journeys” in divers countries, we have seen and known that the said Sir Richard hath borne his arms “azure a bend or,” and that many of his name and lineage have borne the same arms, with differences, as branches of the same name and arms, on banner, pennon, and coat-armour; and that we have heard from many noble and valiant men since deceased, that the said arms were of right the arms of his ancestors and himself at the time of the Conquest and since. And, moreover, we say and testify, that at the last expedition in France of our most dread lord and father, (on whom God have mercy,) a controversy arose concerning the said arms between Sir Richard le Scrope aforesaid, and one called Carminow of Cornwall, which Carminow challenged those arms of the said Sir Richard, the which dispute was referred to six knights, now, as I think, dead, who upon true evidence found the said Carminow to be descended of a lineage armed “azure a bend or” since the time of King Arthur; and they found that the said Sir Richard was descended of a right line of ancestry armed with the said arms, “azure a bend or,” since the time of William the Conqueror; and so it was adjudged that both might bear the same arms entire. But we have not seen or heard that the said Sir Robert Grosvenor, or any of his name, bore the said arms before the last expedition in Scotland with our lord the king.’

The next deponent was Henry Plantagenet, Gaunt's eldest son by Blanch of Lancaster, then Earl of Derby, afterwards

‘ Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby;’

and, very shortly, by the dethronement of the wayward and unlucky Richard,

Richard, KING HENRY IV. OF ENGLAND. When called on for his testimony he was only twenty-one years of age, and alludes in his evidence to his youth,

‘Dressing himself in much humility.’

He was then at Plymouth with his father; and, according to Froissart, was ‘un beau chevalier.’ He being prayed, &c., said,

‘We are young and have been only a short time armed, but we have, in our time, seen the said Sir Richard publicly armed in the arms “azure a bend or,” and also others of his name and lineage, with differences; and, with respect to Sir Robert Grosvenor, we have never seen or known him to bear the said arms until the last expedition in Scotland with our lord the King.’

We have next the depositions of Lord Poynings (mentioned by Froissart as having died of fever in Castle of the ensuing year) and Sir Thomas Percy, K.G., afterwards Earl of Worcester, who, with his brother, the first Earl of Northumberland, and his nephew, Harry Percy, (whose depositions were taken also on a later occasion.)—‘my uncle, and my cousin, and myself,’—and Scrope, Archbishop of York, headed the confederacy in 1403 against Henry IV. Being defeated at ‘that royal field of Shrewsbury,’ where Hotspur lost his life, ‘ill-spirited Worcester’ was attainted of high treason and beheaded.

These, with many other noble and knightly deponents who followed—Sir Walter Ursewyke, Sir John Hastings, Sir Ralph Ipre, Sir Richard Beverley, Sir John St. Clere, Sir John Deincourt, Sir William Vavasour, Sir William Mauleverer, Sir James Cotes, &c.—severally testified to having seen Sir Richard Scrope and other knights of the family of Scrope armed with ‘azure a bend or’ in divers battles and expeditions, as well in England as in Normandy, France, Scotland, and Spain, the said arms being displayed on coat-armour and on banners and pennons publicly borne, and always placed outside of their quarters, and in full view of every one; and likewise that they had often heard ‘grauntz lords, and knights, and squires, say that the said arms appertained to the ancestry of Sir Richard from beyond the memory of man,’ &c. The two next witnesses were Sir John Holland and Sir Thomas Morieux, whom the readers of Froissart will have no difficulty in recognizing as two of the most distinguished men of the age. Sir John Holland was son of Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, by Joanne Plantagenet, ‘the Fair Maid of Kent,’ who, having in her widowhood captivated the heart of the Black Prince, became Princess of Wales and mother of Richard II. A remarkable passage in the life of Sir John Holland is related by Froissart. It happened the year before these depositions were

taken, when he was on the expedition into Scotland with the king. A dispute having arisen between a German knight and two of Holland's esquires, an archer of the retinue of Sir Richard Stafford, eldest son of Lord Stafford, interfered, and blamed the esquires for their rudeness to a foreigner. Violent words ensued, and his own life being in danger, the archer shot one of the esquires dead on the spot. As soon as Sir John Holland heard of the murder of his esquire, he swore that he would neither eat nor drink till he was revenged. Though it was then dark, he mounted his horse and proceeded in search of the German knight's lodgings. But meeting Sir Richard Stafford by accident on the road, he drew his sword and struck him so severe a blow that he instantly expired. This affair produced great excitement in the army, Stafford being much beloved. The old lord demanded justice from the king, who assured him that his own relationship to the criminal should not protect him from the laws. Holland took sanctuary at Beverley; and Walsingham states that the Princess of Wales having implored the king's pardon for her son without effect, she was so deeply affected at his probable fate that she died of grief five days after. Through the mediation of the Duke of Lancaster, whose daughter he had married, Sir John Holland was however pardoned and restored to favour; and when he made his deposition in the Scrope controversy he was Constable of the army with which the duke was about to sail for Spain. He was subsequently created Earl of Huntingdon and Duke of Exeter, and was appointed Admiral of the Fleet. After the accession of Henry IV. his fortune declined, and having joined in a conspiracy against the king he was taken prisoner and beheaded by the populace at Plessy, without the form of a trial, on the 22nd September, 1400.*

Sir

* Froissart gives an entertaining narrative of a tournament in Spain between Sir John Holland and one of the French knights who had volunteered to assist the King of Castile in repelling John of Gaunt's attack, from which we extract the following passage for the amusement of such of our readers as are not familiar with the courtly chronicler:—"During the stay of the Duke of Lancaster in Eutença, a herald arrived from Valladolid, who demanded where Sir John Holland was lodged. On being shown thither, he found Sir John within, and bending his knee, presented him a letter, saying—"Sir, I am a herald-at-arms, whom Sir Reginald de Roze sends hither; he salutes you by me; and you will be pleased to read this letter." Sir John having opened it, read that Sir Reginald de Roze entreated him, for the love of his mistress, that he would deliver him of his vow, by tilting with him three courses with the lance, three attacks with the sword, three with the battle-axe, and three with the dagger; and that if he chose to come to Valladolid, he had provided him an escort of sixty spears; but if it were more agreeable to him to remain in Eutença, he desired he would obtain from the Duke of Lancaster a passport for himself and thirty companions. When Sir John Holland had perused the letter, he smiled, and looking at the herald, said, "Friend, thou art welcome, for thou hast brought me what pleases me much, and I accept the challenge." The herald remained in Sir John's lodgings, where

Sir Thomas Morieux, the next deponent, was Marshal of John of Gaunt's army, and is frequently mentioned by Froissart as having eminently distinguished himself in Spain in that capacity. Morieux likewise was son-in-law to the duke, having married his natural daughter, probably the fruit of his connexion with Katherine Swainford, whom, after the death of the Duchess Constance of Castile, he married.

After some other witnesses of less note, appears one whom we may address in the words of Hotspur,—

‘Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt!’

This warrior, immortalized by Shakspeare as ‘warlike Blunt,’ whose ‘great deservings and good name’ were the envy of all his contemporaries, stood high in the confidence both of John of Gaunt and his son Henry IV., and enjoyed the reputation which

where he was made comfortable; and Sir John went to the Duke of Lancaster, whom he found in conversation with the Earl Marshal, and showed the letter. The herald had brought. “Well,” said the Duke, “and have you accepted it?” “Yes, by my faith, have I, and why not? I love nothing better than fighting, and the knight entreats me to indulge him: consider, therefore, where you would choose it should take place.” The duke determined that the tournament should be performed in Eutenga. The passport was fairly written and sealed for thirty knights and squires to come and return; and Sir John Holland, when he delivered it to the herald, presented him with a handsome mantle lined with minever, and twelve nobles. The herald took leave and returned to Valladolid, where he related what had passed. The king of Portugal, with his queen, the Duchess of Lancaster, her mother, and the ladies of the court, hearing of this intended tournament, came from Oporto to witness it. And three days after they arrived Sir Reginald de Roie, handsomely accompanied by knights and squires to the amount of six score horse. On the morrow, the two knights who were to perform this deed of arms, armed and equipped, entered the lists which had been prepared, in a well sanded close, surrounded by scaffolds for the ladies, the king, the duke, and the English barons who had come to witness the combat. The spears, battle-axes, and swords of the knights were brought them; and each being mounted on the best horses, placed himself about a bow-shot distant from the other; but at times, they pranced about on their horses most gallantly, for they knew every eye to be upon them.

‘All being now ready, having braced their targets and examined each other through the visors of their helmets, they spurred on their horses, spear in hand. Though they allowed their horses to gallop as they pleased, they advanced on as straight a line as if it had been drawn with a cord, and hit each other on the visors with such force, that Sir Reginald’s lance was shivered into four pieces which flew to a great height. Sir John Holland struck Sir Reginald likewise on the visor, but not with the same success, for the helmet being but slightly laced on, the thong gave way, and the helmet flew off, leaving the knight bare-headed. Each passed the other, and Sir John Holland bore his lance without halting. The spectators cried out that it was a handsome course. The knights returned to their station, and another course took place in which Sir John Holland again unhelmed his adversary. A third course ended in precisely the same manner, at which the English present were dissatisfied with Sir Reginald de Roie for not fastening on his helmet more firmly. After these courses with the lance, they fought three rounds with swords, battle-axes, and daggers, without either of them being wounded. The French carried off Sir Reginald to his lodgings, and the English did the same to Sir John Holland. The Duke of Lancaster entertained this day at dinner all the French knights and squires. The duchess was seated beside him, and Sir Reginald de Roie next her.’

—*Froissart, by Jones*, vol. viii. p. 201.

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the great dramatic poet has ascribed to him. Blount was banner-bearer to Henry IV., and while executing the duties of his office, and wearing the royal coat-armour, fell at the battle of Shrewsbury. Shakspeare makes Hotspur say over his corpse on the battle-field,—

'A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnished like the king himself.'

The next deponent on the list is the renowned Sir Thomas Erpingham, who at the battle of Agincourt, at the age of sixty and upwards, commanded the invincible archers of England, and added to the fame acquired by a long life of distinguished military and civil services. He was devoted to the house of Lancaster, and was one of the commissioners appointed by parliament to receive King Richard II.'s resignation of the crown. Henry rewarded his services by ennobling and enriching him. It is remarkable, that on a subsequent occasion, in 1406, he was a deponent in a controversy similar to the present, in a court of chivalry, between Sir Edward Hastings and Reginald Lord Grey of Ruthyn for the arms of Hastings. He closed his distinguished career in 1428, at the age of seventy-five. The adventure of one of Sir Thomas Erpingham's two wives with an amorous friar, which forms the staple of one of the most amusing of Colman's 'Broad Grins,' is told by authors of an early date, and has probably some truth in it.

We pass over a host of noble and knightly deponents—Rempston, Leeds, Brewes, Marshall, De Windsor, Clinton, Lucy of Charlcote, Lord Scales, Courtney, Earl of Devon, and other eminent persons who formed part of John of Gaunt's brilliant array, and being examined on this occasion gave evidence nearly to the same effect as the preceding—to come to a witness whose age and long services render him an interesting specimen of the warriors of that day, namely, Sir John Sully, K.G. This venerable knight, at the time of his examination, was by his own account one hundred and five years of age, and had 'served' for eighty years. He was a distinguished soldier of the Cross, and states himself to have been at all the principal battles of the long reign of Edward III., down to the campaign of Aquitaine in 1370, at which time he must have been nearly ninety. He seems to have retired shortly after from public life to his estate at Iddesleigh in Devon, attended by his faithful esquire Richard Baker, who, having partaken for forty years of his master's toils and dangers, became the companion of the retirement of his latter years—the Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim of the age of chivalry! Sir John Sully was much esteemed by Edward III., and in 1361 obtained the following singular grant from that monarch: that he might 'once in every year during

during his life, in any of the royal forests, parks, or chases in the realm, have one shot with his bow, one course with his hounds, and one chase for his dog called "Bercelette." The following story is related of him by Pole, in his collections for Devon—:

'Sir John Sully, renowned for his exploits in the Holy Land against the Saracens, in which he was weakened by several wounds, returned home after many years' absence: whereupon his officers bringing in the accounts of his rent, which amounted to a great mass of money, he caused his cloak, being of cloth of gold, to be spread on the ground, and commanding the money to be poured thereon, he cast himself into it, that it might be said for once he had tumbled in gold and silver; whereof he afterwards gave one part to his wife, a second to his officers and tenants, and a third part to the poor.'

Sir John Sully must have died about 1388, in his 108th year, as he is omitted in the records of the Garter after that year. This 'hero of a hundred fights' deposed that

'he had seen and known the arms of Sir Richard Scrope borne by Sir Henry Scrope, his father, at the battle of Halidon Hill, and afterwards at the siege of Berwick. He saw Sir William Scrope at the battle of Crecy so armed with a difference; Sir Richard armed in the same arms at the sea-fight of Espagnole-sur-mer, where King Edward commanded in person; and afterwards the said Sir William with the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers; and the said Sir Richard so armed at the battle of Najara: that he had seen others of the name and lineage armed in the same arms in various journeys and expeditions; and in his time he had always heard that the said arms belonged to Sir Richard Scrope by descent, his ancestors having enjoyed them from beyond the time of memory, &c.'

Sir James Chudleigh, another of the heroes of Poitiers, follows; and is succeeded by Sir Guy Brian, of Tor Brian in Devon, who, as a venerable warrior, almost rivals Sir John Sully, and was still more distinguished as an historical personage. He first took arms at the coronation of Edward III. in 1327, being one of the king's 'valets.' Amongst other employments of weight, the Great Seal was intrusted to him for a short period in 1349; and in the same year he bore the king's banner on occasion of that most romantic expedition of Edward III., when, with the Prince of Wales and a few chosen knights, the stalwart monarch fought in person under the banner of Sir Walter Manny, and defeated an attempt made by the French to surprise Calais. In 1370 he was elected into the order of the garter as successor of the renowned Sir John Chandos, one of the founders, being the second person who filled that stall. He served a great variety of important offices after the accession of Richard II., when he was more than seventy years of age; among others, that of Admiral of the Fleet, and gained

gained new honours at that advanced age in several engagements. Lord Bryan died in 1390, aged about ninety, and was buried under a magnificent monument still remaining in Tewkesbury Abbey. His deposition was similar to those already given.

Another centenarian is then called forth to speak to the same purpose, in the person of Sir John Chydioke, first armed, with Sir Guy Brian, at the coronation of Edward III., and knighted the succeeding year. He built Chydioke Castle in Dorsetshire, and was an ancestor of the noble families of Arundel of Wardour and Stourton of Stourton. Then follow Sir William Bonville, Sir Robert Fitzpayne, Sir Ralph Cheney, Sir William de Lucy, Sir John Massy of Tatton, and many other barons, knights, and squires of renown—amongst them Sir William Brereton, a relative of Grosvenor's, who, for contumaciously refusing to answer the questions put to him by the Proctor of Scrope, was heavily fined.

Other depositions succeed, taken in Yorkshirc. And first we have the mitred abbot of Selby, and the abbots of Rivaulx, Ger-
vaulx, and St. Agatha, in Richmondshire, of Byland, of Roche, and of Coverham; the Priors of Gisburgh, Wartre, Lanercost, Newburgh, and the Sacristan of the Priory of Bridlington,—all of whom come forward to repay the munificence of former generations of the family of Scrope to their several monasteries, by testifying to the antiquity of their benefactor's race, and the existence of the disputed arms upon windows, tablets, buildings, and, above all, monuments, erected by or in commemoration of Sir Richard's ancestors, from a date immediately following the Conquest. They present likewise numerous charters, containing grants of lands from early members of the Scrope family, sealed with the arms so often alluded to, and a variety of 'copes, stoles, corporasses, amices, frontores,' and other vestments or cloths, of silk or velvet, of great antiquity, on which the same arms are embroidered or embossed in every imaginable manner. The multitude of such evidences adduced from these and many other religious foundations creates a vivid impression of the vast wealth which the holy brotherhoods in those days contrived to extract from their devotees, either in direct gifts of land, money, jewels, and robes, or in the building and decoration of their monastic edifices. 'Old chronicles'—old in *that* day—were produced by some of these monks, tracing the family back for several generations, and corroborated by tombs with ancient inscriptions existing at the time in the churches of Wenceslas and St. Agatha. This evidence satisfactorily confirms the use of armorial insignia as architectural ornaments so far back as the twelfth century. The Prior of Lanercost, for instance, deposes to the existence in the windows of his church of 'the old arms of the kings of

of England, the arms of France, the arms of Scotland, and the arms of Scrope, azure a bend or, the which arms have been in the said windows since the building of their church in the reign of King Henry II.

Following these we have the depositions of the whole host of northern chivalry. The nobles and knights of Yorkshire especially, in which county the Scropes had long resided, come forward in numbers to support their cause. The heads of the families of Hastings, Stapleton, Roos of Ingmanthorp, Grymston, Neville of Hornby, Bosvile of Chete, Constable, Mauleverer, Melton, Savill, Chauncy, Hotham, Reresby, Rokeby, Boynton, Plumpton, Warde, Eure, Pygot, Conyers, Midylton, Merkyngfeld, Fitzhenry, Mallory, Roos of Kendal, Aton, Rouchiffe, Loudham, Marmion, Clifton, Spenser, Stretey, and Pierrepont, with many others, are examined in turn, and depose to the antiquity of the line of Scrope, and their long hereditary use of the contested coat in all the battle-fields, sieges, expeditions, and chivalrous exploits of note of the past century and upwards—‘at tournaments and feasts, as well as in the ornamenting of halls, windows, beds, furniture, and plate’—‘in the presence of kings and princes, and before the dukes, earls, barons, and other lords of England,’ without challenge on the part of Sir Robert Grosvenor or his ancestors. Many of these knights relate that they had heard from their fathers that Sir William I. Scrope grandfather of the plaintiff, was, in the reign of Edward I., ‘the most noble tourneyour of his time that could be found in any country, and always tourneyed in those arms, and had been, before he was knighted, (which was at Falkirk, under King Edward’s banner,) a famous bohourdeor, and a good esquire and servant in arms.’ His second son, Sir Geoffry, (the eldest, Henry, was Chief Justice to Edward II.,) had been likewise a renowned ‘tourneyour,’ and ‘performed right nobly at the tournaments of Northampton and Tournay, and at Dunstable, Cambridge, and Newmarket, before King Edward II., with other knights under his banner, which was azure a bend or, having a white label for a difference.’ It appears from the interesting deposition of John Rither, Esquire, who relates his services at Crecy and Najara, and various expeditions in France, Brittany, Scotland, Ireland, Spain, and Portugal, interspersed with many curious particulars, that after the peace made by Edward III. with France, this gallant squire, ‘with many others, went into Prussia, and there, at the siege of Wellon, in Lithuania, Sir Geoffry Scrope died, and was buried in the cathedral of Konigsberg, where the said arms were painted in a glass window, which the deponent himself caused to be set up, taking the blazon from the arms the deceased had on him when he fell.’

Of the deponents who come forward from other parts of the kingdom, the most remarkable are John Thirlwalle, Esquire (of a very ancient house in Northumberland), who relates what he heard on the subject in dispute from his father, who died at the age of 145† and was, when he died, (as well he may have been,) the oldest esquire in the north, and had been dead forty-four years;—Sir Richard Waldegrave,* who was, against his will, Speaker of the House of Commons in 1381, on the occasion of the repeal, by Richard II., of the charters of enfranchisement of the villains, which he had granted for the sake of appeasing their revolt, and revoked as soon as he could venture to do so,—the revocation (to their shame be it spoken) being assented to with one voice by all the prelates, lords, knights, citizens, and burgesses in parliament assembled;—Sir Ralph Ferrers, the subject of a remarkable conspiracy detailed in the Rolls of Parliament (1380), intended to convict him, by forged documents, of a traitorous correspondence with the French;—Sir Richard Adderbury;—Sir James Berners, one of the unfortunate favourites of Richard II., against whom the animosity of the ‘Lords Appellants,’ headed by the Duke of Gloucester, was so powerfully directed, and who was executed, with Burley, Beauchamp, and Salisbury, in 1388;—Sir Thomas Tryvet, another victim to the same party feuds, and whose deeds at arms are recorded in great detail by Froissart;—Sir Lewis Clifford, likewise commemorated by the flowing pen of the same chronicler, as one of the ambassadors sent to Paris to negotiate a peace with France in 1390, and one of the English combatants in the ‘grand fait d’armes’ which took place in that year in the Marches of Calais, when three French knights, chamberlains of the king, challenged and kept the field for thirty days against all comers ‘who wished to be delivered from their vows by five courses with a sharp or blunt lance, according to their pleasure, or with both lances, if more agreeable;’ †—Sir Richard Le Zouche, who shared all the laurels of the campaigns of Edward III. and the Black Prince;—Sir John Bouchier, another of Froissart’s favourite English knights;—Lord Roos of Hunlake; Lord Lovel of Titmarsh; Lord Burnell, Keeper of the Privy Seal to Henry IV.; Sir Gerard Braybroke; Lord Darcy of Meinill; Sir Matthew Redman, to whose chivalrous encounter with Sir James Lindsay after the battle of Otterbourne, Froissart

* One of the characteristic traits of the times occurs in the engagement in which this knight was bound to the king, (in the year in which he gave his evidence,) ‘in one thousand marks, to maintain Elizabeth, one of the cousins and heirs of Sir Philip Bryan, for one year,—to keep her “ab omni virili corrupcione mundam et immaculatam;” to furnish her with food and raiment; and at the expiration of that time to deliver her to John Lovell, to whom his majesty had given her in marriage.’

† Froissart, *Johnes*, vol. x. p. 35.

has devoted a chapter; * Lord Clifford, one of the most illustrious individuals of that illustrious house; Lord Neville; the unfortunate Sir Simon Burley; Lord Grey de Ruthyn; Lord Adam de Everingham; Lord Andrew de Luttrell; the Duke of Warwick; and the Earl of Arundel,—all of whom we must pass without more particular notice to arrive at three still more illustrious deponents,—the Earl of Northumberland,—his son, Sir Henry Percy, ‘gallant Hotspur’ himself—and last, not least in fame if in rank, Geoffrey Chaucer, Esquire.

The Earl of Northumberland, whose brother, the Earl of Worcester, we have seen previously examined, deposed that ‘at the battle of Durham (in 1346) there were three banners in the vanguard of the army,—the banner of Lord Percy, that of Lord Neville, and that of Sir Henry Scrope, viz., azure a bend or with a white label; at which battle Sir Richard Scrope bore the said arms entire, as head of the family; and that he had heard from his father, the Lord Percy, and all the old knights, and squires, and gentry of the north, that these arms were the right arms of the Scropes from times beyond memory.’

Sir Henry Percy, ‘of the age of twenty, first armed at the taking of Berwick,’ deposes to a similar statement, so far as his youth will allow him, and appeals to the authority of John Rither, a veteran squire, previously examined, who had told both him and his father, that during fifty years’ constant service he had never seen the said arms borne by any but the Scropes. There is nothing characteristic of Hotspur’s fiery temper in his answers to the interrogatories of Scrope’s Proctors, which had roused the impatience of more than one of the preceding deponents. In

* ‘Redman was then Captain of Berwick, and after fighting valiantly on that unfortunate day, and seeing that the defeat of the English was conclusive, he mounted his horse and fled, but was closely pursued for three leagues by Sir James Lindsay, a Scottish knight. On the Scot’s calling on him to turn, saying there was no other person with him, and that he was Sir James Lindsay, Redman stopped and prepared to defend himself. They fought for some time, and during a temporary cessation of the combat, Lindsay asked who he was, and being told his name, exclaimed, “Then I will conquer you, or you shall me,”—when the contest recommenced, both being on horseback, the one armed only with his sword, the other with his axe; but Redman accidentally dropping his sword, he was compelled to yield, exclaiming, “Lindsay, you will prove a good companion.”—“By St. George, you say truly,” replied the generous Scot; “and to begin, though you are my prisoner, what do you wish me to do?”—“I desire you to permit me to return to Newcastle,” said Redman, “and by Michaelmas-day I will be at Dunbar or Edinburgh, or at any other part in Scotland you choose.”—“I am content,” rejoined Lindsay; “be at Edinburgh by the day you have named.” They then separated, but the Scot missing his road in the dark, and during a thick fog, fell into the hands of the Bishop of Durham, who was on his way to Newcastle from the field of Otterbourne, where he arrived too late to afford Hotspur any assistance. The prelate, having made Lindsay prisoner, conveyed him to Newcastle, where he found Redman. “By my faith,” said the latter, “I little expected to have found my master, Sir James Lindsay, here already.”—FROISSART.

Chaucer's deposition, on the contrary, we think there are traces of the liveliness and picturesque fancy of the poet. Being asked, among other questions, if he had ever heard of any interruption or challenge made by Sir Robert Grosvenor, or his ancestors, to the use of the arms in dispute by the Scropes, he does not content himself with saying 'No!' but adds the following anecdote:—

'He was once in Friday-street, London, and walking through the street he observed a new sign hanging out with these arms thereon, and inquired "What inn that was that had hung out those arms of Scrope?" and one answered him, saying, "They are not hung out, Sir, for the arms of Scrope, nor painted there for those arms, but they are painted and put there by a knight of the county of Chester, called Sir Robert Grosvenor;" and that was the first time that he ever heard speak of Sir Robert Grosvenor, or his ancestors, or of any one bearing the name.'

Chaucer, when examined, describes himself as 'forty years of age, armed twenty-seven years.' He speaks of having been made prisoner at the siege of Retters, in France, in 1359. He was employed by Edward III. on several commissions of trust, and was knight of the shire for Kent at the time of this examination.

The list of deponents, on the part of Sir Robert Grosvenor, by no means offers so splendid an array of chivalry as that we have now gone through in the supporters of his rival's cause. One great name indeed presents itself, that of Owen Glendower—'He of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and swore the devil his true liege man upon the cross of a Welch hook.'

'Owen, Lord of Glendower, of the age of twenty-two,' deponed that it was the common opinion of the counties of Flint and Chester that the arms in question belonged to Sir Robert Grosvenor, and had been used by his ancestors from the conquest. He is followed by Sir John Massey of Podington; Sir Lawrence Dutton, Sir Hugh de Browe, and great numbers of the gentry of Cheshire, Lancashire, and North Wales, whose names will be recognised as belonging to the most ancient families of that quarter of the kingdom, viz.—De Eton, Brereton, Davenport, Leicester, Dutton, Hulse, Toft, Holford, Vernon, Dounes, Stanlegh, Mainwaring, Legh, Malpas, Crewe, Cholmeley, Massy, Atherton, Langton, De Bold, Moston, Merton, Flemyng, Eger-ton, Dacre, Burdet, Latham, Trafford, Hesketh, Bradshaw, Hilton, Hyde, Beeston, Coton, Danyell, &c. Their depositions agree in almost every particular, and amount in the whole to this,—that Sir Robert Grosvenor served in the disputed arms on the last expedition of King Richard into Scotland, (when they were challenged by the plaintiff,) and likewise about seventeen years before

before in a campaign of the Prince of Wales in Poitou, Guienne, and Aquitaine;—that it was generally reputed in the counties bordering on North Wales that his ancestors had borne the arms ‘azure a bend or’ from the time of Sir Gilbert de Grosvenor, a follower of Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, who was nephew to the Conqueror;—and that the said arms were to be seen in windows, and on tombstones in several churches of Cheshire.

The Abbot of the Cistercian Abbey of Vale Royal speaks still more positively to the pedigree and arms of Grosvenor; saying expressly that he has it ‘from chronicles and ancient writings in his monastery, that Sir Robert Grosvenor descended in direct line from Gilbert le Grosvenor, who, in the train of *his uncle*, Hugh Lupus, came over with the Conqueror, armed in the said arms, which he used to the time of his death.’

Several of the depositions in favour of Sir Robert Grosvenor are missing through the injuries suffered by the roll. The names of these deponents are, however, elsewhere preserved. The judgment of the Constable was given (as we stated before) in favour of the appellant Scrope; but inasmuch as the defendant had shown good presumptive evidence in support of his claim, he was admitted to bear the same coat ‘within a bordure argent.’ Against this sentence Grosvenor, as we have said, appealed; and the definitive sentence was at length pronounced by the King in person in Westminster Hall on the 7th May, in the thirteenth year of his reign, ‘adjudging the arms to Lord Scrope, and forbidding Grosvenor or his heirs to bear them for the future with or without differences;’ with respect to the arms ‘azure a bend or within a bordure argent,’ which had been conceded to Grosvenor by the Constable, ‘considering that such a bordure is not a sufficient difference between two strangers in the same kingdom, but only between cousin and cousin related by blood,’ &c. ‘the ordinance by the Constable of the said arms to Grosvenor is annulled.’

Grosvenor was subsequently allowed to bear the arms said to have been carried by his ancestor’s patron, and, by the Abbot of Vale Royal’s statement, relative—Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester—namely, ‘azure a garbe or,’—the coat still borne by his descendant and representative the Marquis of Westminster. If we recollect, however, there is a profuse display of the forbidden arms, ‘azure a bend or,’ among the rich emblazonings of the Great Hall of Eaton. We have not heard that they have yet been challenged by any descendant of Lord Scrope; and in default of this, if the noble marquis will defy the notorious judgment of King Richard II., yet unreversed,—why we must leave him to the reproaches of his conscience,—or rather to Sir H. Nicholas,
to

to be dealt with in his third volume, as such an open contempt of the most high and ancient Court of Chivalry may seem to deserve.

We cannot conclude without adverting to the very extraordinary industry, perseverance, and ability which Sir Harris Nicolas has brought to bear on the illustration of our national history and antiquities. The mere catalogue of his various works on these subjects would fill several of our pages; but we may mention his 'History of the Battle of Agincourt,' his volume on 'The Chronology of History,' his separate Memoirs of Secretary Davison, of Lady Jane Grey, of Sir Kenelm Digby, and of Lady Fanshawe—and his 'Notitia Historica,' as some of the most valuable contributions to our historical literature that have appeared of late years; while his publications of the 'Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII., Elizabeth of York, and Edward IV.,' of 'The Siege of Carlarverock,' 'The Rolls of Arms of Henry III., of Edward III., and Edward II.,' of 'The Herald's Visitations,' and other manuscripts in the British Museum; and above all, perhaps, his 'Testamenta Vetusta,' are, though less generally known to the public, of equal interest to the antiquary and genealogist. We have not yet mentioned one-half of his separate works on these subjects; in addition to which he is known as one of the most frequent and able contributors to the stores of similar information contained in the 'Archæologia,' the 'Retrospective Review,' and other periodical publications. His legal labours on the claims to the Barony of De l'Isle and the Earldom of Devon, in the House of Lords, (which he was mainly instrumental in establishing,) are well known to the profession: while his treatise, just published, 'On the Law of Adulterine Bastardy,' appears to us not only well qualified to interest almost every class of readers, but entitled to influence most seriously the future deliberations of the House of Peers on questions of that difficult and delicate class.* Meantime his efforts for the reform of the Society of Antiquaries and the Record Commission, in which last he is, we hope, still most usefully engaged—an Augean stable, requiring the labour of such an Hercules—have been enough alone to afford full occupation to any ordinary man, in addition to his professional engagements. And this indefatigable antiquary and historian, whose writings are no less masterly and profound than they are numerous and interesting, was, we believe, a lieutenant in the navy at the close of the war!

* We speak with profound deference—but we do think that it would be extremely hard for the House of Lords to make out a fair show of reason for once more rejecting the claim of the Knollis family to the earldom of Banbury, after the equally lucid and profound argument which Sir H. Nicolas has here put forth in their favour.

ART. II.—*Geology considered with Reference to Natural Theology.* By the Rev. Wm. Buckland, D.D., Canon of Christchurch, and Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford. London. 8vo. (*With a volume of plates.*) 1836.

IF there are any lovers of science yet ignorant of the extent and fertility of the field which geology has laid open,—of the intensity and variety of interest by which those who explore it are repaid,—here is a work to astonish and delight them. If there are any persons yet deterred from the study of this fascinating science by the once prevalent notion, that the facts, or theories if you will, that it teaches, tend to weaken the belief in revealed religion, by their apparent inconsistency with the scriptural account of the creation and early history of the globe,—*here*, in the work of a dignitary of the church, writing, *ex cathedrâ*, from the headquarters of orthodoxy, they will find the amplest assurances that their impression is not merely erroneous but the very reverse of the truth: for that, while its discoveries are not in any degree at variance with the correct interpretation of the Mosaic narrative, there exists no science which can produce more powerful evidence in support of natural religion—none which will be found a more potent auxiliary to revelation by exalting our conviction of the power, and wisdom, and goodness of the Creator.

As this unfounded prejudice has, to a considerable extent, been a stumbling-block in the way of those who would otherwise have been led to delight and instruct themselves by geological research, the Canon of Christchurch, rightly we think, attacks it on the threshold of his work. Its origin he traces to a misconception of the meaning of the terms employed in the Mosaic narrative of the creation, from which it has been unwarrantably inferred that the existence of the universe, as well as of the human race, dates from an epoch of about six thousand years ago. Now there is no question whatever that this notion has been utterly disproved by the discoveries of geology, which demonstrate the surface of our planet not merely to have existed, but to have undergone physical changes very similar to those which affect it at present, and to have been quietly and happily tenanted by a long succession of living creatures, vegetable as well as animal, for countless ages before the epoch from which our scriptural chronology dates, and which was signalized by the first appearance of man.

Whatever difference of opinion may still exist among geologists on other points, *this* is a truth (as Dr. Buckland remarks) admitted by *all* observers;—as firmly established, indeed, and on as immoveable evidence, as the Copernican system, the theory of gravitation,

tation, or any other of the fundamental doctrines of science. Well, then, what follows? Is it wise to endeavour to shirk this established truth—to shut our eyes to it—to avoid the science which teaches it, and thus encourage the foolish and false notion that there is anything in it at variance with Scripture? Surely this would be the way to produce the very evil that is dreaded, the undermining of the faith of many in revelation. On the contrary, if, dismissing the vague ideas on cosmogony they have derived from too literal an acceptance of our necessarily imperfect translation, these timid and unwise friends of revelation will confront the Bible itself with the admitted geological facts, they will satisfy themselves that the inconsistency they have assumed is entirely fanciful. But in the first place, what reason have we to expect to find in the Bible a revelation of geological or other phenomena of natural history, wholly foreign to the object of a volume intended only to be a guide of religious belief and moral conduct? Dr. Buckland justly asks at what point short of a communication of omniscience could such a revelation have stopped, without imperfections similar in kind to that which they impute to the existing narrative of Moses?

‘A revelation of so much only of astronomy as was known to Copernicus would have seemed imperfect after the discoveries of Newton; and a revelation of the science of Newton would have appeared defective to La Place: a revelation of all the chemical knowledge of the eighteenth century would have been as deficient in comparison with the information of the present day, as what is now known in this science will probably appear before the termination of another age: in the whole circle of sciences, there is not one to which this argument may not be extended, until we should require from revelation a full development of all the mysterious agencies that uphold the mechanism of the material world. Such a revelation might indeed be suited to beings of a more exalted order than mankind, and the attainment of such knowledge of the works as well as of the ways of God may perhaps form some part of our happiness in a future state; but unless human nature had been constituted otherwise than it is, the above supposed communication of omniscience would have been imparted to creatures utterly incapable of receiving it under any past or present moral or physical condition of the human race; and would have been also at variance with the design of all God’s other disclosures of himself, the end of which has uniformly been not to impart intellectual but moral knowledge.’—pp. 15, 16.

Several hypotheses have been proposed with a view of reconciling the phenomena of geology with the brief account of creation which we find in Genesis. Among others, it has been plausibly enough urged that the ‘days’ of the Mosaic creation may be understood to imply, not as now a single revolution of the globe, but some other cyclic period of unknown extent. Dr. Buckland, however, prefers

prefers that explanation which is supported by the high authority of Dr. Pusey, the Regius Professor of Hebrew in Oxford, and has the sanction of Dr. Chalmers, Bishop Gleig, and other eminent contemporary divines,—namely, that the phrase employed in the first words of Genesis, ‘*In the beginning* God created the heaven and the earth,’ may refer to an epoch antecedent to the ‘first day’ subsequently spoken of in the fifth verse, and that during this indefinite interval, comprising, perhaps, millions and millions of years, all the physical operations disclosed by geology were going on. Many of the Fathers quoted by Professor Pusey appear to have thus interpreted the commencement of the sacred history, understanding from it that a considerable interval took place between the *original creation of the universe* related in the first verse, and that series of events of which an account is given in the third and following verses.

‘Accordingly,’ says Professor Pusey, ‘in some old editions of the English Bible, where there is no division into verses, you actually find a break at the end of what is now the second verse; and in Luther’s Bible (Wittenburg, 1557) you have in addition the figure 1 placed against the third verse, as being the beginning of the account of the creation on the first day. This is just the sort of confirmation which one wished for, because, though one would shrink from the impiety of bending the language of God’s book to any other than its obvious meaning, we cannot help fearing lest we might be unconsciously influenced by the floating opinions of our own day, and therefore turn the more anxiously to those who explained Holy Scripture before these theories existed.’—*Note*, p. 25.

Thus all difficulty arising from the immense antiquity of the globe attested by geology is at once removed. The circumstances related in the succeeding verses must be understood as referring to those immediate changes by which the surface of the earth was prepared for the reception of man. Just as the facts disclosed by astronomy, without detracting aught from the credit of the inspired historian, prove that the sun, and moon, and planetary bodies must have existed previous to the ‘fourth day,’ on which he first mentions them as ‘made,’ or *appointed* to serve the office of ‘signs and seasons, and days and years;’ so geology in no degree contradicts the real meaning of the text, by proclaiming the fact that the air, the earth, and the waters were peopled by living creatures for innumerable ages before that epoch in the world’s history which the sacred historian alone contemplates.

‘After all, it should be recollected,’ says Dr. Buckland, ‘that the question is not respecting the correctness of the Mosaic narrative, but of our interpretation of it; and still further, it should be borne in mind that the object of this account was, not to state *in what manner*, but *by whom*, the world was made. As the prevailing tendency of

men in those early days was to worship the most glorious objects of nature, namely, the sun, and moon, and stars, it should seem to have been one important point in the Mosaic account of creation to guard the Israelites against the polytheism and idolatry of the nations around them, by announcing that all these magnificent celestial bodies were no gods, but the works of One Almighty Creator, to whom alone the worship of mankind is due.'—p. 33.

And, we may add, in this announcement it were unreasonable to expect that a revelation should be made of the details of the mighty work of creation, or of recondite facts relative to the celestial bodies, or the natural history of the globe, contrary to all the received opinions of the day, unfitted to the capacity of those whom the inspired writer immediately addressed, and likely, as such, to distract their attention from the real objects of his mission, namely, to declare the unity of the Godhead, to relate the history of mankind, and to lay down a rule of conduct to be followed by the chosen people. Matters of the former class come neither within the letter nor the spirit of Scriptural revelation. But they *have* been revealed to us in those physical monuments of his power that God has put before our eyes, giving us at the same time faculties whereby we may interpret them. And we shall surely err as much in denying or wilfully closing our eyes to these magnificent evidences of his wondrous attributes, because of some fancied non-accordance of the letter of Scripture with them, as we could in withholding our belief in the great truths of revelation on the same miserable grounds.*

This preliminary objection being disposed of, our author enters at once upon the main subject of his treatise, namely, the peculiar proofs of design and contrivance, attesting the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, which are unfolded to us by geology. The past history of the globe comprehends two divisions,—that which treats of the changes to which the inorganic world, or gross mineral materials of the earth's crust, have been subjected,—and

* Dr. Buckland himself has afforded in his own writings a striking example of the danger and impolicy of endeavouring to connect geological theories with Scripture. The main object of his '*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*' was to exhibit the gravel which covers a large portion of the northern hemisphere, and the curious *cave*-deposits of the same tract, as the result and the evidence of the Mosaic deluge. Further geological investigations have satisfied the Doctor that this opinion is utterly untenable; and, accordingly, he quietly renounces it in a note to p. 95 of the present work. But may we not justly fear that such persons as have been led by the eloquent arguments of the '*Reliquiæ*' to rely on the supposed geological evidences of the deluge as strong confirmation of the authenticity of the inspired narrative, may feel their faith rudely shaken on hearing from the same authority that this fancied corroboration is a fallacy, that the evidence is no evidence at all, and rested on an entire misconstruction of the facts? Would it not have been much better to have avoided altogether the endeavour to support that which needs no extrinsic confirmation, by flail and flimsy theories which the next discovery may upset?—'*Non tali auxilio!*' that

that which embraces the history of the animal and vegetable kingdoms by which that surface has, through the various stages of its existence, been tenanted. The latter, as may readily be conceived, offers the most prolific field of the two to the investigation of creative design. But the former is by no means barren in such speculations. Indeed, though wanting in those examples of nice and beautiful contrivance by which, in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, all the resources of the most consummate art, refined ingenuity, and profound science,—if such phrases are allowable,—seem to have been employed for effecting the purpose in view, this department of natural history presents instances of the adaptation of means to an end of a peculiarly grand and striking character. We are not sure, indeed, that our author has quite done justice to this part of the subject, which offers views of the creative intelligence and design not a whit inferior in force of evidence to those afforded by the animated creation, on which, by preference, he has so ably and eloquently dwelt.

We assume the main object of the disposition of the earth's surface to have been the provision of a state of things most favourable to the utmost possible development of animated and sentient existence, and consequently to the largest aggregate amount of ENJOYMENT. For what other end can we imagine so worthy of the exercise of the wisdom and power which are the co-attributes of the Divine Benevolence? In this view the astronomer shows us the globe of our earth hung in space by invisible but all-powerful chains, and performing that double revolution upon its own axis, and around the solar centre of light and heat, which are alike essential to the maintenance and constant renewal of life upon its surface. Taking up the argument where he leaves it, the geologist exhibits the admirable contrivances by which the crust of this ball has been rendered, throughout innumerable ages, capable of supporting countless myriads of organic existences. Now how has this great end been accomplished? Looking at the question *à priori*, it might be supposed most consistent with the order, harmony, and regularity which is maintained, chiefly by the great principle of gravitation, throughout the planetary system of which our globe is a portion, that its surface should present one unvaried character, the nucleus perhaps being enveloped in concentric folds of its component materials, gaseous, liquid, and solid, disposed like the coats of an onion, in the order of their specific gravity, or some other more or less symmetrical arrangement. But the slightest consideration will convince us that any such disposition would have been fatal to the possible existence of the greater part—probably to the whole—of the organic creation. The multiplicity and amount of animal and vegetable

life with which the surface of the globe has ever teemed, are wholly dependent on the excessive *irregularity* with which its few and simple elements have been compounded into an endless variety of mixtures, and scattered up and down, hither and thither—the great mass of *liquids* collected, it is true, into separate bodies, but at the same time circulating in an endless course through and over the whole—the *solid* parts aggregated into an universal crust, but which at the same time is broken up into the wildest confusion, so as on some points to pierce the clouds, on others to sink beneath the deepest oceans, while it exposes in turn upon its surface every variety of substance that enters into its composition, even those which could only have been formed originally in its inmost depths—the *gaseous* overspreading and penetrating all, but constantly undergoing the most irregular and complex changes. All this apparent confusion and disturbance, seemingly so opposite to the prevailing tranquillity, order, and almost symmetrical arrangements of the celestial universe, has been always indispensable to the existence of the animal and vegetable kingdoms on the surface of our planet, and can only be explained on the supposition that it was ordained for that end.

Geology points out by what contrivances these essential irregularities have been brought about, and the limits within which they are for the same useful purpose restrained. In the present state of the science all, it is true, are not agreed on the means which in the infancy of the planet were adopted to separate the atmosphere and ocean from the solid frame-work of the earth. But there is now no longer any difference of opinion among geologists as to the agency employed for elevating the latter as dry land above the liquid level of the ocean, and for giving to it that rudely varied surface and infinitely modified composition, which we have spoken of as of such paramount importance to organic nature. The agency employed is mainly of two very simple kinds, namely, first, the expansive and alterative power of *heat* proceeding from the interior of the globe; secondly, the action of the immense body of *water* which is constantly moving over its surface, and engaged in grinding down its prominent parts, and re-distributing their materials in stratified beds within its hollows. These antagonizing forces of fire and water have from the first produced and continually maintain that endless variety of form and composition in the mineral masses of the earth's surface, to which its animal and vegetable inhabitants are indebted for their varied existence. The one has originated that class of rocks which are unstratified and crystalline, having been protruded in a state of igneous fusion, or something like it, from the interior of the globe to the places they now occupy,—the other has given rise to the immense aggregation

of

of stratified and alluvial rocks which compose the greater part of its dry surface, although, from the marins remains they contain, it is clear they have mostly been deposited below the ocean, and subsequently lifted up by the expansive force of subterranean heat.

In order to bring clearly before the mind's eye of his readers the *dynamical* changes which have been thus wrought upon the crust of the earth, Dr. Buckland has engraved a long and elaborate ideal section of a portion of this crust; an improved reduction of the magnificent sketch of the same subject with which Mr. Webster (so well-known for his observations in the Isle of Wight and elsewhere) used to illustrate his geological lectures. Nothing can be more instructive than this section: it teaches more at a glance of the ancient history of the globe, and the revolutions to which it has been subjected, than the perusal of many a laboured treatise on the matter. The eye is carried gradually forward from the formations, igneous and aqueous, which are going on at present, to the most ancient which have been shattered and displaced by the convulsions of ages; and to each period is annexed a minute but spirited representation of the principal characteristic races of animals and vegetables that belonged to it.

What may be the precise nature, cause, or seat of the igneous power, by which the crust of the earth has always been so powerfully affected, is a matter still involved in much obscurity. Its activity is witnessed daily in the volcano and the earthquake; and the geologist traces its past violence in the visible fracture, disturbance, and elevation of the sedimentary strata, as well as in the vast masses of crystalline rock which have burst their way upwards through these, in the state of lava or something analogous to it, on almost every part of its surface, and at every age of its history. Two theories contend for the explanation of this force, that of 'central heat,' which supposes the nucleus of the globe to have always been at an intense temperature, and probably fluid, the cooling of the surface having first formed the solid crust, and then in its inward progress broken up and convulsed it—and the 'chemical theory,' which supposes the nucleus to be composed of the metallic bases of the earths; the phenomena of heat, eruptions, and elevatory expansions being caused by the oxydation of these substances by water or air that penetrates to them through clefts in the superficial rocks.

Dr. Buckland, unwilling apparently to determine between these conflicting theories, assumes both to be true—an easy way of escaping a difficulty, and avoiding to commit himself to either alone—but not, perhaps, very philosophical, inasmuch as either is alleged by its advocates to be alone equal to the solution of the problem.

It

It is not for us to determine this litigated point: yet, as on former occasions, we have avowed a preference for the theory of central heat, we may repeat here that it has one great advantage at least over its rival, namely, that it explains *all* the phenomena from first to last, including even the *generation* of the atmosphere and ocean; whereas the chemical theory supposes the pre-existence of the earth, atmosphere, and ocean, in their separate states, and then brings them into contact to produce the results to be explained. Nor, in truth, could we ever well understand how it is imagined that the process of internal oxydation is kept up after the nucleus has been thoroughly coated with solid rock. A state of quiescence, it appears to us, must very shortly have been reached, in which all internal activity would cease; for the fissures, to which the advocates of this theory have recourse as the channels of communication between the external oxygen and subterranean metals, are the *results*, and therefore cannot be admitted as the *causes*, of the development of subterranean energy which is to be accounted for.

Be this as it may, we have in this potent subterranean heat, whencesoever derived, the primary agent in the series of changes which the surface of the globe is continually undergoing. By this force new rocks have been from time to time thrust forth from the bowels of the earth, and beds of gravel, sand, clay, limestone, and other aqueous deposits heaved up from the bottom of the seas. These in their turn become subjected to the action of the other great power already spoken of, the abrasive force of moving waters. Violent commotions of a *diluvial* character no doubt must accompany many of the expansive throes of the igneous agent—and of these, indeed, we have recent examples in the agitation occasionally witnessed in the ocean during *paroxysmal* earthquakes. It is chiefly, however, by a series of minor and individually trifling, but ceaseless efforts, that the plastic agency of water operates to modify the surface of the globe. The fall of rain, the flow of brooks and rivers, the waves, currents, and tides of the sea, inconsiderable as their power would seem to be when contemplated in a single instance, and during the lapse of a short period, yet, from their almost universal and incessant influence, produce in the long run an amount of change fully equivalent to that effected by the more violent and striking, but less constant and general action of subterranean energy. Both combine, together with the minor but still very important action of the atmosphere, of changes of temperature, and of the chemical elements of the air, water, and rocks upon each other, to keep up that condition of the surface of our planet which fits it for the habitation of an almost infinite variety and multitude of sentient beings, whose enjoyment seems to have been the final cause of this portion of the divine creation.

And

And this leads us to the interesting consideration on which our author has both justly and forcibly touched, of the limited, but still demonstrable adaptation of the globe to man. With a view to human uses, the production of a soil fitted for agriculture, and the general dispersion of the minerals and metals used in the arts, were almost essential conditions of the earth's habitation by civilized man. Now this has been brought about solely by the disturbance and irregular arrangement of the earth's crust which we have already remarked upon as the common result of the igneous and aqueous forces to which it has been subjected. By their joint influence, those inestimably precious treasures, mineral salt, coal, and the metallic ores have been first formed, and subsequently brought to the surface and distributed on almost every point of it. Under any more simple and regular disposition of the solid matter of the globe, we should have been destitute of all these essential elements of industry and civilization. Under the existing disposition, all the various combinations of strata, with their valuable contents, whether produced by the agency of subterranean fire, or by mechanical or chemical deposition beneath the water, have been raised above the sea to form the mountains and the plains of the present earth; and have still further been laid open to our reach by the exposure of each stratum along the sides of valleys.

A striking example of this adaptation is afforded by the coal formation, in which the remains of plants of a former world have been preserved and converted into beds of this useful mineral, after being transported to the bottom of former seas and estuaries or lakes, and buried in beds of sand and mud, which have since been converted into sandstone and shale by pressure, desiccation, and the chemical action of their particles on each other operating during an immeasurable lapse of time.

' Besides the coal, many strata of the carboniferous order contain subordinate beds of a rich argillaceous iron ore, which the near position of the coal renders easy of reduction to a metallic state; and this reduction is further facilitated by the proximity of limestone, which is requisite as a flux to separate the metal from the ore, and usually abounds in the lower regions of the carboniferous strata.

' A formation that is at once the vehicle of two such valuable mineral productions as coal and iron, assumes a place of the first importance among the sources of benefit to mankind; and this benefit is the direct result of physical changes which affected the earth at those remote periods of time, when the first forms of vegetable life appeared upon its surface.

' The important uses of coal and iron in administering to the supply of our daily wants, give to every individual amongst us, in almost every moment of our lives, a personal concern, of which but few are conscious,

conscious, in the geological events of these very distant eras. We are all brought into immediate connexion with the vegetation that clothed the ancient earth before one-half of its actual surface had yet been formed. The trees of the primeval forests have not, like modern trees, undergone decay, yielding back their elements to the soil and atmosphere by which they had been nourished; but, treasured up in subterranean storehouses, have been transformed into enduring beds of coal, which in these later ages have become to man the sources of heat, and light, and wealth. My fire now burns with fuel, and my lamp is shining with the light of gas, derived from coal that has been buried for countless ages in the deep and dark recesses of the earth. We prepare our food, and maintain our forges and furnaces, and the power of our steam-engines, with the remains of plants of ancient forms and extinct species, which were swept from the earth ere the formation of the transition strata was completed. Our instruments of cutlery, the tools of our mechanics, and the countless machines which we construct, by the infinitely varied applications of iron, are derived from ore, for the most part coeval with, or more ancient than the fuel, by the aid of which we reduce it to its metallic state, and apply it to innumerable uses in the economy of human life. Thus, from the wreck of forests that waved upon the surface of the primeval lands, and from ferruginous mud that was lodged at the bottom of the primeval waters, we derive our chief supplies of coal and iron; those two fundamental elements of art and industry, which contribute more than any other mineral productions of the earth to increase the riches, and multiply the comforts, and ameliorate the condition of mankind.'—pp. 65—67.

Not less important to the welfare of our species are the means by which the materials composing these secondary strata have been transported to their present places, and intermixed in such manner, and in such proportions, as are most favourable to the growth of the different vegetable productions which man requires for himself and the domestic animals he has collected around him :—

'The process is obvious whereby even solid rocks are converted into soil fit for the maintenance of vegetation, by simple exposure to atmospheric agency; the disintegration produced by the vicissitudes of heat and cold, moisture and dryness, reduces the surface of almost all strata to a comminuted state of soil, or mould, the fertility of which is usually in proportion to the compound nature of its ingredients.

'The three principal materials of all strata are the earths of flint, clay, and lime; each of these, taken singly and in a state of purity, is comparatively barren: the admixture of a small proportion of clay gives tenacity and fertility to sand, and the further addition of calcareous earth produces a soil highly valuable to the agriculturist; and where the natural proportions are not adjusted in the most beneficial manner,

manner, the facilities afforded by the frequent juxtaposition of lime, or marl, or gypsum, for the artificial improvement of those soils which are defective in these ingredients, add materially to the earth's capability of adaptation to the important office of producing food. Hence it happens that the great corn-fields, and the greatest population of the world, are placed on strata of the secondary and tertiary formations; or on their detritus, composing still more compound, and consequently more fertile diluvial and alluvial deposits.*

Another advantage in the disposition of stratified rocks consists in the fact that strata of limestone, sand, and sandstone, which readily absorb water, alternate with beds of clay, or marl, which are impermeable to this most important fluid. All permeable strata receive rain-water at their surface, whence it descends until it is arrested by an impermeable subjacent bed of clay, causing it to accumulate throughout the lower region of each porous stratum, and to form extensive reservoirs, the overflows of which on the sides of valleys constitute the ordinary supply of springs and rivers. These reservoirs are not only occasional crevices and caverns, but the entire space of all the small interstices of those lower parts of each permeable stratum, which are beneath the level of the nearest flowing springs. Hence, if a well be sunk to the water-bearing level of any stratum, it forms a communication with a permanent subterranean sheet of water, affording plentiful supplies to the inhabitants of upland districts, which are above the level of natural springs.

A further benefit which man derives from the disposition of the mineral ingredients of the secondary strata results from the extensive diffusion of muriate of soda, or common salt, throughout certain portions of these strata, especially those of the new red sandstone formation. Had not the beneficent providence of the Creator laid up these stores of salt within the bowels of the earth, the distance of inland countries from the sea would have rendered this article of prime and daily necessity unattainable to a large proportion of mankind: but, under the existing dispensation, the presence of mineral salt, in strata, which are dispersed generally over the interior of our continents and larger islands, is a source of health, and daily enjoyment, to the inhabitants of almost every region of the earth.—pp. 69—71.

But lest, rendered presumptuous by these considerations, 'Man should exclaim "See all things for my use!"' we are reminded that this theory of the ordained relation of the globe's surface to the human race cannot be pressed so far as to contend

* 'It is no small proof of design in the arrangement of the materials that compose the surface of our earth, that whereas the primitive and granitic rocks are least calculated to afford a fertile soil, they are for the most part made to constitute the mountain districts of the world, which, from their elevation and irregularities, would otherwise be but ill adapted for human habitation; while the lower and more temperate regions are usually composed of derivative, or secondary strata, in which the compound nature of their ingredients qualifies them to be of the greatest utility to mankind, by their subserviency to the purposes of luxuriant vegetation.'—*Buckland's Inaugural Lecture, Oxford, 1820, p. 17.*

that all the great geological phenomena we have been considering were conducted *exclusively* with a view to the benefit of man :—

‘We may rather count,’ says Dr. Buckland, ‘the advantages he derives from them as incidental and residuary consequences; which, although they may not have formed the exclusive object of creation, were all foreseen and comprehended in the plans of the Great Architect of that Globe, which, in his appointed time, was destined to become the scene of human habitation.

‘With respect to the animal kingdom, we acknowledge with gratitude, that, among the higher classes, there is a certain number of living species which are indispensable to the supply of human food and raiment, and to the aid of civilized man in his various labours and occupations; and that these are endowed with dispositions and faculties which adapt them in a peculiar degree for domestication; but their number bears an extremely small proportion to the total amount of existing species; and with regard to the lower classes of animals, there are but very few, among their almost countless multitudes, that minister either to the wants or luxuries of the human race. Even could it be proved that all existing species are serviceable to man, no such inference could be drawn with respect to those numerous extinct animals which Geology shows to have ceased to live long before our race appeared upon the earth. It is surely more consistent with sound philosophy, and with all the information that is vouchsafed to us respecting the attributes of the Deity, to consider each animal as having been created first for its own sake, to receive its portion of that enjoyment which the Universal Parent is pleased to impart to each creature that has life: and secondly, to bear its share in the maintenance of the general system of co-ordinate relations, whereby all families of living beings are reciprocally subservient to the use and benefit of one another. Under this head only can we include their relations to man; forming, as he does, but a small, although it be the most noble and exalted part, of that vast system of universal life, with which it hath pleased the Creator to animate the surface of the globe.

“More than three-fifths of the earth’s surface,” says Mr. Bakewell, “are covered by the ocean; and if from the remaining part we deduct the space occupied by polar ice and eternal snow, by sandy deserts, sterile mountains, marshes, rivers and lakes, the habitable portion will scarcely exceed one-fifth of the whole of the globe. Nor have we reason to believe that at any former period the dominion of man over the earth was more extensive than at present. The remaining four-fifths of our globe, though untenanted by mankind, are for the most part abundantly stocked with animated beings, that exult in the pleasure of existence, independent of human control, and no way subservient to the necessities or caprices of man. Such is, and has been for several thousand years, the actual condition of our planet; nor is the consideration foreign to our subject, for hence we may feel less reluctance in admitting the prolonged ages or days of creation, when numerous tribes of the lower orders of aquatic animals lived

lived and flourished, and left their remains embedded in the strata that compose the outer crust of our planet."—pp. 99—102.

We now come to that which is unquestionably the most interesting part of this Treatise—the consideration of fossil organic remains. Since 'the variety and formation of God's creatures in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms' were specially marked out by the noble founder of the work, as the subjects from which he desires that proofs should be sought of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, it is eminently in accordance with this object that the Professor proceeds to demonstrate how the extinct species of animals and vegetables which have in former periods occupied our planet afford in their fossil remains the same evidences of contrivance and design that have been shown by Ray, Derham, and Paley to pervade the structure of existing genera and species of organized beings.

The ability with which Dr. Buckland has performed this task—the powerful interest with which he has endowed his subject—we must despair of conveying to our readers by any comments we can make, or by such extracts as we can find room for. Those who have listened spell-bound to that conversational eloquence with which the Professor is so peculiarly gifted—an eloquence which, when dilating on such subjects, absolutely calls up before his audience—

'The monstrous shapes that one time walk'd the earth,
Of which ours is the wreck,'

will, however, imagine the vivid and fascinating manner in which he brings out from the abundant stores of his favourite Palæontology illustrations of the great truths of Natural religion—showing that animals which lived and died millions of years ago—creatures utterly swept away as entities from the face of the earth—whose very forms have been 'blotted from the things that be,' are pregnant with valuable evidence—that every bone, nay, every particle of their frames was constructed with the utmost care and the most perfect design by the Omnipotent hand that fashioned them; and that all the fossil species, whether extinct or not, however enormous, however minute, from the colossal megatherium to the microscopic cypris, bear testimony to the wisdom and goodness of the Great Artificer.

Some idea of the immense mass of materials with which the author has had to deal may be derived from the following statement:—

'The secrets of nature, that are revealed to us by the history of fossil organic remains, form perhaps the most striking results at which we arrive from the study of geology. It must appear almost incredible to those who have not minutely attended to natural phenomena,

men, that the microscopic examination of a mass of rude and lifeless limestone should often disclose the curious fact, that large proportions of its substance have once formed parts of living bodies. It is surprising to consider that the walls of our houses are sometimes composed of little else than comminuted shells, that were once the domicile of other animals, at the bottom of ancient seas and lakes.

It is marvellous that mankind should have gone on for so many centuries in ignorance of the fact, which is now so fully demonstrated, that no small part of the present surface of the earth is derived from the remains of animals, that constituted the population of ancient seas. Many extensive plains and massive mountains form, as it were, the great charnel-houses of preceding generations, in which the petrified exuvæ of extinct races of animals and vegetables are piled into stupendous monuments of the operations of life and death, during almost immeasurable periods of past time.

‘The most prolific source of organic remains has been the accumulation of the shelly coverings of animals which occupied the bottom of the sea during a long series of consecutive generations. A large proportion of the entire substance of many strata is composed of myriads of these shells reduced to a comminuted state by the long-continued movements of water. In other strata, the presence of countless multitudes of unbroken corallines, and of fragile shells, having their most delicate spines still attached and undisturbed, shows that the animals which formed them lived and died upon or near the spot where these remains are found.

‘Strata thus loaded with the exuvæ of innumerable generations of organic beings afford strong proof of the lapse of long periods of time, wherein the animals from which they have been derived lived and multiplied and died, at the bottom of seas which once occupied the site of our present continents and islands. Repeated changes in species, both of animals and vegetables, in succeeding members of different formations, give further evidence, not only of the lapse of time, but also of important changes in the physical condition and climate of the ancient earth.’—pp. 112-116.

The study of these remains is, in fact, the great master-key whereby we unlock the secret history of the earth, and obtain the evidence of revolutions and catastrophes long antecedent to the creation of the human race—the records of many successive series of animal and vegetable generations, of which the creation and extinction would have been equally unknown to us but for recent discoveries in the science of geology.

Natural history and natural theology had been hitherto confined to but *one* volume of nature's works—that which relates to the present order of existences. Geology has discovered in the bowels of the earth, and published a series of preceding volumes—more or less injured and imperfect, it is true, through their great age, and containing gaps not yet filled up—but all written in the
same

same hand, bearing the manifest impress of the same mighty mind, and equally abounding in new and vivid proofs of the wisdom and goodness of their Author.

Before he enters into particular instances of design, the Doctor, in his thirteenth chapter, takes a general view of what he designates as 'the *police* of ancient nature' (a term already applied by Wilcke and others to modern natural history). In the world of our day, no observer can look around him without seeing the conflicting principles of life and death in constant action. The greatest amount of general happiness in a given space appears to be the object aimed at; the extinction of individuals is essential to this end—one generation must disappear to afford room for another. Thus we see swarms of gnats dancing in the sunbeams—swallows dash through and annihilate myriads—but still

'Through the peopled air
'The busy murmur glows'—

in spite of all the devastation committed on them, the insect-tribes are kept up to the full complement which is compatible with the welfare of other orders of the animal creation. Still, as some of the most important provisions in the anatomy of the ancient as well as the modern animals are made manifest in the organs with which they were furnished for capturing their prey—and as contrivances for such a purpose may, at first sight, seem inconsistent with the dispensations of a creation founded in benevolence, and tending to produce the greatest amount of animal gratification, Dr. Buckland is naturally led to show how the aggregate of animal enjoyment is increased, and that of pain diminished, by the existence of the carnivorous races:—

'To the mind which looks not to general results in the economy of nature, the earth may seem to present a scene of perpetual warfare and incessant carnage: but the more enlarged view, while it regards individuals in their conjoint relations to the general benefit of their own species, and that of other species with which they are associated in the great family of nature, resolves each apparent case of individual evil into an example of subserviency to universal good.

'Under the existing system, not only is the aggregate amount of animal enjoyment much increased, by adding to the stock of life all the races which are carnivorous, but these are also highly beneficial even to the herbivorous races that are subject to their dominion.

'The appointment of death by the agency of carnivora, as the ordinary termination of animal existence, deducts much from the aggregate amount of the pain of universal death; it abridges, and almost annihilates, throughout the brute creation, the misery of disease, and accidental injuries, and lingering decay; and imposes such salutary restraint upon excessive increase of numbers, that the supply of food maintains perpetually a due ratio to the demand. The result is, that
the

the surface of the land and depths of the waters are ever crowded with myriads of animated beings; the pleasures of whose life are co-extensive with its duration; and which, throughout the little day of existence that is allotted to them, fulfil with joy the functions for which they were created. Life to each individual is a scene of continued feasting, in a region of plenty; and when unexpected death arrests its course, it repays with small interest the large debt which it has contracted to the common fund of animal nutrition, from whence the materials of its body have been derived. Thus the great drama of universal life is perpetually sustained; and though the individual actors undergo continual change, the same parts are ever filled by another and another generation; renewing the face of the earth, and the bosom of the deep, with endless successions of life and happiness.'—pp. 131-134.

Having prepared the way by these general considerations, the author presents us with the particular instances of design exhibited in the organization of the ancient mammalians—animals that suckle their young—whose bones have been disinterred by the geologist from their primeval sepulchres. He selects the uncouth *dinotherium* and the *megatherium* with 'its columnar hind legs and colossal tail;' and, after passing in review the organization of their admirably constructed bodies, thus sums up the evidence afforded by the latter:—

'With the head and shoulders of a sloth, it combined in its legs and feet an admixture of the characters of the ant-eater, the armadillo, and the chlamyphorus it probably also still further resembled the armadillo and chlamyphorus, in being cased with a bony coat of armour. Its haunches were more than five feet wide, and its body twelve feet long and eight feet high; its feet were a yard in length, and terminated by most gigantic claws; its tail was probably clad in armour, and much larger than the tail of any other beast, among extinct or living terrestrial mammalia. Thus heavily constructed, and ponderously accoutred, it could neither run, nor leap, nor climb, nor burrow under the ground, and in all its movements must have been necessarily slow; but what need of rapid locomotion to an animal whose occupation of digging roots for food was almost stationary? and what need of speed for flight from foes to a creature whose giant carcase was encased in an impenetrable cuirass, and who by a single pat of his paw, or lash of his tail, could in an instant have demolished the cougar or the crocodile? Secure within the panoply of his bony armour, where was the enemy that would dare encounter this leviathan of the Pampas? or in what more powerful creature can we find the cause that has effected the extirpation of his race?

'His entire frame was an apparatus of colossal mechanism, adapted exactly to the work it had to do; strong and ponderous in proportion as this work was heavy, and calculated to be the vehicle of life and enjoyment to a gigantic race of quadrupeds; which, though they have
ceased

ceased to be counted among the living inhabitants of our planet, have, in their fossil bones, left behind them imperishable monuments of the consummate skill with which they were constructed;—each limb, and fragment of a limb, forming co-ordinate parts of a well-adjusted and perfect whole; and through all their deviations from the form and proportion of the limbs of other quadrupeds, affording fresh proofs of the infinitely varied, and inexhaustible contrivances of creative wisdom.*—pp. 163, 164.

We are next carried back to those distant ages during the formation of the strata of the secondary series, when so large a field was occupied by extinct animals, referable to the order of *Saurians* or lizards, ‘An age of reptiles, when neither the carnivorous nor lacustrine mammalia of the tertiary periods had begun to appear; but the most formidable occupants, both of land and water, were crocodiles and lizards; of various forms, and often of gigantic stature, fitted to endure the turbulence and continual convulsions of the unquiet surface of our infant world.’ At this period what are now the temperate regions of southern England (the Weald of Sussex and Dorsetshire, for example) were peopled by monsters of this character, which stalked amid marshy forests of a luxuriant tropical vegetation, or floated huge on the genial waters,—

‘Their earth is gone for ever.’

Persons to whom this subject may now be presented for the first time will receive, with much surprise, perhaps almost with incredulity, such statements as are here advanced. It must be admitted that they at first seem much more like the dreams of fiction and romance than the sober results of calm and deliberate investigation; but to those who will examine the evidence of facts upon which the conclusions rest, there can remain no more reasonable doubt of the former existence of these strange and curious creatures, in the times and places assigned to them, than is felt by the antiquary, who, finding the catacombs of Egypt stored with the mummies of men and apes and crocodiles, concludes them to be the remains of mammalia and reptiles that have formed part of an ancient population on the banks of the Nile.

Beginning with the *Enaliosaurians* or marine lizards, which are most abundant throughout the lias and oolite formations of the secondary series, our author first presents us with the *Ichthyosaurus* or fish-lizard. Let the reader who has not made palæontology his pursuit imagine a marine creature with the snout of a porpoise, the teeth of a crocodile, the head of a lizard, the vertebræ of a fish, and the breast-bone of that paradoxical animal of New Holland, the ornithorhynchus.* Let him suppose this frame-work to

* A quadruped with webbed feet and a bill like a duck's, clothed with fur, sucking its young, and oviparous.

be so filled up as to give the general outline of a modern porpoise or grampus, with an enormous eye, and add thereto four broad fin-feet or paddles, with a long and powerful tail; let him imagine all this upon a scale of thirty or forty feet in length, (for some of the largest of the species must have been, at least, so long,) and he will have no very incorrect idea of an ichthyosaurus. Throughout the whole organization of this tyrant of the seas of a former world, a perfect harmony of parts is obvious, while the parts themselves—the eyes, the jaws, the vertebræ, the sternal apparatus, for example—exhibit the most consummate adaptation. But we must permit Dr. Buckland to give his own conclusion:—

‘ If the laws of co-existence are less rigidly maintained in the ichthyosaurus than in other extinct creatures which we discover amid the wreck of former creations, still these deviations are so far from being fortuitous or evidencing imperfection, that they present examples of perfect appointment and judicious choice, pervading and regulating even the most apparently anomalous aberrations.

‘ Having the vertebræ of a fish, as instruments of rapid progression, and the paddles of a whale, and sternum of an ornithorhynchus, as instruments of elevation and depression, the reptile ichthyosaurus united in itself a combination of mechanical contrivances, which are now distributed among three distinct classes of the animal kingdom. If, for the purpose of producing vertical movements in the water, the sternum of the living ornithorhynchus assumes forms and combinations that occur but in one other genus of mammalia, they are the same that co-existed in the sternum of the ichthyosaurus of the ancient world; and thus, at points of time separated from each other by the intervention of incalculable ages, we find an identity of objects effected by instruments so similar, as to leave no doubt of the unity of the design in which they all originated.

‘ It was a necessary and peculiar function in the economy of the fish-like lizard of the ancient seas to ascend continually to the surface of the water in order to breathe air, and to descend again in search of food: it is a no less peculiar function in the duck-billed ornithorhynchus of our own days to perform a series of similar movements in the lakes and rivers of New Holland.

‘ The introduction in these animals of such aberrations from the type of their respective orders, to accommodate deviations from the usual habits of these orders, exhibits an union of compensative contrivances, so similar in their relations, so identical in their objects, and so perfect in the adaptation of each subordinate part, to the harmony and perfection of the whole, that we cannot but recognise throughout them all the workings of one and the same eternal principle of wisdom and intelligence, presiding from first to last over the total fabric of creation.’—pp. 184-186.

Nor is it the skeleton merely of these sea-lizards that is preserved to us. Dr. Buckland's discovery of their petrified *faces* has

has enabled him to determine the nature of their food, to ascertain the structure of their intestines, and to show even the shape of the minute vessels, and the folds of the mucous membrane with which these were lined.

The facts elicited from the *coprolitic* remains of the ichthyosauri afford, indeed, a new and curious contribution to the evidences of Natural Theology. They prove the existence of beneficial arrangements and compensations even in those perishable yet important parts which formed the organs of digestion of the extinct inhabitants of our planet. And thus from the meanest substances, strangely preserved through countless ages in the mud into which they were originally voided, the geologist extracts a new, beautiful and striking testimony to the unity, wisdom, and goodness of the creative intelligence! There is something in minutiae of this homely character, which creates a yet more vivid impression of the reality of these strange monsters of the ancient world even than their petrified skeletons.

‘When we see the body of an ichthyosaurus, still containing the food it had eaten just before its death, and its ribs still surrounding the remains of fishes, that were swallowed ten thousand, or more than ten times ten thousand years ago, all these vast intervals seem annihilated, time altogether disappears, and we are almost brought into as immediate contact with events of immeasurably distant periods, as with the affairs of yesterday.’—pp. 201, 202.

The plesiosaurs next claim our attention; and, if the ichthyosaurus be considered extraordinary, we know not what term to apply to the plesiosaurus; an animal, whose structure, as Cuvier observes, is the most heteroclit, and its character altogether the most monstrous, of any that have yet been found amid the ruins of a former world. A lizard’s head with crocodile teeth set on a serpent-like or rather swan-like neck of great length (the vertebræ being about thirty-three), a trunk and tail with the proportions of those of an ordinary quadruped, the ribs of a cameleon, and the paddles of a whale:—

‘Such are the strange combinations of form and structure in the plesiosaurus; a genus, the remains of which, after interment for thousands of years amidst the wreck of millions of extinct inhabitants of the ancient earth, are at length recalled to light, and submitted to our examination, in nearly as perfect a state as the bones of species that are now existing upon the earth.

‘The plesiosaurs appear to have lived in shallow seas and estuaries, and to have breathed air like the ichthyosauri, and our modern cetacea. We are already acquainted with five or six species, some of which attained a prodigious size and length; but our present observations will be chiefly limited to that which is the best known, and

perhaps the most remarkable of them all, viz. the *P. Dolichodeirus*.
—p. 203.

We cannot have a better account of its habits than that which Conybeare, who first discovered the genus, has put on record in the Transactions of the Geological Society of London:—

‘“That it was aquatic is evident, from the form of its paddles; that it was marine is almost equally so, from the remains with which it is universally associated; that it may have occasionally visited the shore, the resemblance of its extremities to those of the turtle may lead us to conjecture; its motion, however, must have been very awkward on land; its long neck must have impeded its progress through the water; presenting a striking contrast to the organization which so admirably fits the ichthyosaurus to cut through the waves. May it not, therefore, be concluded, (since, in addition to these circumstances, its respiration must have required frequent access of air,) that it swam upon, or near the surface; arching back its long neck like the swan, and occasionally darting it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach? It may, perhaps, have lurked in shoal water along the coast, concealed among the sea-weed, and raising its nostrils to a level with the surface from a considerable depth, may have found a secure retreat from the assaults of dangerous enemies; while the length and flexibility of its neck may have compensated for the want of strength in its jaws, and its incapacity for swift motion through the water, by the suddenness and agility of the attack which they enabled it to make on every animal fitted for its prey, which came within its reach.”—pp. 211, 212.

Dr. Buckland thus concludes his notice of these most interesting animals:—

‘Pursuing the analogies of construction that connect the existing inhabitants of the earth with those extinct genera and species which preceded the creation of our race, we find an unbroken chain of affinities pervading the entire series of organized beings, and connecting all past and present forms of animal existence by close and harmonious ties. Even our own bodies, and some of their most important organs, are brought into close and direct comparison with those of reptiles, which, at first sight, appear the most monstrous productions of creation; and in the very hand and fingers with which we write their history we recognise the type of the paddles of the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus.

‘Extending a similar comparison through the four great classes of vertebral animals, we find in each species a varied adaptation of analogous parts to the different circumstances and conditions in which it was intended to be placed. Ascending from the lower orders, we trace a gradual advancement in structure and office, till we arrive at those whose functions are the most exalted: thus, the fin of the fish becomes the paddle of the reptile plesiosaurus and ichthyosaurus; the same organ is converted into the wing of the pterodactyle, the bird
and

and bat; it becomes the fore-foot, or paw, in quadrupeds that move upon the land, and attains its highest consummation in the arm and hand of rational man. . . . "Usque adeo natura, una eadem semper atque multiplex, disparibus etiam formis effectus pares, admirabili quadam varietatum simplicitate, conciliat."—pp. 213, 214.

After a concise but well-digested history of the mososaurus, or great marine animal of Maestricht, most nearly allied to the monitors (monitory lizards) of modern times, though infinitely gigantic in comparison;—an animal which appears to have been introduced during the deposition of the chalk to take the places of the then extinct ichthyosauri and plesiosauri that, from the lias upwards, held their sway over the ocean, and to have been destined in its turn to make room for the *cetacea* (whales) of the tertiary period;—we are thus introduced to the pterodactyle:—

'Among the most remarkable disclosures made by the researches of geology, we may rank the flying reptiles, which have been ranged by Cuvier under the genus pterodactyle; a genus presenting more singular combinations of form than we find in any other creatures yet discovered amid the ruins of the ancient earth. The structure of these animals is so exceedingly anomalous that the first discovered pterodactyle was considered by one naturalist to be a bird, by another as a species of bat, and by a third as a flying reptile. This extraordinary discordance of opinion respecting a creature whose skeleton was almost entire, arose from the presence of characters apparently belonging to each of the three classes to which it was referred;—the form of its head, and length of neck, resembling that of birds, its wings approaching to the proportion and form of those of bats, and the body and tail approximating to those of ordinary mammalia. These characters, connected with a small skull, as is usual among reptiles, and a beak furnished with not less than sixty pointed teeth, presented a combination of apparent anomalies which it was reserved for the genius of Cuvier to reconcile. In his hands this apparently monstrous production of the ancient world has been converted into one of the most beautiful examples yet afforded by comparative anatomy, of the harmony that pervades all nature, in the adaptation of the same parts of the frame to infinitely varied conditions of existence.

'We are already acquainted with eight species of this genus, varying from the size of a snipe to that of a cormorant. In external form these animals somewhat resemble our modern bats and vampires: most of them had the nose elongated, like the snout of a crocodile, and armed with conical teeth. Their eyes were of enormous size, apparently enabling them to fly by night. From their wings projected fingers, terminated by long hooks, like the curved claw on the thumb of the bat. These must have formed a powerful paw, wherewith the animal was enabled to creep or climb, or suspend itself from trees. It is probable, also, that the pterodactyles had the power of swimming, which is so common in reptiles, and which is now possessed by the vampire

vampire bat of the island of Bonin. Thus, like Milton's fiend, qualified for all services and all elements, the creature was a fit companion for the kindred reptiles that swarmed in the seas, or crawled on the shores of a turbulent planet.

“The fiend,

O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,

And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.”

With flocks of such-like creatures flying in the air, and shoals of no less monstrous ichthyosauri and plesiosauri swarming in the ocean, and gigantic crocodiles and tortoises crawling on the shores of the primeval lakes and rivers, air, sea, and land must have been strangely tenanted in these early periods of our infant world.....

‘In the case of the pterodactyle we have an extinct genus of the order Saurians, in the class of reptiles, (a class that now moves only on land or in the water,) adapted by a peculiarity of structure to fly in the air. It will be interesting to see how the anterior extremity, which in the fore leg of the modern lizard and crocodiles is an organ of locomotion on land, became converted into a membraniferous wing; and how far the other parts of the body are modified so as to fit the entire animal machine for the functions of flight.’—pp. 221-225.

We cannot afford space for the details of this inquiry, which is, however, full of interest, and, as in the instances already mentioned, affords striking proofs that, even in ages incalculably remote, the same care of a common Creator which we witness in the mechanism of our own bodies and those of the myriads of inferior creatures that move around us, was extended to the structure of creatures that at first sight seem made up only of monstrosities.

Dr. Buckland next brings in review before us, those gigantic terrestrial lizards, the megalosaurus, iguanodon, and hylæosaurus, reptiles extending some of them to seventy feet in length. Among other instances of adaptation, the internal condition of their bones is shown to differ from that of the aquatic saurians:—

‘In the ichthyosauri and plesiosauri, whose paddles were calculated exclusively to move in water, even the largest bones of the arms and legs were solid throughout. Their weight would in no way have embarrassed their action in the fluid medium they inhabited; but in the huge megalosaurus, and still more gigantic iguanodon, which are shown, by the character of their feet, to have been fitted to move on land, the larger bones of the legs were diminished in weight, by being internally hollow, and having their cavities filled with the light material of marrow, while their cylindrical form tended also to combine this lightness with strength.’—pp. 235, 236.

The amphibious saurians, or crocodileans of the old world, were nearly similar in their structure to those of the present day. We must refer the reader to the work itself for a very interesting account of them, and pass on to the testudinata (tortoises), which
bring

bring immediately before us the interesting facts of fossil footsteps:—

‘Scotland has recently afforded evidence of the existence of more than one species of these terrestrial reptiles during the period of the new red or variegated sandstone formation. The nature of this evidence is almost unique in the history of organic remains. It is not uncommon to find on the surface of sandstone tracks which mark the passage of small crustacea and other marine animals whilst this stone was in a state of loose sand at the bottom of the sea. Laminated sandstones are also often disposed in minute undulations, precisely resembling those formed by the ripple of agitated water upon sand.’ —[Such exactly as we see left by the receding tide on the sands of our coast.]—‘The same causes which have so commonly preserved these undulations would equally preserve any impressions that might happen to have been made on beds of sand by the feet of animals; the only essential condition of such preservation being that they should have become covered with a further deposit of earthy matter before they were obliterated by any succeeding agitations of the water. The impressions in Dumfries-shire traverse the rock in a direction either up or down, and not across the surfaces of the strata, which are now inclined at an angle of 38°. On one slab there are twenty-four continuous impressions of feet, forming a regular track, with six distinct repetitions of the mark of each foot, the fore-foot being differently shaped from the hind-foot; the marks of claws are also very distinct.’ —pp. 258-261.

‘The strata which bear these impressions lie on each other like volumes on the shelf of a library, when all inclining to one side: the quarry has been worked to the depth of forty-five feet from the top of the rock; throughout the whole of this depth similar impressions have been found, not on a single stratum only, but on many successive strata; i. e., after removing a large slab which contained footprints they found perhaps the very next stratum, at the distance of a few feet, or it might be less than an inch, exhibiting a similar phenomenon. Hence it follows that the process by which the impressions were made on the sand, and subsequently buried, was repeated at successive intervals.’—*Note*, p. 259.

Dr. Buckland, by way of experiment, took soft sand, and clay, and unbaked pie-crust or paste. Upon these several substances he made living tortoises (*Emys* and *Testudo Græca*) walk; when he found the marks made by the animals sufficiently close to render it quite certain that the fossil footsteps were also impressed by the feet of tortoises.

‘The historian or the antiquary,’ he remarks, ‘may have traversed the fields of ancient or of modern battles; and may have pursued the line of march of triumphant conquerors, whose armies trampled down the most mighty kingdoms of the world. The winds and storms have utterly obliterated the ephemeral impressions of their course. Not a track

track remains of a single foot, or a single hoof, of all the countless millions of men and beasts whose progress spread desolation over the earth; but the reptiles, that crawled upon the half-finished surface of our infant planet, have left memorials of their passage, enduring and indelible. No history has recorded their creation or destruction; their very bones are found no more among the fossil relics of a former world. Centuries and thousands of years may have rolled away between the time in which these footsteps were impressed by tortoises upon the sands of their native Scotland, and the hour when they are again laid bare and exposed to our curious and admiring eyes. Yet we behold them stamped upon the rock, distinct as the track of the passing animal upon the recent snow; as if to show that thousands of years are but as nothing amidst eternity,—and, as it were, in mockery of the fleeting perishable course of the mightiest potentates among mankind.—pp. 292, 293.

It is impossible to turn to the subject of fossil fishes without alluding to Professor Agassiz. Dr. Buckland has drawn largely from that distinguished ichthyologist; but as a sketch of his labours was introduced in our last Number,* we pass to our author's own striking remarks in concluding this branch of his subject:—

‘It results from the review here taken of the history of fossil fishes, that this important class of vertebrated animals presented its actual gradations of structure amongst the earliest inhabitants of our planet; and has ever performed the same important functions in the general economy of nature as those discharged by their living representatives in our modern seas, and lakes, and rivers. The great purpose of their existence seems at all times to have been to fill the waters with the largest possible amount of animal enjoyment. The sterility and solitude which have sometimes been attributed to the depths of the ocean exist only in the fictions of poetic fancy. The great mass of the water that covers nearly three-fourths of the globe is crowded with life, perhaps more abundantly than the air and the surface of the earth; and the bottom of the sea, within a certain depth accessible to light, swarms with countless hosts of worms, and creeping things, which represent the kindred families of low degree which crawl upon the land.

‘The common object of creation seems ever to have been the infinite multiplication of life. As the basis of animal nutrition is laid in the vegetable kingdom, the bed of the ocean is not less beautifully clothed with submarine vegetation than the surface of the dry land with verdant herbs and stately forests. In both cases the undue increase of herbivorous tribes is controlled by the restraining influence of those which are carnivorous; and the common result is, and ever has been, the greatest possible amount of animal enjoyment to the greatest number of individuals.’

We now arrive at the proofs of design manifested in the fossil remains of mollusks,—those soft-bodied animals, some of which are naked while others are protected by a shell. The great majority of these testaceans have their living representatives, and the evidence, therefore, to be derived from the ancient species is much the same with that to be collected from the modern. There are, however, some instances, even where the type is still continued, well worthy of notice; while in others, where the family is utterly extinct, the proofs of consummate skill in the fabrication of their shells, when considered in relation to the exigencies of the animals, are most abundant.

Every one has heard or read of the viscid ink-like substance, the '*nigra succus loliginis*' with which the cuttle clouds the water for the purpose of concealment. It was, indeed, hardly to be expected that traces of so subtle a fluid should be found among the remains of extinct cephalopods, that had perished suddenly countless centuries ago. Yet, Miss Mary Anning, to whom geologists are so much indebted for having brought to light the saurian and other remains of Lyme, found this substance at that locality, and, in February, 1829, Dr. Buckland announced to the Geological Society of London, the 'fossil pens' and 'fossil ink-bags' of the lias.

'So completely,' says the Doctor, 'are the character and qualities of the ink retained in its fossil state, that when, in 1826, I submitted a portion of it to my friend Sir Francis Chantrey, requesting him to try its power as a pigment, and he had prepared a drawing with a triturated portion of this fossil substance; the drawing was shown to a celebrated painter, without any information as to its origin, and he immediately pronounced it to be tinted with sepia of excellent quality, and begged to be informed by what colourman it was prepared. The common sepia used in drawing is from the ink-bag of an oriental species of cuttle-fish. The ink of the cuttle-fishes, in its natural state, is said to be soluble only in water, through which it diffuses itself instantaneously; being thus remarkably adapted to its peculiar service in the only fluid wherein it is naturally employed.'—p. 305.

There can be no doubt that the 'fossil pens' were the internal horny bodies which, like the transparent 'pen' of the recent species, afforded support to the softer parts of the ancient animal, thus showing that the same principles of construction now in operation, prevailed at periods incalculably remote.

'The petrified remains of fossil loligo, therefore, add another link to the chain of argument which we are pursuing, and aid us in connecting successive systems of creation which have followed each other upon our planet, as parts of one grand and uniform design. . . . Paley has beautifully, and with his usual felicity, described the unity and universality of providential care, as extending from the construction

tion of a ring of two hundred thousand miles diameter, to surround the body of Saturn, and be suspended, like a magnificent arch, above the heads of his inhabitants, to the concerting and providing an appropriate mechanism for the clasping and reclasping of the filaments in the feather of the humming-bird. The geologist describes a no less striking assemblage of curious provisions and delicate mechanisms, extending from the entire circumference of the crust of our planet, to the minutest curl of the smallest fibre in each component lamina of the pen of the fossil loligo. He finds these pens uniformly associated with the same peculiar defensive provision of an internal ink-bag, which is similarly associated with the pen of the living loligo in our actual seas; and hence he concludes, that such a union of contrivances, so nicely adjusted to the wants and weaknesses of the creatures in which they occur, could never have resulted from the blindness of chance, but could only have originated in the will and intention of one and the same Creator.*—pp. 306-310.

Come we now to the proofs of design in the mechanism of fossil chambered shells—the nautilite and ammonite, for instance. Here it is to be remembered that the object was not merely to produce defences for the bodies of the animals, but to form, at the same time, hydraulic instruments of delicate adjustment constructed to act in subordination to those universal and unchanging laws which appear to have ever regulated the movement of fluids. We select the ammonite; and we shall find that a more perfect machine than its shell for affording resistance to external pressure, combining the utmost degree of lightness and buoyancy with the greatest strength, could hardly be imagined:—

‘What nice hand,

With twenty years’ apprenticeship to boot,

Will make us such another?’

‘In more than two hundred known species of ammonites, the transverse plates present some beautifully varied modifications of this foliated expansion at their edges; the effect of which, in every case, is to increase the strength of the outer shell, by multiplying the subjacent points of resistance to external pressure. We know that the pressure of the sea at no great depth will force a cork into a bottle filled with air, or crush a hollow cylinder or sphere of thin copper; and as the air chambers of ammonites were subject to similar pressure, whilst at the bottom of the sea, they required some peculiar provision to preserve them from destruction,* more especially as most zoologists agree that they existed at great depths.

‘Here

* ‘Captain Smyth found, on two trials, that the cylindrical copper air-tube, under the vane attached to Massey’s patent log, collapsed, and was crushed quite flat under a pressure of about three hundred fathoms. A claret bottle, filled with air, and well corked, was burst before it had descended four hundred fathoms. He also found that a bottle filled with fresh water, and corked, had the cork forced at about a hundred and eighty fathoms below the surface; in such cases, the fluid sent down is replaced

' Here again we find the inventions of art anticipated in the works of nature, and the same principle applied to resist the inward pressure of the sea upon the shells of ammonites, that an engineer makes use of in fixing transverse stays beneath the planks of the wooden centre on which he builds his arch of stone.

' The disposition of these supports assumes throughout the family of ammonites a different arrangement from the more simple curvature of the edges of the transverse plates within the shells of nautili; and we find a probable cause for this variation, in the comparative thinness of the outer shells of many ammonites; since this external weakness creates a need of more internal support under the pressure of deep water, than was requisite in the stronger and thicker shells of nautili.

' This support is effected by causing the edges of the transverse plates to deviate from a simple curve into a variety of attenuated ramifications and undulating sutures. Nothing can be more beautiful than the sinuous windings of these sutures in many species, at their union with the exterior shell; adorning it with a succession of most graceful forms, resembling festoons of foliage, and elegant embroidery. When these thin septa are converted into iron pyrites, their edges appear like golden filigrane work, meandering amid the pellucid spar that fills the chambers of the shell. . . . On examining the proofs of contrivance and design that pervade the testaceous remains of the family of ammonites, we find, in every species, abundant evidence of minute and peculiar mechanisms, adapting the shell to the double purpose of acting as a float, and of forming a protection to the body of its inhabitant.

' As the animal increased in bulk, and advanced along the outer chamber of the shell, the spaces left behind it were successively converted into air-chambers, simultaneously increasing the power of the float. This float, being regulated by a pipe, passing through the whole series of the chambers, formed an hydraulic instrument of extraordinary delicacy, by which the animal could, at pleasure, control its ascent to the surface, or descent to the bottom of the sea.

' To creatures that sometimes floated, a thick and heavy shell would have been inapplicable; and as a thin shell, inclosing air, would be exposed to various and often intense degrees of pressure at the bottom, we find a series of provisions to afford resistance to such pressure, in the mechanical construction both of the external shell, and of the internal transverse plates which formed the air-chambers.

replaced by salt water, and the cork which had been forced in, is sometimes inverted.

' Captain Beaufort also informs me, that he has frequently sunk corked bottles in the sea more than a hundred fathoms deep, some of them empty, and others containing a fluid. The empty bottles were sometimes crushed, at other times the cork was forced in, and the bottle returned full of sea-water. The cork of the bottles containing a fluid was uniformly forced in, and the fluid exchanged for sea-water; the cork was always returned to the neck of the bottle, sometimes, but not always, in an inverted position.'

First,

First, the shell is made up of a tube, coiled round itself, and externally convex. Secondly, it is fortified by a series of ribs and vaultings, disposed in the form of arches and domes on the convex surface of this tube, and still further adding to its strength. Thirdly, the transverse plates that form the air-chambers supply also a continuous succession of supports, extending their ramifications, with many mechanical advantages, beneath those portions of the shell which, being weakest, were most in need of them.

'If the existence of contrivance proves the exercise of mind; and if higher degrees of perfection in mechanism are proof of more exalted degrees of intellect in the Author from whom they proceeded; the beautiful examples which we find in the petrified remains of these chambered shells afford evidence coeval and co-extensive with the mountains wherein they are entombed, attesting the wisdom in which such exquisite contrivances originated, and setting forth the providence and care of the Creator, in regulating the structure of every creature of his hand.'—pp. 345-357.

Ammonites, according to Dr. Buckland, evidently had no ink-bags; but belemnites were, without doubt, furnished with them, and they have been recently found *in situ*, in the same lias which gave up the buried ink-bags of the fossil *loliines*. Dr. Buckland had, in 1820, publicly noticed the probable connexion of these appendages with the belemnites; but Professor Agassiz first demonstrated that connexion in a specimen now in the cabinet of Miss Philpotts at Lyme. The author's comparison of these naked cephalopods, for such they were, with the nautilus, his notice of their analogies with the other genera of chambered shells—and, indeed, his whole history of this extinct race, are admirable.

Our limits will not permit us to allow much space for the more minute chambered shells which D'Orbigny and others have considered cephalopodous; but which, the recent investigations of Du Jardin, as our author is evidently aware, go far to prove of a different organization. Some idea of the innumerable swarms of these multilocular shells may be gained from the following notice on the nummulite, the genus selected by Dr. Buckland for his observations:—

'Nummulites are so called from their resemblance to a piece of money—they vary in size from that of a crown piece to microscopic littleness; and occupy an important place in the history of fossil shells, on account of the prodigious extent to which they are accumulated in the later members of the secondary, and in many of the tertiary strata. They are often piled on each other nearly in as close contact as the grains in a heap of corn. In this state they form a considerable portion of the entire bulk of many extensive mountains, e. g. in the tertiary limestones of Verona and Monte Bolca, and in secondary strata of the cretacious formation in the Alps, Carpathians, and

and Pyrenees. Some of the pyramids, and the sphinx of Egypt, are composed of limestone loaded with nummulites.

‘It is impossible to see such mountain-masses of the remains of a single family of shells thus added to the solid materials of the globe, without recollecting that each individual shell once held an important place within the body of a living animal; and thus recalling our imagination to those distant epochs when the waters of the ocean which then covered Europe were filled with floating swarms of these extinct mollusks, thick as the countless myriads of *berœ* and *clio borealis* that now crowd the waters of the Polar seas.’—pp. 383, 4.

We have selected from Dr. Buckland's illustrations a beautiful hydraulic engine of a former world—one extract more, we think, will be permitted us, to produce a fossil optical instrument of equally perfect adaptation, and we must then unwillingly cease our quotations from this part of the work. It may be necessary to apprise some of our readers that trilobites are extinct crustaceous animals, whose form has never yet been detected among living creatures; though there are several analogies between it and some of the forms of existing crustaceans.* These trilobites are of the most remote antiquity, indeed none have yet been found in any strata more recent than the carboniferous series; and yet we are presented by Dr. Buckland with the following account of the *structure of their eyes*—an account which could hardly have been more clear or more philosophical, if a living lobster had been the subject:—

‘This point deserves peculiar consideration, as it affords the most ancient, and almost the only example yet found in the fossil world, of the preservation of parts so delicate as the visual organs of animals that ceased to live many thousands, and perhaps millions of years ago. We must regard these organs with feelings of no ordinary kind, when we recollect that we have before us the identical instruments of vision, through which the light of heaven was admitted to the sensorium of some of the first created inhabitants of our planet.

‘The discovery of such instruments in so perfect a state of preservation, after having been buried for incalculable ages in the early strata of the transition formation, is one of the most marvellous facts yet disclosed by geological researches; and the structure of these eyes supplies an argument of high importance in connecting together the extreme points of the animal creation. An identity of mechanical arrangements, adapted to the construction of an optical instrument precisely similar to that which forms the eyes of existing insects and crustaceans, affords an example of agreement that seems utterly inexplicable without reference to the exercise of one and the same intelligent creative power.

* Animals breathing by means of branchiæ or gills, whose bodies are covered with a horny crust. Examples occur on the land, in freshwater, and most abundantly, in the sea. A crab and a lobster are crustaceous animals. The trilobite appears to have been marine.

‘Professor Müller and Mr. Straus have ably and amply illustrated the arrangements by which the eyes of insects and crustaceans are adapted to produce distinct vision, through the medium of a number of minute facets, or lenses, placed at the extremity of an equal number of conical tubes or microscopes; these amount sometimes, as in the butterfly, to the number of 35,000 facets in the two eyes, and in the dragon-fly to 14,000.’

The eyes of the fossils crustaceans present analogous examples of optical adaptation.

‘In the *asaphus caudatus* (a species of trilobite) each eye contains at least 400 nearly spherical lenses fixed in separate compartments on the surface of the cornea. The form of the general cornea is peculiarly adapted to the uses of an animal destined to live at the bottom of the water: to look downwards was as much impossible as it was unnecessary to a creature living at the bottom; but for horizontal vision in every direction the contrivance is complete. The form of each eye is nearly that of the frustum of a cone, incomplete on that side only which is directly opposite to the corresponding side of the other eye, and in which, if facets were present, their chief range would be towards each other across the head, where no vision was required. The exterior of each eye, like a circular bastion, ranges nearly round three-fourths of a circle, each commanding so much of the horizon, that where the distinct vision of one eye ceases, that of the other eye begins, so that in the horizontal direction the combined range of both eyes was panoramic.

‘If we compare this disposition of the eyes with that in the three cognate crustaceans, by which we have been illustrating the general structure of the trilobites, we find the same mechanism pervading them all, modified by peculiar adaptations to the state and habits of each.’

The Doctor adds beautifully and most ingeniously:—

‘The results arising from these facts are not confined to animal physiology; they give information also regarding the condition of the ancient sea and ancient atmosphere, and the relations of both these media to light, at that remote period when the earliest marine animals were furnished with instruments of vision, in which the minute optical adaptations were the same that impart the perception of light to crustaceans now living at the bottom of the sea.

‘With respect to the waters wherein the trilobites maintained their existence throughout the entire period of the transition formation, we conclude that they could not have been that imaginary turbid and compound chaotic fluid, from the precipitates of which some geologists have supposed the materials of the surface of the earth to be derived; because the structure of the eyes of these animals is such, that any kind of fluid in which they could have been efficient at the bottom, must have been pure and transparent enough to allow the passage of light to organs of vision, the nature of which is so fully disclosed by the state of perfection in which they are preserved.

‘With

‘ With regard to the atmosphere also we infer, that had it differed materially from its actual condition, it might have so far affected the rays of light, that a corresponding difference from the eyes of existing crustaceans would have been found in the organs on which the impressions of such rays were then received.

‘ Regarding light itself also, we learn, from the resemblance of these most ancient organizations to existing eyes, that the mutual relations of light to the eye, and of the eye to light, were the same at the time when crustaceans endowed with the faculty of vision were first placed at the bottom of the primeval seas, as at the present moment.

‘ Thus we find among the earliest organic remains an optical instrument of most curious construction, adapted to produce vision of a peculiar kind in the then existing representatives of one great class in the articulated division of the animal kingdom. We do not find this instrument passing onwards, as it were, through a series of experimental changes, from more simple into more complex forms ; it was created at the very first, in the fulness of perfect adaptation to the uses and condition of the class of creatures to which this kind of eye has ever been, and is still appropriate.

‘ If we should discover a microscope or telescope in the hand of an Egyptian mummy, or beneath the ruins of Herculaneum, it would be impossible to deny that a knowledge of the principles of optics existed in the mind by which such an instrument had been contrived. The same inference follows, but with cumulative force, when we see nearly four hundred microscopic lenses set side by side in the compound eye of a fossil trilobite ; and the weight of the argument is multiplied a thousand-fold when we look to the infinite variety of adaptations by which similar instruments have been modified, through endless genera and species, from the long-lost trilobites of the transition strata, through the extinct crustaceans of the secondary and tertiary formations, and thence onwards throughout existing crustaceans, and the countless hosts of living insects.

‘ It appears impossible to resist the conclusions as to unity of design in a common author, which are thus attested by such cumulative evidences of creative intelligence and power ; both, as infinitely surpassing the most exalted faculties of the human mind, as the mechanisms of the natural world, when magnified by the highest microscopes, are found to transcend the most perfect productions of human art.’—pp. 396-404.

We cannot take our leave of Dr. Buckland's fossil zoology without calling the attention of our readers to the chapter on fossil insects, and on the radiated animals and zoophytes. No one can have looked upon a slab of the entrochal marble of Derbyshire without being struck with the myriads of encrinites that must have swarmed in the ancient seas. The whole rock seems to be formed out of their remains. The plates, illustrative of this and every other part of the work, are full of interest, and are executed with
the

the greatest fidelity and care; and when we see the number and beauty of these illustrations, we cease to wonder that Dr. Buckland's should have been the last to make its appearance of all the 'Bridgewater Treatises.'* But though last, it will not, most assuredly, be considered the least, whether we look to the quantity of information contained in it, or the judgment with which that information has been applied to the case to be proved. Even as a *repertorium palæontologicum*, it will be eagerly sought for; and when we find that the subject is made an appeal to the better and nobler sentiments of our nature, in plain language, unincumbered as much as possible by the technical terms that deter too many from entering this most pleasant field of inquiry, we doubt not that Dr. Buckland will be the means of introducing many a saurian, many a trilobite, and many an encrinite to the acquaintance of those who would hardly have heard of such beings but for his excellent book.

We have still to speak of the flora of the fossil or mineral kingdom—a department of geology equally rich with that we have last touched upon in evidences of the uniformity of design which has ever pervaded the laws of organic life.

As yet the number of fossil plants that have been described does not much exceed five hundred species; yet small as this number is when compared to that of living plants, it appears to M. Adolphe Brongniart, who has devoted himself to this study, that by applying the principles which are found to influence the distribution of living plants, we can already establish some results of very great interest and importance in regard to the climates in which the vegetables grew, which are found in a fossil state in the different strata, and that they prove there was a marked difference in the climates of the different geological formations.

Dr. Buckland gives a summary of these results and a concise enumeration of the tribes of plants which have been found to be peculiar to each geological epoch, and we may (speaking in a general manner, for we have not room for a more detailed statement) give the following as the results arrived at.

1. The vegetable remains which are found in the oldest fossiliferous beds, such as the transition slates and limestones to the coal formations inclusive, consist of a few marine algæ, equisetaceæ of very large size, ferns in great numbers, lycopodeaceæ, a few palms, and some coniferæ.

2. In the lias and oolitic series, and to the chalk inclusive, are marine algæ, some equisetaceæ, ferns, a few lycopodeaceæ, coniferæ, liliaceæ, and cycadeæ.

* We have heard, and can well believe, that Doctor Buckland's generous ardour has induced him to spend the whole of Lord Bridgewater's 1000*l.* upon this magnificent appendix of engravings.

3. In the beds above the chalk we find algæ, a few ferns and equisetaceæ, palms, characeæ, liliaceæ, and many dicotyledonous plants.

In the first of these periods the very large size of some of the equisetaceæ, viz., those known by the name of calamites, which much exceed any of the living plants of this family, their great abundance, and the prodigious number of ferns, of which many have large fronds, are considered to indicate that the climate in which they grew was one even hotter than that of the equatorial regions of the present era.

The vegetable remains of the second period are for the most part of tribes analogous to those which grow in the equatorial regions at the present day. They are considered to indicate a high degree of temperature, though they do not exhibit so great a development as in the preceding period, and, therefore, the heat is supposed to have been less.

The fossil plants of the third period, or that of the beds above the chalk, approach much nearer to those of the present day, and contain many which indicate a temperate climate. In fact, we do not find in them any forms which are not analogous to some of the living tribes of plants.

In separating fossil vegetables into periods so decidedly distinct, it must be supposed that such is rather an account of the present state of our knowledge on the subject, than a statement of ultimate results. What we have said of the small number of plants yet known, will make us cautious in our conclusions, from such limited materials, although great interest must attach to the inquiry.

It would be interesting to find that the arguments as to climate, which may be furnished by the evidence derived from fossil plants, were confirmed by the character of the remains of animals found in the strata of the same period, and such, indeed, is supposed to be the case. It is, however, to be observed, that a great difficulty must attend this part of the inquiry, from the fact that the fossil organic remains are principally those of the inhabitants of the sea—which are not so well calculated to furnish decided conclusions as those of terrestrial animals. Besides this, we must allow that, as yet, we know but little of the circumstances under which vegetables have been preserved. The process by which silx has taken the place of wood, while yet the delicate structure has been preserved so as to show, when examined by the high powers of the microscope, the minute characteristic peculiarities which distinguish coniferous wood, is altogether inexplicable by our most profound chemists, and although we know, from what we observe in the formation of peat, that some kinds of plants

plants when exposed to decay in wet places undergo a change, from which results an accumulation of bituminous and carbonaceous matter, yet we are far from being able to understand all the circumstances which have attended the formation of coal.

The quantity of fossil remains of plants, principally of ferns, which are accumulated in the coal measures, is immense. The impressions of ferns and other plants occur so closely placed together in shale or slaty clay over the coal, as frequently to cause the shale to fall and expose to view in the ceiling of the mine a most beautiful sight. One instance is thus described by Dr. Buckland—

‘The most beautiful example I have ever witnessed is that of the coal mines of Bohemia. The most elaborate imitations of living foliage on the painted ceilings of Italian palaces bear no comparison with the beauteous profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these instructive coal mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage flung in wild irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The effect is heightened by the contrast of the coal-black colour of these vegetables, with the light ground work of the rock to which they are attached. The spectator feels transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees, of form and character now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the beauty and vigour of their primeval life; their scaly stems, and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread forth before him, little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians. Such are the grand natural herbaria wherein these most ancient remains of the vegetable kingdom are preserved, in a state of integrity little short of their living perfection, under conditions of our planet which exist no more.’—p. 458.

We must here, however unwillingly, bring to a conclusion our quotations from this most instructive and interesting volume, of which every page is pregnant with facts inestimably precious to the natural theologian;—offering, as we unfeignedly do, our sincere acknowledgments to Dr. Buckland for the industry and research he has devoted to the performance of his task, and for the commanding eloquence with which he has called forth the very stocks and stones that have been buried for countless ages in the deep recesses of the earth, to proclaim the universal agency throughout all time of one all-directing, all-pervading mind, and to swell the chorus in which all creation ‘hymns His praise,’ and bears witness to His unlimited power, wisdom, and benevolence.

- ART. III.—1. PAUL DE KOCK—*Œuvres Complètes*. 80 vols. Paris, 1835.
2. VICTOR HUGO—*Bug Jargal*. *Hans d'Islande*. 2 vols. *Notre Dame de Paris*. 3 vols. *Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*. Paris, 1820—1835.
3. ALEX. DUMAS—*Souvenirs d'Antony*. Paris. 1835.
4. DE BALSAC—*Le Vicaire des Ardennes*. 2 vols. *Annette et le Criminel*. 2 vols. *Physiologie du Mariage*. 2 vols. *Cent Contes Drolatiques*. 2 vols. *Le Dernier Chouan*. *La Peau de Chagrin*. 2 vols. *Le Médecin de Campagne*. 2 vols. *Scènes de la Vie privée*. 6 vols. *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*. 4 vols. *Scènes de la Vie de Province*. 2 vols. *Le Livre Mystique*. 2 vols. Paris, 1822—1835.
5. MICHAEL RAYMOND—*Le Maçon*. 2 vols. *Les Intimes*. 2 vols. *Le Secret*. 2 vols. *Simon le Borgne*. 2 vols. *Contes de l'Atelier*. 2 vols. *Le Puritain de Seine et Marne*. Paris, 1831—1835.
6. MICHEL MASSON—*Nouveaux Contes de l'Atelier*. 2 vols. *Un Cœur de Jeune Fille*. 1834—1835.
7. GEORGE SAND—*Indiana*. 2 vols. *Le Secrétaire Intime*. 2 vols. *Metella*. *La Marquise*. *Lavinia*. *Valentine*. 2 vols. *Rose et Blanche*. 2 vols. *Lelia*. 2 vols. *Jacques*. 2 vols. *André*. *Leone Leoni*. Paris, 1831—1835.

IN the exposure, in our CIST Number, of the profligacy of the modern French drama—which must have so much surprised our English readers, and which, we are glad to repeat,* has not been without its beneficial influence in France—we stated that, though we began with the *drama* as the most urgent evil, 'the novels of the day exhibited similar extravagances, absurdity, and immorality.'

It was not without considerable hesitation that we undertook to bring that mass of profligacy before the eyes of the British public. We feared that the very names now transcribed might seem to sully our page; and we were not without apprehension that some of those whose feelings it is at once our desire and our duty to consult might think that more of harm might be done by advertising, as it were, such works, than of good by their exposure. These opinions were not without their weight on our minds, but we thought, on the whole, and we are, on re-consideration, more and more satisfied, that the preponderance is the other way. The

* See Quarterly Review, vol. lii. p. 276, *note*,—to which we have to add, that the absurd decision there mentioned as having been given, by one of the tribunals, in favour of M. Dumas—'obliging the manager of the Théâtre Français to play "Antony," or to pay Dumas a nightly indemnity,'—has been (but only lately) reversed, on appeal. By the laws passed in consequence of the Fieschi plot, the government have now the power of controlling dramatic representations.

habit of labelling vials or packets of POISON with that cautionary description may, though very rarely, have prompted or facilitated a murder or a suicide—but how many ignorant and heedless persons has it not saved from destruction! Since we cannot prohibit the sale of poison, and since every one knows that opium and arsenic are to be had at every apothecary's shop, the common sense of mankind demands that the danger should be pointed out in legible characters. These considerations induce us to bring to the attention of our readers the novelists of the modern French school, who, as we shall see, are, if possible, still more immoral than the dramatists. If, indeed, *ours* was the only channel by which the existence of such works could be known, no consideration would induce us to mention them; but when it is notorious that they are advertised in a thousand ways over the whole reading world—when we see them exhibited even in London in the windows of respectable shops—when they are to be had in circulating libraries—when we know, *as we do know*—that they find their way, under the specious title of ‘*the last new novel*,’ into the hands of persons wholly or partially ignorant of their real character—nay, into *ladies’ book clubs*—we feel that it is our duty to *stigmatize* them with a BRAND which may awaken the attention of those who, not condescending themselves to read what they may consider as mere harmless trash, might and *do* unconsciously permit these conductors of moral contagion to infect their dwellings.

But there is another more extended and not less important view of this question. Such publications pervert not only private but public morals—they deprave not only individuals but nations, and are alternately the cause and the consequence of a spirit which threatens the whole fabric of European society. The local position of France, in the centre of the civilized world—her contact and communication with so many nations—the universality of her language, and the influence, moral as well as political, which she must necessarily have on all her neighbours—that is, on all Europe—give to all Europe an interest in the principles with which the public opinion of France may be imbued, almost as great as that they feel for their own internal condition. The unfortunate Revolution of 1830—more unfortunate, we fear, in morals than even in politics—has, by the unanimous admission of friends and foes, shaken not only all governments, but all opinions. The MOUNTAIN which, in 1793, affrighted and desolated the world with its volcanic explosions, now pours from the same crater a less noisy but more spreading and destructive deluge of molten lava. Of the heat and direction of this new Phlegethon we believe that the literature of France is the least fallible index; and

and considering the extraordinary and disproportionate share which *plays and novels* have usurped in that literature, and the demoralizing characteristics which they exhibit, with, as regards novels, *growing intensity*, we cannot, in justice to ourselves, our country, and the world, refrain from endeavouring to expose a danger which is only the more formidable because, to the careless or short-sighted, it may appear trivial or remote.

Warburton attributes to the French the invention of the *whole art* of novel-writing, from the great heroical romance down to 'the little amatory novel, which,' he says, 'succeeded these voluminous extravagances, and introduced—a worse evil than the corruption of the taste—a corruption of the heart;' but from this licentious style, he adds, they also first escaped by discovering the true secret by which alone fictitious narrative could be made really amusing or improving—'and this was by a *faithful and chaste copy of real life and manners.*'

Without entering into the claims of *Spain* to the invention of the *heroical romance*, or of *Italy* to that of the *little amatory novel*, (by which we suppose Warburton must have meant the old *fabliaux* or tales in the Boccaccio style,*) we doubt whether he is quite correct in the chronological order which he assigns to these styles. The vogue of the *Decameron* and the *Nouvelles de la Reine de Navarre* was contemporaneous with that of the great body of the heroic romance. The elegant little novels of Madame de Lafayette, and the immortal works of Lesage, followed close behind the pompous march of *Le Grand Cyrus* and *Pharamond*; and Madame de Sevigné, the friend and admirer of Madame de Lafayette, still loved to linger in the interminable labyrinths of *Clélie* and *Cassandre*. Nor do we understand on what grounds Warburton (writing about 1749) could congratulate the world that the *chaste picture of real life* had driven the licentious novel out of fashion. Crebillon the younger—whom we take to be the first, or at least the first remarkable *novelist* in the licentious line—was only born in the same year (1707) in which Lesage produced his admirable 'Diable Boiteux;' and was but eight years old when 'Gil Blas' appeared—the cleverest picture, we incline to think, of real life and manners that ever has been drawn: and the worst, and most popular, of Crebillon's pieces was posterior to the tedious moralities of Marivaux (which Warburton quotes as the evidence

* The Milesian Tales of the ancients were probably of this class. Ovid, reproaching Rome with his own exile, says,—

"Junxit Aristides Milesia carmina secum,

Pulsus Aristides nec tamen urbe sua."

But mark the consequence of such corruption, in the words of Ovid's *Annotator*:—
 "Milesiorum, delictis et lasciviâ infamatorum, qui denique Miletum *florantissimam urbem* perdiderunt!"

of the improvement of the public taste); and was indeed at the height of its favour about the time that Warburton was hazarding those broad assertions on a subject of which he must have been, we are willing to suppose, but imperfectly informed. That Crebillon soon fell into disrepute with all persons of good morals and good taste—if indeed we can suppose that such persons could, even for a moment, have tolerated his works—we readily admit; but every one, at all acquainted with the popular literature of France, knows too well that they extended to a very late period their baneful influence in those classes among which their contagion was most fatal to public morals. Indeed, it was not till the bolder, deeper, and more enthusiastic licentiousness of modern authors had made Crebillon appear ‘*fade*’ and tasteless that he ceased to be the delight of the youth of both sexes. Thirty years after the publication of *Les Égaremens du Cœur et de l’Esprit*, Sterne—(would that this were the only point in which this examination reminds us of Sterne!)—Sterne describes the *fille de chambre* of a lady of rank as asking for this work openly at a bookseller’s; and so it continued down to the Revolution.

After Crebillon came Voltaire, who, though he can hardly be called a *novelist* in the limited sense in which we are now using the word, had a deplorable influence on this as on almost every other branch of literature. His *Tales* did not pretend to be representations of real life. They are not novels but satires, in which a fable—generally an extravagant one of Oriental features—is made the vehicle of all that wit, gaiety, and malignity could combine to ridicule, discredit, and destroy the civil and religious institutions of his country. The mischief, however, that they did was more political than moral,—they were calculated rather to pervert the mind than to inflame the passions; and though, as might be expected, his sedition and impiety were mixed up with gross indécencies, we cannot attribute to them anything like the same deleterious effect on individual morals that were produced by Crebillon, or by some nearly contemporaneous works of a graver character and less offensive style—we mean those of Rousseau.

We confess that we never could feel what has been called the magic of Rousseau; we even go so far as to own that—putting out of the question the moral depravity of his writings—we have the misfortune to be somewhat heretical in our opinion of his literary merit. The *Nouvelle Héloïse*, his great work, and that which is principally connected with our present subject, always wearied us—wearied us, even in our youth, by what we thought its false sensibility and verbose eloquence, as much as, in our mature age, it disgusts us by its false reasoning and its perverted principles. Is this mere bad taste on our parts? or is it,

it, as we of course are disposed to believe, that Rousseau's *literary merit* has little to do with his present reputation, which may be rather attributed to the success of those revolutionary paradoxes on the nature of government and the constitution of society, which he first explained and familiarized, and which have since, by a disastrous combination of circumstances, obtained such an ascendancy in the literary and political opinions of France. But why should the influence of Rousseau appear—as it certainly has of late done—so much deeper and more permanent than that of Voltaire?—Voltaire is only read, quoted, and admired; but Rousseau has made a *sect*, and is followed and adored—Why?—Because Voltaire was only a *genius*, and Rousseau was a *madman*. For one who has pretended to ape Voltaire even in his lowest qualities, there are hundreds who have imitated Rousseau in his highest. *Candide* and *Zadig* have had—fortunately for society—nothing like a rival; *Héloïse*—as unfortunately—has had an hundred—*exemplar vitii imitabile*. There is hardly one of the crowd of volumes enumerated at the head of this article which is not of the school of Rousseau; and M. de Balzac, the most fertile, and not the most offensive of the fraternity of French novelists, in a work (the very name of which we do not venture to specify) in which he pretends to examine some important questions of social life, refers us, at once, to Rousseau as the standard and text book of *public morals*—‘Ouvrez,’ he says, ‘ouvrez Rousseau—car il ne s’agira aucune question de morale publique dont il n’ait, d’avance, indiqué la portée.’ It cannot, therefore, be out of place or out of season to remind our readers of some portion of the personal history of this Apostle of Disorder.

A biser, meaner, filthier scoundrel never polluted society than M. de Balzac's standard of ‘*public morals*,’ nor one who better exemplified the divine warning—‘*Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so a good tree bringeth forth good fruit, and a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.*’

We have called Rousseau a madman, and such he undoubtedly was. Originally mad, in some degree, from constitutional infirmity, but completely disordered with the drunken vanity of some accidental, and by no means creditable, successes which surprised and overset the course and projects of his earlier life. His father was a poor watchmaker at Geneva, (where watchmaking is the commonest trade,) who, not without pecuniary difficulty, sent him to an humble school, and endeavoured to give him an honest trade; but Rousseau—being detected in lying and thieving—eloped from his business, his family, and his country; and, after some experimental vagrancy, had recourse to *apostacy* to appease his

his hunger : he had been born a Protestant, and took his religion to market to a Roman Catholic Bishop in Savoy, who sent him to a convent for instruction, where, having abandoned his faith, and being compensated with—what we dare say was a liberal equivalent for *such* a faith as he had—the sum of 17s. 6d., he again became a wanderer. He entered successively two families as a *footman* ; from the first he was dismissed for his old propensities of thieving and lying, which ‘grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength’ to an almost incredible degree of depravity. In the second place he was promoted, as he says, from being *footman* to be *secretary* ; but he does not account, except by the plea of restlessness, for his having forfeited this extraordinary good fortune. Wandering again, he renewed a casual acquaintance with a sensual widow, who hired him as footboy, but eventually exalted him—the poor wretch thought it Olympic exaltation—to be her paramour.

Expelled from this filthy elysium by the jealousy of his rival—the gardener—he again took to a vagabond life, till he found himself, at a mature age, upon the *pavé* of Paris. During all his vicissitudes, however, he had read whatever came in his way, particularly romances, and acquired what was thought, for a person in his circumstances, a surprising degree of literature ; he had also a natural—though it is said a false—taste for music, and proposed to exist by his discoveries and compositions in that art : he failed, indeed, in these musical projects, but contrived, while prosecuting them, to make some respectable acquaintance, and obtained what he impudently calls the *secretaryship* of the French mission at Venice—a gross exaggeration of the dignity of his employment ; for it turns out that he had no diplomatic character whatsoever, but was only a kind of upper servant, who, knowing how to read and write, and copy and even compose music, was treated on a footing superior to the *other* domestics. Be that as it may, he contrived to be dismissed from this situation also ; and had now, at near forty years of age, no resource but to return to Paris ; where he existed at first on a clerkship in the office of one of the farmers-general of the revenue, and subsequently by some literary and musical efforts, which at length brought him into notice—particularly a little dramatic scene of ‘*Le Devin du Village*,’ which had a great success in Paris, and which Dr. Burney introduced, without any success, on the English stage by the title of ‘*The Cunning Man*.’

During this time Rousseau formed a connexion with the vulgar, stupid, and ugly maid-servant of the obscure house in which he lodged ; by her he had five children, whom, with a diabolical egotism and inhumanity of which we know no parallel, he abandoned as soon as they were born to the foundling-hospital, taking
irrevocable

irrevocable precautions to prevent the possibility of their being ever recognized. This atrocity he defended in his writings by an excuse still more atrocious—‘All the world persecutes me, and if I had brought up these children, there is no crime which they might not have been suborned to commit against me.’ These mean amours he diversified, as he boasts, by some adulterous intrigues of a higher order, for which the extreme profligacy of the philosophical society of Paris afforded too much opportunity. The reputation of one of his exalted *flames*, who was not sufficiently complying, he endeavoured to bring down to his own level by calumniating her in anonymous letters, which he had the additional baseness of attributing to the lady’s sister-in-law—his own best friend.

These disorders probably suggested to him his celebrated novel of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, which appeared in 1759, when its author was near fifty, and may be characterized in three words as an apology for incontinence and adultery. Two years after appeared his *Contrat Social*—to which, more than all his other works, we attribute his influence over revolutionary France. In this he first promulgated his equally absurd and fatal doctrine of the practical *sovereignty of the people*. This was, after a short interval, followed by *Emile*,—a wild paradox on education, in which he episodically introduced an attack on Christianity, so offensive that the Parliament of Paris, already startled by the disorganizing doctrines of the *Contrat Social*, felt itself obliged to order proceedings against the author, who fled into Switzerland to escape the storm. There he published other works of the same tendency, so grossly insulting to all sense and feeling, that even the mob of the little village in which he resided rose against him, and expelled their cruel and mischievous guest.

David Hume—whose constitutional goodnature was perhaps somewhat stimulated by sympathy for a persecuted deist—now obtained for him an asylum in England; but by this time Rousseau seems to have become entirely mad, and he exhibited that most common and infallible symptom, of believing that all mankind was conspiring against him—his English friends being, in his disordered imagination, the chief conspirators. He broke away from them in a frenzy of indignation; and at length was permitted to return to France, where he was received with kindness by his philosophical admirers, one of whom, M. Girardin, established him in a cottage at his seat of Ermenonville. Here he put the last hand to the extraordinary work published after his death, called his ‘*Confessions*,’ in which he avows with maniacal effrontery most of the turpitudes to which we have alluded; and here, in 1788—before he had time to quarrel with M. Girardin, which he assuredly would soon have done, as he did with every other bene-
factor

factor he ever had—he died suddenly, but whether by his own hand or not, is a still litigated question?*

‘What,’ it has been asked, ‘must be the priest, when a monkey is the god?’ What must be the sect of which a devil is the idol? Rousseau’s most devoted disciple was Robespierre! The *Contrat Social* was the text book of Jacobin policy: the *Héloïse* and *Emile*, the guides of Jacobin morals; and ‘the benign influence of the Man of Nature,’ as he was called, was piously evoked during all the atrocities of the *Reign of Terror*! His bones were removed from Ermenouville, and enshrined—the National Assembly attending in a body the impious procession—with those of Marat in the PANTHEON—(as by a characteristic blunder it was called)—of a people who acknowledged no GOD, and canonized only the most worthless of mankind. The same spirit which carried Rousseau to the *Pantheon*, during the horrors of the first Revolution, has revived his reputation in the impudent *profligacy* of the last; and we shall see, by-and-by, that even the least offensive of the recent publications of the Parisian press are exaggerations of the worst faults of Rousseau—for odious as was his private life, and mischievous as were his writings, there is, even in the *Héloïse*, a certain decency of language—a semi-opaque veil which diminishes the deformities of the subject—a kind of involuntary tribute paid to good manners, if not to virtue—which forbids us to rank that work in the more disgraceful class of which we shall have occasion to speak.

Crebillon had for a long time none but very obscure imitators—Diderot is hardly an exception, for his *Novels*, like Voltaire’s, were *politics*; but on the approach of the Revolution appeared the work of La Clos, one of the creatures and confidants of *Égalité-Orleans*, of which we will only say, that it is characteristic and worthy of the society which produced it; and that of Louvet, published soon after, and which was the sole recommendation of that adventurer to the rank of a *legislator* in regenerated France.

Thus we see, that during the eighteenth century, which gave birth to the NOVEL, properly so called, and which produced thousands of the class, we can cite—previous to the Revolution—but three authors of any note,—Crebillon—La Clos—and Louvet,—who can be stigmatised as having written what can be strictly

* His admirers often speak with rapture of a colloquy supposed to have occurred between him and his wife immediately previous to his death, in which the unhappy man is made to exclaim in a frenzy of triumphant blasphemy, ‘*Eternal Being! the soul I am now going to give thee back is as pure at this moment as it was when it proceeded from thee.*’ This is certainly very characteristic; but there seems reason to doubt how far the stupid Thérèse, with whom the whole dialogue purports to have passed, can be received as credible evidence of feelings and expressions, which she assuredly was not capable of comprehending.

called *licentious* novels; for Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot—though they did worse—if worse can be—can hardly, for the reasons before stated, be included in this particular category: while, on the other hand, there is an illustrious list of men, and more particularly of women, who really have deserved Warburton's praise of having improved the charms of fictitious narratives, with the higher graces of morality and occasionally of piety.

The first burst of the Revolution drowned all literature—bad as well as good—in a deluge of blood. The powers of imagination fell prostrate before the despotic realities. No romance could be so terrific—no drama so bloody—no tale so profligate as the passing events and the prevailing manners. But, when on the fall of Robespierre, something like security and order revived, the novelists re-appeared, though with altered features: the nation had ‘supped so full of horrors,’ that it had no taste for the sensibilities of fictitious distresses; and the upper ranks of society, which had hitherto afforded the personages of the novel of manners, were utterly exterminated, so that those two great sources of description were dried up. Authors were, therefore, driven—the graver and the more moral (a select few) into the *historic* romance—and the less scrupulous majority into the broad humour and loose gaieties of low or middle life.

These productions—of which Pigault Le Brun's may be cited as the most remarkable—are for the most part tainted with vulgarity and indecency, and though they have none of the deep corruption of Crebillon or La Clos, they give but a bad impression of the manners and morals of the society in which they acquired so much popularity. Under the Empire and the Restoration, all violent outrages against either morals or religion were restrained; but there still continued a coarseness and laxity, which was, however, we think, gradually disappearing, when the July Revolution gave a new and *formidable* appearance to a species of writing which had hitherto (notwithstanding a few culpable exceptions) exhibited nothing which indicated either the existence of an extensive or profound immorality in the nation at large, or the danger that such a state of immorality might be created.

Unfortunately, the present state of things indicates both—that there must be *already* a wide immorality, and that, under such powerful excitements, the contagion is likely to spread beyond all control. If one or two authors, in one, or two, or three works, had been seduced by a depraved taste or betrayed by a too lively fancy into culpable excesses, we should have seen cause of regret rather than alarm; but the *enormity* of the evil, both in mass and matter, gives the whole affair its distinctive character. Three novels of Crebillon were enough to give the

the romance literature of France a bad name for half a century ; within five years we have had twice fifty publications, each of which equals Crebillon in personal profligacy, and superadds, what he never dealt with, details of swindling, robbery, and murder—as scenes of *private life* in France—of which the most depraved imagination of former times had never formed any conception.

We are far from believing, because an individual author calls his work an image of real life, that it really is so ; but when *all* who affect to paint from the life agree in one general character of society, it is impossible not to fear that there must be some existing prototype of such unconcerted resemblances. M. Scribe, the comic dramatist, and one whose muse borrows little or none of her reputation from profligacy or terror, was lately elected into the French Academy. In his speech of reception, the facetious author amused his auditory by a paradox—from *his* mouth peculiarly piquant—of denying that the stage exhibited a picture of real life—for, added he, ‘if *that* were to be taken as a criterion, life in France must be reckoned as little else than one black tragedy of adultery, incest, and murder.’ M. Scribe was evidently *faisant ses farces*—and M. Villemain, the president of the night, reproved him with equal keenness and good sense for the absurd levity of his discourse ; but M. Villemain is a hot partisan of the July Revolution, and one of the happy few who have got anything by it—for he has been made a peer of France. He could not, therefore, do full justice on M. Scribe without confessing more than he was willing to do of the effects of the late Revolution ;—else he might have reminded M. Scribe that it was not the theatre alone which indicated so diseased a state of society—he might have told him that, between the day of his election and that of his reception, there had been exhibited before the various tribunals of France a series of trials, proving a greater proportion of all species of crime than we believe he could have paralleled in any equal period of the judicial annals of his country—quite enough to have furnished a tragic drama of the most revolting details to every one of the rival theatres of Paris. Nay, at the moment M. Scribe was indulging in what he and his auditory thought, no doubt, an agreeable ‘*persiflage*,’ the three chief actors of one of the most wholesale murders ever perpetrated were lying—in dungeons within a street’s length of the room in which he was speaking—under the intermittent agonies of a trial at which M. Villemain himself had an hour before been sitting as a judge.

M. Scribe might indeed, and, if he had been serious, would no doubt have alleged, and M. Villemain might have admitted—as we are ready to do—that there is, and always was, one class
of

of dramatic pieces which makes no pretension to paint existing manners—we mean those which represent foreign subjects and distant days; but even these must be admitted to evidence the *taste* at least of the times which produce them. The *Tour de Nesle* of the sixteenth century, and the *Lucrece Borgia* of Italy, are not to be admitted as standards of the manners of France at the present day, but what shall we say of them as indexes of the taste of contemporary audiences? And what would M. Scribe say of *Antony*, a professed copy of existing life, and of its *eighty* representations, and of the necessity in which the government felt itself of arresting by a vigour beyond the law the course of such a scandalous spectacle? But again: if we admit that the scenes which the French dramatist may select from by-gone times and distant countries are no more to be taken as pictures of real French life than the story of Atreus or Œdipus would be of Athenian manners, or Shakspeare's 'Richard III.' of the court of Queen Elizabeth, yet we would ask M. Scribe whether he can extend the same indulgent construction to the *novels* of the day, which profess to lay their scenes in Paris, to fix their date at the year 1835—to copy their personages from the existing population—and which *one and all* concur in representing the actual state of society as redundant with every species of crime? And, above all, what answer will he make when we repeat, what we shall presently prove in detail, that every number of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* teems with instances of the actual commission of crimes only differing from those most in favour with the novelists by being often deeper in degree! If M. Scribe will soberly and satisfactorily answer these questions, his reply will do more honour to his country than his lively speech at the academy, or the gay farces which caused his election into that grave and illustrious body.

Let us now endeavour to support our view of this important matter by a slight analysis of some of the works to which we have alluded. We say *endeavour*, not from any difficulty which we should feel in making such an analysis, but from our doubt how we can manage even the most cautious sketch of such a mass of impurities so as to render it tolerable to an English eye.

We begin by M. CHARLES PAUL DE KOCK, the earliest, we believe, the gayest, and by no means the most offensive of the batch. De Kock's works have already reached eighty volumes, most of them anterior to the July Revolution. Those were of the *Pigault Le Brun* school, coarse and loose, rather than deeply licentious, and belonged rather to the *grivois* than to the *criminal* style—but his last work, *Ni jamais ni toujours* (in 4 vols.), has taken the colour of the times, and is quite in character with its worst contemporaries. The title has no relation that we can discover with
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the story, which is that of two young men of those classes of society which have replaced in modern French novels the *Viscomtes* and *Chevaliers* of the old school—a *gay homme de lettres*, M. Arthur, and a grave *etudiant*, M. Adolphe. The novel opens by a visit paid, in a rainy night and on foot, to M. Arthur by Madame de Menerville, the young wife of a wealthy and elderly gentleman. M. Adolphe, less aspiring, contents himself with a *soidisante* widow of the name of Juliette—who has, at the same time, an intrigue with his livelier friend Arthur—who, again, is not more faithful to Madame de Menerville than she is to her husband. These two women by ill luck meet at Arthur's lodgings. Madame Juliette, who has no scruples of her own, becomes possessed of the secret of Madame de Menerville's frailty, of which in due time she makes the natural use. M. Adolphe, who, though a student in law, has the misfortune to be a dolt, is entrapped into a marriage with Madame Juliette, who eventually rewards him by introducing to his acquaintance, society, and purse, an old friend of hers—a convicted felon. M. Arthur, who has hitherto been a discarded son, is now acknowledged by his father, the Baron de Harleville, who, not contented with the acquisition of this amiable young man to his family, marries an amiable young lady, whose character is not quite as good as her person—for she had been an old street acquaintance of his son's. This excellent young woman is of so domestic a turn, that she shows no equivocal disposition to treat Arthur with more than *maternal* affection, and is the rather surprised and disappointed at his coldness, as she had recently helped him to seduce her own sister. Madame Juliette, on some personal slight from the ungrateful Arthur, now springs her mine on Madame de Menerville, and of course causes her expulsion from the house of her husband, who, to console his solitude, brings home and recognizes an illegitimate son whom he had, some years before, acquired with the help of that universally obliging person Juliette. M. de Menerville, dying soon after, bequeaths to this son the portion of his fortune which he could dispose of, while the great bulk of it—by the wise and equitable code of France—passes to his disgraced wife, who hastens to bestow it, as she had already done her fame and her person, upon Arthur. It might be expected that, in the last page at least, M. Paul de Kock would have endeavoured to solder up the reputation of his hero and heroine by uniting Arthur and his rich and beautiful widow in lawful wedlock, but such a *denouement* is now quite *usé* and *de mauvais ton* in France.

'You naturally expect,' says Arthur in the last sentence of the work, 'that we are about to conclude our long and tender intercourse by

by a legitimate union—but no—we are so *happy as we are*, why should we change our condition!’

It is impossible to describe the mutual infidelities, the debauchery, the treachery, the knavery of all the principal and subordinate characters in this novel, which are detailed with the most ingenuous impudence. M. de Kock, we are told, only deals in the *gaieties* of life; and, indeed, we must bear witness that he rejects two excellent opportunities of incest and murder, and is so little fond of *blood* that there is but one suicide, and, we believe, only two criminal convictions to be found in the whole novel, though there is hardly one of the *dramatis personæ* who, in the hands of more rigorous justice, ought not to have been hanged! Our readers, we suppose, will ask for no further specimens of the morality of M. Paul de Kock!

VICTOR HUGO our readers will recollect as the author of *Marion de Lorme*, *Le Roi s’amuse*, and *Lucrèce Borgia*, three of the worst in point of moral, and of the best in point of talent, of the dramas we have so often referred to. His novels are (except one) of an earlier date, and exhibit little, in our opinion, of the vices or merits of his dramas. ‘They do not belong to our subject, for they do not affect to describe the manners of the day. *Haus d’Island* is a Norwegian, and *Bug Jargal* a West-Indian tale; *Notre Dame de Paris* carries us back to the reign of Louis XI., and is an imitation of Sir Walter Scott—whom, *soit dit en passant*, it resembles as *Goose Gibby* in his helmet and buff coat might resemble the noble chivalry of Lord Evandale. But Hugo’s last romance, ‘*Le dernier jour d’un Condamné*,’ belongs to recent days. We have nothing to object to it, except the depraved taste which the author shows in himself, and imputes to the French public, by drawing out into a volume the agonies of a dying wretch. To be sure M. Hugo has contrived that even in this way his volume should be less offensive than it seems, for it is printed in so diffuse a style, divided into so many chapters, and each chapter is so short and so carefully separated by blank leaves and open spaces, that of 312 pages, of which the volume consists, there are but 158, or about one-half, of *letter-press*, the rest being—what without our previous explanation would seem a miracle in modern French literature—quite pure. This style of book-making may not be altogether new, but it has never before been our good fortune to buy so much white paper while we thought we were purchasing a book; yet, so far are we from complaining of this substitution, that we should have liked our bargain still better if the printer’s ink had not spoiled any of the pages.

We suspect, from the prefaces and notices which he is apt to affix to his works, that M. Hugo is somewhat sore to even the gentlest

gentlest touches of criticism. This story is preceded by what he calls '*A comedy on the subject of a tragedy*,'—a dramatic scene, in which a mixed company discuss the merit of the author and his works. The object of this modest little comedy is to sneer at the old *régime* and manners of France, and to exalt the superiority, generally, of the present era, and particularly of its greatest ornament,—M. Victor Hugo. We regret, however, to be obliged to say, that if this scene recalls the idea of the *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, it also again reminds us of *Goose Gibby*, and convinces us that M. Hugo is about as formidable a rival to Molière as to Walter Scott. But we notice this little piece chiefly for the defence which the personage who plays the character of the sound and enlightened critic makes for the painful and odious subject of the work. 'Its object,' says the apologist, 'is to contribute to the abolition of capital punishments.' 'But,' replies an objector, 'I do not see how that purpose is fulfilled, for he tells us nothing about the man, but that he is condemned; nothing is hinted of the alleged crime, nor its circumstances—nor whether the man be innocent or guilty—nor his rank in life—nor his character—nor, in short, any of the motives which could influence our judgment as to the expediency or justice of the punishment.' 'Oh no,' answers the apologist, 'to be sure—there lies the author's chief merit. Those incidental circumstances would have diverted the attention of the reader from the *abstract principle*. If the author had told you whether the crime was great or small, and the man innocent or guilty, it would have disturbed the logical consideration of the philosophic theory.' We apprehend this style of discussing a practical question is quite unexampled, except in honest Crambe's mode of arriving at the *abstract idea* of a lord mayor, by depriving him, 'not merely of his coach, fur gown, and gold chain—but even of stature, feature, colour, hands, head, feet, or body.' But putting this ridiculous absurdity aside, the fact is, that there is not a line in the book which leads to any general thoughts on the subject; on the contrary, the whole narrative is so occupied—by the description of the judges, the jury, the prisoner, the gaolers, the fellow-convicts, the cart, the guillotine—(all of which could be better related by any one else rather than the unhappy sufferer, who over and over again confesses that he was in a stupid vertigo, and incapable even of thinking)—that we have never read any accounts, real or fictitious, of the last moments of a criminal, which brought so little to our minds—not merely the abstract expediency of capital punishment, but even the simple idea of death. The truth, we have no doubt, is, that M. Victor Hugo wanted to dash off a book suited to the depraved taste of the times,

and

and hit upon *le dernier jour d'un Condamné*, as a piquant subject : but when he had finished his story, he perceived that it was at once odious and idle, equally destitute of interest or instruction ; and the *metaphysical apology* was then introduced to cover the feebleness and inanity of the original performance. We must, however, do M. V. Hugo the justice to add, that although in his ' *Notre Dame de Paris* ' there are some scenes rather too free, yet, in his other novels, and especially in the ' *Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*,' there is nothing offensive to decency.

DUMAS is, like Hugo, best known by his profligate dramas, particularly that of ' *Antony*,' of which enough has been already said, and which we should not again have mentioned, but that M. Dumas, by way of braving both criticism and authority, and also, we suspect, with the hope of reviving the recollection of what is already passing into oblivion, has chosen to publish a little volume of licentious tales, which he calls *Les Souvenirs d'Antony*. They are, we admit, such *souvenirs* as *Antony* might delight to record.

The scene of the first is Naples, during its occupation by the French. A reward was offered for the head of a certain captain of banditti that infested the neighbourhood. Two peasant boys find him asleep, and recollecting, dear *children*, (they are all along called *enfants*,) how they had seen a sheep killed, cut his throat, and carry the head in a handkerchief to town, where they receive three thousand ducats. With this sum they begin by regaling themselves with food—they next buy clothes—then begin to play at chuck-farthing in the streets—then get into higher play in the gaming-houses, till only five hundred ducats are left. They happen to see a fine lady entering a fine house. They express their admiration aloud. A ruffian offers them her good graces for five hundred ducats—they agree, and draw lots for the *bonne fortune*. *L'Enfant* is secretly introduced into the countess's apartment. She, it seems, had not been consulted, and in surprise stretches out her hand to ring the bell, which hung close to the couch on which she lay. The boy, in a frenzy of passion, rushes on her, and with his dagger ' nails her hand to the wall ;' and while she is fainting from her wound perpetrates his purpose. They escape, and in process of time become bandits in the gang whose leader they had murdered. A reward is offered for discovering their retreat. They are betrayed ; one is shot ; the other, with his mistress and their infant child, reach an inaccessible asylum in the rocks ; but they are blocked all round by troops—the extremity of hunger obliges them to attempt to escape—the smallest noise may give an alarm—the baby is uneasy—the mother gives it the breast—alas, the source is dried up by sorrow and famine—the

the child cries—the father seizes it by one leg, and whirling it round his head fractures its little skull against the trunk of a tree—the mother compresses her grief—the escape is effected. When they have reached a place of safety, the bandit abandons himself to sleep while his mistress is to watch: she does watch—but only an opportunity to murder the murderer of her child—she cuts off his head, and carries it in her apron to the French Commandant of the district, who pays her three thousand ducats.

‘Four years after, a nun of the convent of the Holy Cross in Rome died after an exemplary life in the odour of sanctity. Nothing was known of her, but that she was a Calabrese, and had paid an admission fee to the convent of 3000 ducats.’

It is not, we fear, without design that M. Dumas gives these two bloody villains the appellations of *Celestino* and *Cherubino*, and the murderess—turned saint—the name of *Maria* *.

The second story is nearer home; and in all its minor details the author takes pains to convince you that he is relating incidents of ordinary Parisian life. A certain M. Eugène is passing the Pont Neuf one night in a hackney cabriolet—he hears a splash in the water—darts to the spot, and rescues, after imminent danger, a young lady who had endeavoured to commit suicide. She had some excuse—she was with child, and her lover, Alfred, a friend of Eugène’s, had abandoned her. Eugène carries her home to her lodgings, and sends for her father, an old captain of Napoleon’s, ‘with whom nothing has gone well since 1813.’ Next morning Alfred calls to pay his friend Eugène a morning visit. To his great amazement, Eugène leads him into the room where his victim is lying, but half revived, and still in danger;—her father also arrives—finds Alfred at his daughter’s bed-side—seizes and is about to strangle him. This Eugène is too well-bred to permit—but by his judicious interference a duel in form is arranged for the same evening in the *Bois de Boulogne*, between the father and the seducer—in which the father is, of course, shot dead on the spot: Eugène offers to take up the conqueror, and—the obliging offer being accepted—runs Alfred through the body; and then completes his gallant generosity by marrying, out of hand, the fair destitute, and avowing himself, before legal witnesses, the *father of the unborn child*.

These must be our specimens of M. Dumas’ five tales—two others are less shocking;—and one is so much more so, that we cannot even approach it; and what gives these otherwise contemptible fictions a peculiar importance is, that M. Dumas takes

* M. Dumas lately visited Rome and was honoured, as the French papers tell us, with an audience from the Pope. We trust his Holiness knows little of modern French literature.

great pains to divest them of all the characters of mere fiction—he relates them in his own proper person, and labours to give them an air of reality, by the introduction of many incidents of his own private life, and many anecdotes of his real society—so that at least *he* cannot believe that his friends will consider these narratives as extravagantly out of nature, or even beyond the bounds of decent probability.

We next arrive at the cleverest, the most prolific, and the most popular of all these novelists, M. DE BALSAC. If we were considering the *literary merit* of these works, we should have much to say in praise and at least as much in censure of M. de Balsac. He has considerable powers of local description, but he considerably abuses them by idle and wearisome minutiae. He occasionally excites great interest, but quite as often destroys all interest by the improbability and incongruity of his incidents. He is often eloquent, and sometimes pathetic; but, in his efforts after these qualities, frequently deviates into whining and bombast. But it is only as evidence of the state of *moral* feeling and *social* life in France that we have at present to deal with M. de Balsac; and in this view his evidence is indeed most important, not only on account of his acknowledged talents, but because he claims—and because the public voice has assented to his claim—to be, *par excellence*, the most accurate painter of private life and existing society. The titles of his principal works—*Scenes of Private Life*, *Scenes of Parisian Life*, *Scenes of Provincial Life*—sufficiently attest this pretension. In the preface to the *Scenes of Private Life*, he sets out with a declaration which reveals an honest and noble ambition;—

‘That his works are of such a tendency, that he hopes that well-educated mothers, who unite in their own persons feminine graces to manly good sense, will not hesitate to *place his works in the hands of their daughters*.’

And he has found a panegyrist—in the writer of a rather elaborate essay, originally, it seems, published in some French review, but now affixed to the fourth volume of the *Scenes of Parisian Life*—who not only extols him as one of the greatest literary geniuses that ever lived, but as the most faithful painter of manners, and, above all, as one of the *purest moralists* of the age. This critic goes so far, indeed, as to endeavour, by a formal classification and commentary, to prove that these “*splendid works*,” instead of being, as they may appear to the common reader, a series of unconnected tales of the vulgarest and most licentious character, are, in fact, a profound and well-digested course of moral philosophy, written with one great design, and deserving to be distinguished by the loftier title of *Etudes sur les Mœurs*!

Let us see, then, this great moralist's view of the society in which he lives, and which he depicts with such a superiority of accuracy and talent.

M. de Balsac, as his panegyrist tells us, has consigned to oblivion all his works published prior to 1830. Our readers must be informed that this is great modesty, for he had published, we understand, prior to 1830, not less than fourteen different novels, in twenty-five or thirty volumes. We were, at first sight, at a loss to account for this unconditional surrender of so much fame—for we really thought such of those repudiated works as we have looked at to be as good as, and some of them better than, his later productions; but we, on consideration, suspect that, prior to the July revolution, he felt his abilities cramped by the restrictions on the press, and that he desires to be judged by works in which the wings of his genius have been free. Indeed we find that one of his early works, the *Vicaire des Ardennes*, published in 1822, under the fictitious name of *St. Aubin*, was suppressed by the former government; and it is therefore necessary, to an understanding of the whole case, to say a word or two on that subject.

In the *Vicaire des Ardennes*, a young man and young woman, who believe themselves *brother* and *sister*, are desperately in love with each other, while a married lady of high rank is as desperately in love with the young man, who is really her own *illegitimate son*. Although this odious imbroglio is eventually cleared up by the supposed brother and sister being discovered to be only *cousins*, and by the mother's recognition of her son, so that the guilty passions are at last merged in legitimate affection, yet our readers will easily conceive that this is but a poor compensation for all the shocking ideas that the preceding pages must excite; and there are, besides, some circumstances interwoven with the story which create additional disgust. Everybody knows that in the Roman Catholic Church the marriage of a priest is not only a nullity, but a most odious sacrilege; and the young man *had become a priest* expressly to guard himself from his passion for his supposed sister: but no sooner does he find that she is his cousin, than he hastens to unite himself to her, by what *he* knows to be an illusory marriage, and some suspicion of his being in orders having been expressed, he at the very altar, by the most solemn adjurations, denies the fact. But it is afterwards discovered, and the poor girl, who believes such a marriage to be worse than pollution, dies of horror—he dies of grief, and his mother of remorse; and to complete the scandal, it turns out that he was the illegitimate son of a *bishop*. Such fictions, offensive even to our eyes, are impious in those of any one who has any respect for the Roman Catholic religion; and being heightened and set off by copious episodes of rape, robbery,

robbery, and murder, it is not surprising that the government of Charles X. should have suppressed the work. This adventure seems to have alarmed, though it did not reclaim M. de Balsac, who very soon published a *continuation* of the former story under the title of *Annette et le Criminel*, in which he carefully eschews incest, adultery, and sacrilege, but makes an innocent young heroine fall desperately in love with a coarse and brutal pirate and murderer, who must have been, by the chronology of the two works, some sixty years of age, and is described with the unlovely attributes of bandy legs, a protuberant paunch, a bottle nose, and a brandy face. This singular union ends in a catastrophe of fire and blood, more suitable to the Black Forest of the sixteenth century, or the Spanish Main of the seventeenth, than to civilized France in the beginning of the nineteenth. We wish we could believe that M. de Balsac's repudiation of these errors of his youth arose from good feeling, or even from good taste, but the sequel will show that these could not have been his motives, and that he only regrets them because they are too *tame*.

The first separate work of the era by which M. de Balsac wishes to be judged is *La Peau de Chagrin*, of which—as the groundwork is supernatural, and therefore out of our present scope—we shall say little. A young fellow—an *etudiant* we believe—having lost his last penny at play, resolves to drown himself; but failing somehow in his resolution, he postpones the catastrophe to the next night, and in the meanwhile goes into one of the curiosity shops which line the Quay Voltaire, and there *buys*—he had no money, but he pawned his soul—a magical piece of *chagrin*, or seal skin, which has the agreeable property of giving its possessor the enjoyment of all his wishes, embittered by the very disagreeable accompaniment of diminishing at every wish, and of a warning, that, when it shall be exhausted, the possessor must perish. Allowing for the absurdity of this conception, and for the bad taste which this vulgar youth would be sure to exhibit, the story does not want a certain degree of interest; but it is awkwardly and inconsistently managed, and is only worth mentioning for its evidence—as far as it goes—of the general demoralization of the society it describes; but such a *romance*, we are aware, can be no satisfactory evidence, except of the bad taste which admires it.

Next comes the great series which M. de Balsac's admirers call the *Etudes sur les Mœurs*—the *Scènes de la Vie, Privée, Parisienne, et de Province*, of which we have before us twelve or fourteen volumes, and must endeavour to give some idea, still repeating our consciousness that English ears would not bear an unreserved repetition of the prurient lessons of M. de Balsac. We shall take the stories in the order in which they are

presented to us, for two reasons: first, because, as *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, his earliest tales are the least offensive; and secondly, that by taking them in order, we avoid all possible suspicion of making unfair selections.

The first of the *Scènes de la Vie privée* is entitled *La Vendetta* (Revenge). The only daughter of one of Buonaparte's Corsican followers, whom he has raised to rank and wealth, is, nevertheless, a pupil in a common painting school, where she makes acquaintance with a proscribed officer *de la vieille armée*, whom she persists in marrying, in spite of the advice, entreaties, and command of her affectionate parents—who had the deepest and best founded objections to the match—namely, an old family feud (*Vendetta*), exasperated by recent bloody injuries. She at first supports herself and her husband by her great talents as a painter—but she goes gradually out of fashion, and poverty comes. Her parents are inexorable; and then perish, of actual starvation—first her baby—for the sources of maternity are dry—and then she and her husband! The old parents repent when too late—the mother dies of *remorse*, and the father is left alone in the world—soon, also, to die of a broken heart, the punishment of *his cruelty*. The moral seems to be, that the father and mother were justly punished; which we admit, though the provocation was very strong; but not a censure is breathed against the cruel disobedience of the daughter, nor against a state of society which allows an admired and admirable artist to perish with her husband and child from actual hunger in the capital, as they call it, of the civilization of mankind. The picture may be true enough, but we think a *great moralist* should not have laid *all* the blame on the *Vendetta* of the insulted parents. But let that pass.

The next tale is *Les Dangers de l'Inconduite*—the dangers of misconduct—which are exemplified by a Countess de Restaud, who, by a long course of adultery, has given a right to her husband's name and property to children that are not his. She sells her jewels to pay the debts of her paramour; borrows, for the same purpose, large sums from an usurer, which her husband must pay; and on her death-bed she employs the most malignant artifices on her eldest child, (the only one which her husband believes to be his,) to burn a deed by which she supposes that child would receive a larger share of his father's property, to the injury of the children of the adulterous intercourse. And this story is related to a young lady and her family by a common friend of all the parties, as a means of promoting that young lady's union with the son of those amiable parents. This may be a moral lecture at Paris; but to us it looks like a lesson of corruption.

The third story, the *Bal de Sceaux*, is comparatively innocent, which

which is accounted for by its having been borrowed from a female novelist of good morals and good taste. It exhibits what the English will think a strange system of manners. At the *bal de Sceaux*—which is little better than a dance in a booth at Greenwich fair—a young lady of rank falls in love with a most fascinating youth whom she had never before seen, and the passion has reached a great height before she even discovers that to his personal beauty and accomplishments he adds great wealth and the noble name of *Longueville*. This suits the young lady exactly—for, though she can fall in love at the *bal de Sceaux*, she is an aristocrat at heart, and has resolved never to marry anything below a Peer of France,—(the story, we suppose, must have been written before Louis Philippe's peers had brought that body more nearly to the common level)—but, alas! it turns out that, as in England—

‘ ——— One sometimes views
Howards and Russels *cleaning shoes*—’

so a *Longueville* may keep a linendraper's shop in the Rue St. Denis. Alas! such is the fact—the hero is actually detected selling tape, and is scandalously *jilted* by his proud mistress. But mark the sequel—the haberdasher is, in *due time*, made a peer of France, and the haughty beauty is reduced to marry her own uncle or grand-uncle—we are not quite sure which. This may, perhaps, be a picture of real life in France—it would be presumptuous in *Englishmen* to deny it; but to us it seems just such a novel as the haberdasher's boy himself might have written. But these are trifles—the prelude, as it were, of M. de Balsac's admirable talent;—he is now about to take a deeper tone.

Gloire et Malheur is the history of a young painter who marries Augustine, a shopkeeper's daughter, and intrigues with a duchess. The poor little wife hears of this, and plucks up courage to wait upon the great lady, to request, that, as she has a husband of her own, she will be so kind as not to engross hers also. Her Grace accedes to the proposition with great affability, and as a pledge of her sincerity, gives to the wife a capital picture—*frame and all*—which the husband had painted for his noble mistress. When this picture is brought home, the painter becomes furious with mortification and jealousy—poor Augustine endeavours to put in a word to appease the storm:—

‘The gentle voice,’ says the author, ‘of this *angelic* creature would have touched the heart of *cannibals*, but *not* that of a *PARISIAN* in the torments of wounded vanity.

‘Ah,’ cried the artist, in a voice of thunder, ‘I shall be revenged of her [the Duchess]. She shall die of shame. I will paint her—yes, I will paint her as *Messalina*——

‘Henri’—

‘Henri’—interposed the wife, in a dying tone—

‘I will kill her’—

‘Henri!’—

‘She is in love with that little *Colonel of dragoons* because—he knows how to ride!!! [What an unusual accomplishment in a dragoon!]

‘Henri!’—

‘Begone!’ exclaimed the painter, in a voice like the roar of a wild beast—but it would be odious to describe the words and threats which, in the intoxication of his frenzy, he inflicted on his broken-hearted and expiring wife.

‘An inscription in the burying-ground of Mont Martre records, that “*Madame de Sommervieux died at the age of twenty-seven* ;” and a poet—the friend of this *celestial* creature—saw in this simple epitaph the last scene of a drama; and never failed, when he read it, to ask himself if the powerful wrestlings of masculine genius did not require a stronger woman—*femme plus forte*—than Augustine!’

This moral is admirable—‘a treasure of domestic affection, angelic beauty, and celestial virtue,’ are not, it seems, good enough for a French painter, if he be—as every French painter must be—a *genius*; and when the man of genius betrays, insults, beats, and kills his victim—her friends see in it only the last scene of a drama—his friends, we presume, see only the last scene of a *farce*! and whatever little blame the *great moralist* imputes to the whole transaction falls to the lot of the poor victim, who was only a *trésor de bonté* and a *creature celeste*, when she should have been a *femme forte*, fit to wrestle with a *genius*.

La Femme Vertueuse is a young heiress, beautiful, accomplished, and wealthy, suitably united, by a marriage of mutual affection, to M. Grandville, a young lawyer of great promise, who, in the course of the story, rises successively to the most eminent dignities of his profession. The lady has but one fault in the world—but that, to be sure, is a fatal one—she is *pious*—something of what is in England too lightly called a *saint*: she is an excellent mother, and a most affectionate and even submissive wife, when M. Grandville does not exact from her compliances with forms of society which she thinks inconsistent with her higher duties. She willingly accompanies her husband to dinners, concerts, and even assemblies, at the houses of his friends and brother magistrates, but she has a disinclination to *operas* and *balls*; and when, in compliance with her husband’s commands, she does go to a ball, she *mortally offends* him by not having danced—and above all, by having worn an unfashionable gown which—covered her shoulders and neck. Such unreasonable scruples in the mother of several children—in the wife of a judge, are quite intolerable; and this prudent magistrate threatens his too modest and too domestic wife with his eternal

eternal displeasure, if she will not admire the decencies of the opera *ballets*, and so far imitate their costume as to wear a *robe à la Grecque*—a fashion of the day, which was next to wearing no robe at all. It will be easily conceived that quarrelling seriously with his wife and exercising his despotic authority on such points was not exactly the most prudent way of correcting the error—even if it were one—and accordingly he only made matters worse; and at last, after eight years of marriage, when he was now thirty-five, and occupying a high and grave station in his profession, he thought of looking for *consolation* elsewhere. In his way to court from his own hotel, he happens to observe a pretty little dress-maker, constantly at work at the window of a wretched lodging—she turns out to be the illegitimate daughter of a worn-out ballet-dancer, and both are starving. Our magistrate introduces himself under a false name—easily buys the hungry Caroline Crochard from a hungry and prostitute mother—removes her to a secret but most tasteful and luxurious residence, where he passes all his leisure hours,—and besides his lavish current expenditure, squanders on her, and his children by her, property to the value of 20,000*l.* What becomes of the insulted and heart-broken '*femme vertueuse*' when in the course of time this intrigue is discovered? M. Balsac does not tell us; but after an interval of years, M. de Grandville, a grey-headed old dignitary, hears by accident from a physician—who knows that he is generous and charitable—that a poor creature is dying of sickness and hunger. It is *Caroline Crochard*. Caroline, it seems, had eloped from her—*benefactor* we were about to say—but we correct ourselves—her *malefactor*—with some low person, better suited to her original station and her natural taste. '*Caroline Crochard!*'—exclaims the great man—a poor ragged scavenger happens to be at hand—'Friend,' says he to the astonished pauper, 'here is a bank-note of 50*l.*; I give it you—go, spend it—get drunk—beat your wife—fight with your friends—do what you will with it;'—and then turning to the physician—'Doctor,' he says, 'I have shown you that I do not care for fifty pounds—but as to *Caroline Crochard*, I should see her dying of hunger, of thirst, aggravated by the cries of an expiring child—and I would not give a single farthing to save them one jot of their suffering—and you—even you, Doctor, because you have assisted her—I will never see you again.'

And for all these and other horrors, which we suppress—no one seems to blame but *la femme vertueuse*! We shall not waste time in observations on the inconsistencies and absurdities of the details of this story, which are quite equal to its deep immorality; but there is a little circumstance relating to

to the author himself which we must notice. The hero of the tale begins as plain *Monsieur Grandville*; when he rises a little in life he is called 'M. de Grandville,' and Balsac, by printing the *feudal particle* in italics, marks and derides the aristocratic assumption. Now, is it not amusing to find that in the title-page of these very volumes*—the author modestly describes himself as *Monsieur Balsac*—but when he had acquired a little fame, and published the *Médecin de Campagne*, we become Monsieur H. DE Balsac; and by-and-by, to all his later works, he prefixes the full aristocratic name of *Monsieur DE Balsac*! When he laughed at M. de Grandville, he did not foresee that he himself should become M. de Balsac. We take this opportunity of remarking, that although we have been told, *ad nauseam*, that the great passion of modern France is *Equality*, every publication we read, and every event we witness, and every room that anybody can enter in Paris, give the most decided contradiction to that assertion, and prove, on the contrary, that there is no nation on the face of the earth so greedy, so morbidly anxious, for anything and everything that looks like personal and aristocratical distinction. In truth, their passion for *equality* is that so admirably stated by Dr. Johnson:—'Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves.' This great truth was never so strongly exemplified as in the present state of society in France.

In the next story an injured wife reclaims her husband, and restores *La Paix du Ménage* by the (not very delicate) stratagem of obtaining from an admirer of her own—by some simulated compliances—proofs of her husband's infidelity, which she then generously lets *him* see she is *resolved not to believe*. As in this little story the husband's fault is decently veiled, and the wife's experiment is not carried to any serious extent, we are not surprised to find that M. de Balsac's admirers think it *somewhat feeble*:—'Cette scène est la plus faible de tous; et se ressent de la petitesse du cadre primitivement adopté.' If M. de Balsac, *more suo*, had blazoned all the sensual details of which the story was susceptible, and had wound up with a murder or a suicide, he would, no doubt, have been spared this severe reproach—a reproach which, as far as we are informed, he has never deserved again.

The next volume opens with two stories, also founded on adulteries; one of which is terminated by a most shocking and, we must add, powerfully managed incident of the husband's murdering the wretched paramour by building him up in the recess

* So at least it is in the Brussels edition—the Parisian one we happen not to have at hand.

of a wall in which he had been concealed. This frightful story has been copied into one of our annuals, without an acknowledgment of the translator's obligations to M. de Balsac. Another tale of the same volume relates the celebrated passage of the Beresina (the horrors of which are exaggerated almost to cannibalism), and the fate of the *wife* of a general officer, who is saved by the exertions of her *lover* from the common destruction; but being separated from him in the subsequent tumult becomes the prey of a licentious soldiery, and sinks into the most disgusting species of insanity; after years of absence, the lover finds her, *wild* and *shameless*, in the forest of St. Germain—the *denouement*, of course, is that she recovers her reason just to pronounce his name and die, and he forthwith blows out his brains! And this is assuredly the least immoral story, according to our confined ideas, of the whole series.

The next volume has what appears at first sight to be three or four separate tales, but on a closer inspection these are seen to be portions of one mysterious and frightful history. We must here pause to observe that his French critic thinks it one of the greatest merits of M. de Balsac, that he re-produces the same personages—in different periods and circumstances of their lives—in his different works—‘by which means,’ says this panegyrist, ‘he gives his novels a kind of historical connexion with each other, and spreads a greater air of reality over the whole.’ The fact is indisputable, but we do not altogether believe in the assigned motive. It seems to us that M. de Balsac, writing with great haste and to produce sudden and powerful effects—both on the public and his *paymaster* the publisher—finds it more rapid and convenient to *jump*, as it were, from scene to scene, than to spend time and trouble in weaving a connected narrative. He may also think that the obscurity which these intervals leave tends to create a mysterious interest. It may be so; but it also produces inconsistencies and confusion, and we are often, as in the case of the three or four tales now more especially under consideration, not quite satisfied, nor does his French critic seem to be, as to the degree of connexion which the author means to establish between them.

In the first of these tales, a lady takes her two children, a dark girl of seven or eight, and a fair boy of five or six, to walk on the southern boulevards of Paris. While the children play on the banks of the muddy ditch called the Bièvre, the party is joined by a handsome young man, of fair complexion, who embraces the little boy with the liveliest affection, and then walks apart in close and loving conference with the mother. The lady is evidently an adulteress, the young man her paramour—the dark daughter the child of the husband—

husband—the fair boy the pledge of the illicit love. The girl is old enough to see and resent this intrigue; she looks at the guilty couple and at her brother with eyes of indignation and hatred, and while their backs are turned, and the boy is playing by the bank of the river, she suddenly precipitates him into it, and the fluent mud of the black stream closes over him for ever! ‘How,’ says M. de Balsac, ‘is the unhappy woman to meet her husband on her return—how is she ever to look into the face of her conscious daughter!’

The second story represents a family sitting one stormy winter’s evening in their house at Versailles—the eldest daughter, beautiful but *dark* and sullen, sits silent at her work; two other *fair-haired* children—a girl and a boy—engross the mother’s affectionate care. A violent knocking is heard at the door—the husband opens it—a young man rushes in in great disorder and distress, and entreats a short asylum—the husband grants it, and conceals him; and even when the pursuers acquaint him that they are in search of a *murderer*, he is too much a man of honour to betray him. But as soon as the police has retired, he insists on his leaving the house instantly; then the dark girl rises and exclaims that she will accompany him. What! a *murderer*, whom she never saw before!—Yes—and it is done. It is clear that she throws herself into the arms of the unknown only to escape from her mother—and neither she nor her companion are ever heard of until, after a lapse of years, the father, in returning from a command in the West Indies, is captured by a *pirate*—who with the most cold-blooded atrocity murders all his captives, and is about to conclude with the old officer himself, when in the pirate’s bold and beautiful mistress he recognizes his daughter. We need not pursue the story further than to say that before its conclusion all the parties are dead—save the mother and her *fair-haired* daughter, *Moina*.

The third tale presents us with an elderly lady, broken more by sorrows than by years, whose whole affections are centered in her daughter, *Moina*, the wife of the Count de St. Herem. Her anxiety about this beloved and only child is aggravated by a suspicion that she is carrying on a criminal intrigue with a young gentleman, whose company is *peculiarly* odious to the mother. On a remonstrance from the old lady, the giddy countess replies, ‘Why I thought you were only jealous of M. de Vandenesse’s father.’ This was a poniard to the mother’s heart—our readers will guess why—‘she has but a word to speak to save them’—but she trembles, and delays to pronounce it. In the meanwhile the mischief is done—a subsequent circumstance proves to her that the crime of the unhappy couple is complete, and that proof kills her! It is clear that *adultery* has ended in *incest*!

Such

Such are some of M. de Balsac's pictures of the *vie privée* of his country—such are the scenes which his panegyrists pronounce enchanting, sublime, pure, moral, and, above all, *faithful* and *true*. We think our readers will excuse us from continuing the analysis of any more of these anecdotes of private life; particularly when we add, that in the subsequent volumes there are other stories still more atrocious, and which combine equal or greater horrors with the deeper disgust of *unutterable* sensualities; but we must say a few words on the two other series.

The first volume of the *Scènes de la Vie de Province* has five tales. Of three of them the heroines are adulteresses; in two the heroes died shocking deaths. Another is only the adventures of a *commis marchand*, or *bagman*, which are meant to be droll; but even M. de Balsac's admirers admit that the drollery is *feeble*—we should call it vulgar stuff. The fifth, called *Les Célibataires*, is the story of the rivalry of two priests of the cathedral of Tours: in this there is no indecency, and the intrigues and *tracassaries* of a country town are cleverly sketched; but the details exhibit a painful and discreditable state of society.

The second volume is occupied altogether by the story of *Eugénie Grandet*, one which, amongst M. de Balsac's countless tales, has the almost singular merit, that it may be read by a man without indignation, and by a woman without a blush. It is, as it were, a *Dutch picture of an interior*—of the family and society of the penurious merchant of a country town. The details are painted with vivid accuracy, and the characters are worked up with equal originality and truth—but as usual with M. de Balsac, he too often pushes the minuteness of his local descriptions to tediousness, and the peculiarities of his personages to improbabilities. The character of *Eugénie Grandet* herself, combining the gentleness of her submissive mother with something of the shrewdness and firmness of her avaricious father, is ably conceived and happily executed; and if this work were separated from its corrupted companions, it might be read as a favourable and interesting specimen of M. de Balsac's powers.

Le Père Goriot, the first of the *Parisian* series, is the longest, and we understand the most admired of M. de Balsac's *Scènes de la Vie*. Strange must be the life of which it can be a representation!

Father Goriot is an old corn-factor, who had made a large fortune during the revolution, but on marrying his two daughters to the Comte de Restaud and the Baron de Nucingen, he had endowed them with the greater part of his property, reserving for himself only a small annuity, on which he lived, in a humble boarding-house, in an obscure quarter; a mode of life suited to his

his early habits, and very agreeable to his daughters, who were not anxious to exhibit their old father in their fashionable circles. To this boarding-house also came to lodge M. Eugène de Rastignac; a young *étudiant en droit*—the hero of the novel—exceedingly poor, but exceedingly ambitious of making his way in the world—of which his only prospect arises from a distant relationship with a Vicomtesse de Beauséant, one of the leaders of the Parisian ton; by her countenance he gets into fashionable society;—and he, moreover, becomes acquainted with *La Comtesse* and *La Baronne*, the gay daughters of the old *Père*, both of whom, *as well as every other lady mentioned in the novel*—the lady patroness and all—are adulteresses—*two or three deep*. Our hero has the ill luck to offend the countess, by mentioning, unwittingly, her father's name—but he obtains the good graces—nay, the last favours of Madame de Nucingen. How?—by attention—by flattery—by, in short, what is called making love? No,—but by getting her invited to one of Madame de Beauséant's assemblies, to which Madame de Nucingen—being only a banker's wife—never before could penetrate. The gentlemen of this high life are—as might be expected—*les males de ces femmes*. The hero himself, the beau ideal of his genus, paints his own character by the soliloquy in which he expresses the amorous transports with which Madame de Nucingen inspires him:—

‘If,’ says this type of the generous and educated youth of Paris, ‘Madame de Nucingen should take an interest in me, I will teach her how to govern her husband. He deals in money—and no doubt could help me to make my fortune in a hurry.’

We have already said that these *étudiants—employés—commis—la jeune France des barricades*!—have succeeded, in the modern novels—the *vicomtes and chevaliers* of old; and the sentiments and spirit of these new heroes are as much lowered as their rank. The frivolity—the profusion—the profligacy—attributed to the *roués* of the last century, were more tolerable than the characters assigned to their successors,—equally immoral, equally profligate,—but rendered more odious by meanness, selfishness, and vulgarity. They are in general represented as miserably poor. Eugène de Rastignac's greatest difficulties are to buy a pair of clean gloves and pay the hackney coach which is to convey him to a ball whence a countess is ready to elope with him. This part of the picture may be perhaps very true; and to this, we suppose, we must attribute the fact, that the only thing, moral or material, that is spoken of with invariable respect is *money*:—*Rem—quocumque modo—rem* seems their characteristic device. But bad as is the picture of the upper ranks in this novel, that of the middle class is much worse. The boarding-house is a den of filth, penury, envy, and malignity; the

the guests are,—a young girl, put out to board in this dungeon by a father enormously rich, because he likes the company of his son better—as if a brother and sister could not both live in the house of a father who has ten thousand a-year;—a convict, the honestest fellow in the whole book;—an old maid and old bachelor, who turn out to be spies of the police, and who betray their poor mess-mate the convict. *Le Père Goriot*, who at first had a decent chamber, and drank a glass of wine at his meals, was observed to become gradually more and more indigent, till at last he is reduced to the naked garret and plain water;—the secret is that those rich daughters abandon him in public, and ruin him in private by extracting even his last *pence*, to supply their extravagance and profligacy; and this *admirable* father ends by selling a little annuity, the last wreck of his fortunes, to furnish a lodging in which M. Eugène de Rastignac may meet his daughter Madame de Nucingen, *without danger of being interrupted by the husband*. After this parental sacrifice the poor old man becomes wholly destitute, and dies almost of want. Eugène, as poor as he,—though he still figures away in high life,—applies in vain to the daughters for some small help,—at first to feed, and afterwards to bury their father. In vain. Eugène accompanies the sordid funeral of the Père Goriot to his humble grave, and thence, to quote the author's own *nonchalant* conclusion,

‘walked to the Rue d’Artois to—*dine with Madame de Nucingen.*’

If M. Balsac's French admirers—who must be so much better judges—had not assured us that this was ‘an admirable picture of *real* Parisian life,’ we should have pronounced it a clumsy tissue of odious exaggerations.

In the other *scenes of Parisian life* many of the characters with which we have become acquainted in the *Père Goriot* are reproduced, but with deeper immorality and exaggerated improbabilities. They for the most part hinge on an association of conspirators called *The Thirteen*. This association is formed of villains of *all ranks*, from the *stigmatized felon* to the *titled dandy*, who, by their union, secrecy, and desperate fidelity to their chief and to each other, are represented as *all-powerful*—to save or to destroy life—to confer or to ruin fortunes: the highest society and the lowest are equally at their mercy; money, office, rank, consideration, are all at their disposal; and from poison and poniard up to naval and military armaments, no instrument of power is beyond their reach. And this is the monstrous stuff—and only not ridiculous and contemptible because it is monstrous—which forms the ground-work of M. de Balsac's most applauded scenes of Parisian life; and we can assure our readers, that of about thirty tales which these twelve

twelve or fourteen volumes contain, there are not above four or five which are not tainted, impregnated, *saturated* with every kind of crime, every kind of filth, every kind of meanness, and, we we must add, every kind of absurdity and improbability.

Besides his novels, or, as they are called, *Etudes sur les Mœurs*, M. de Balsac has published some other works, which, in concurrence with his panegyrists, he is now pleased to designate as *Etudes Philosophiques*. They seem to us to be nothing else but demoralizing maxims exemplified by licentious examples;—the design was infamous, but fortunately the *Studies* are in execution so stupid and so obscure, that even the curiosity of vice must be blunted at their aspect. M. Balsac never had any taste—and the shallow vein of his talents appears to be nearly worked out.

The works which originally appeared under the pseudonyme of MICHEL RAYMOND are now adopted by MICHEL MASSON; though, if we are to credit the dedication to *Le Puritain de Seine et Marne*, there is reason to suspect that *Michel Masson* himself is but the *prête nom* to a kind of partnership, of which a writer, whose real name is M. Raymond Brucker, is the chief. This is probable: for the works are of very unequal merit, and bear the signs, we think, of different hands. The most remarkable, or, we should rather say, the most popular of them—*Les Intimes*—is, as Michel Masson tells us (disavowing at the same time any share in its composition), ‘*le meilleur titre de Michel Raymond à L’ESTIME des lecteurs.*’ Our readers will allow, therefore, that our selection of this work as a specimen of its author is not an unfair one; though they may, perhaps, see reason to think that ‘*esteem*’ is not exactly the sentiment which it is calculated to inspire.

Les Intimes are two intimate friends, a young architect and a young painter, who, on their return from Italy, happen, while changing horses at the post-house of Essonne, to see a boarding-school of young ladies going to church; they, of course, fall in love with two of the spinsters, and after the usual preliminaries marry them. Miss Marielle Millin becomes the wife of M. Edouard Granger, the architect, and Miss Rosalie Feuchères of M. Charles Bouvet, the painter. Poor Charles, to verify the proverb, *Gueux comme un peintre*, has not a *sous* in the world, and labours under what would be in England other disadvantages. He is the illegitimate son of a felon, murderer, and pirate, who is wallowing in wealth and profligacy at Marseilles; while the mother of Charles—the most amiable and virtuous of women—is starving in Paris. These little accidents of indigence, illegitimacy, and dishonourable connexion, do not prevent M. Feuchères,

chères, a *bon bourgeois de Paris*, from giving his only child to poor Charles. But Charles soon ceases to be poor; his friend Granger endows him with a handsome fortune, including a joint share in a town residence in the Champs Elysées and a country box on the banks of the Seine, which the two happy families are to occupy in common. All this may appear very natural to the liberal imaginations of our French neighbours, but to our narrow intellects such excessive generosity and confidence appear even more incredible than the shocking depravity by which, as we shall see, they are followed. The truth is, that the French novelists, whether it arises from the disorder of their own minds, or from that of the society they paint, are

—— ‘so over violent or over civil,
That every man with them is *God or Devil*;

and their virtues, in the rare instance in which they deal in that article, are perhaps more exaggerated than their vices.

Strange enough to say, this double *ménage* goes on happily for a considerable time; but M. Granger is a *liberal*, and chooses to leave home under pretence of directing some public works in a distant department, but really to spread and organize that spirit of revolt against the government which broke out in the Revolution of July. At the same time, unluckily, Madame Charles accompanies old Madame Bouvet to Marseilles, to attend the death-bed of the rich pirate. The painter and Madame Granger are thus left to keep house together; the consequence is, we fear, natural; but that which is *not* natural is, that after the families are reunited, Madame Granger, suspecting one night that her maid had heard Charles's voice in her bed-chamber, seizes a dagger and proceeds to the girl's room, and murders her as she sleeps. Returning to her own apartment, she, with Charles's help, burns her own bloody night-clothes, and destroys also a large sum in bank-notes, with the intention of alleging that she had given them to the maid to pay bills, but that having, no doubt, embezzled them, the girl had committed suicide to avoid punishment.

The anxious horror of the guilty pair next morning, while expecting every moment to hear the explosion of terror which the discovery of the girl's death must produce, is described with much power, and several little incidents produced by her absence are highly wrought up; but lo! a ridiculous denouement: the young woman had indeed passed her mistress's door in the night, not, however, for the purpose of listening at it, but on her way to meet her own lover in a distant part of the house,—and her mistress's vengeance was expended only on *the bolster*. The blood which had polluted the clothes she and Charles had taken such care to burn

was her own: in her blind efforts to stab the bolster she had cut her fingers; and the whole affair passed off without any other notice or consequence than Madame Granger's indignation against the frailty of her chambermaid. But the ensuing scenes are more real. Unreclaimed by this escape from the crime of murder, Madame Granger becomes still worse, and by degrees descends to an incredible profligacy of conduct, and the details of her visits to *persons* and *places* which we dare not describe, are given with a freedom which, in England, would be almost indictable. Charles, in a nocturnal attempt to visit her, is shot by his friend Granger as a robber, and escapes to the house of his father-in-law to die of the wound whose cause is not suspected, but whose fatal effect is accelerated by the *obstinate bigotry* of a priest who forces himself into the dying man's room and insists on offering him the consolations of religion, in spite of all his friend, his wife, and his mother can urge against such *uncharitable* and *indecent*-conduct; by main force the priest is expelled, and Charles is allowed to die in such peace as the world and a guilty life can give. His wife and his mother are of course heart-broken; and at the end of the novel there remain only the adulteress and her confiding and unsuspecting husband, who is too busy in overthrowing the throne of Charles X. to pay an adequate attention to the errors and abuses which have crept into his own little-kingdom. We shall take no notice of a great deal of incidental depravity which is scattered through the volumes; but we must observe that the only personages in the whole drama who are represented as having *any sense of religion* are the adulteress and her mother, to whose *baneful superstition* the crimes of the former are chiefly attributed, though we cannot, for the life of us, discover how the mother's bigotry produces the sensual profligacy of the daughter. But this impious malignity is so clearly the *moral* of the work, that it is our duty to exemplify what would be otherwise incredible by one or two extracts:—

‘Marielle (Madame Granger), re-devenue superstitieuse par sa crainte *bégaya* des prières et des paroles sacrilèges pour rendre *Dieu complice* de son crime, et *la Sainte Vierge protectrice de ses amours impurs*.

‘Dieu! Dieu! s’écria-t-elle—que vous ai-je fait? Vos *saintes loix n’ont jamais été trahies* dans mon cœur. J’ai eu l’eau de baptême sur mon front, et votre divine image dans ma poitrine—Pitié pour *la Chrétienne!*’

The Christian!

This work, ‘the author’s best title to the *esteem* of the public,’ had great success, and was rapidly followed by several others
of

of the same taste and—*vires acquirit eundo*—of deeper depravity. We shall only mention the last,—

'*Le Puritain de Seine et Marne.*'—This country puritan is a miller, whose only daughter is seduced to a profligacy which we cannot hint at—but which is profusely detailed in the original—not by a man, but by a woman. The indignant father follows her to Paris, and drags her from her lodging in a ball dress, without hat or cloak, about eight o'clock one fine evening, across half the town and through the gay crowds of a fête at Mont Martre; at a little distance beyond which, he murders her with his own hand, and chucks the body into the rubbish of a neighbouring quarry, where some days after a dog finds—

sticking out from a heap of filth—a human head—the flesh blue with putrefaction, but with a wreath of pearls in the hair!

Our readers will not be surprised that after this publication the author should have dropped a fictitious name connected with such horrors; but the subsequent works of MICHEL MASSON prove that the cause of the change was assuredly not any remorse for the atrocities of *Michel Raymond*.

He boldly adopts and continues Raymond's *Contes de l'Atelier—Tales of the Workshop*. Why the author should have chosen this title we do not see; there are but two out of eleven which have any relation to the life of artisans, and all are of the same style and character as those we have already noticed—*facies omnibus una*—as our readers will see by the slight sketch we shall give of two or three of them.

La Femme du Réfractaire—The Deserter's Wife—opens with a murder. The plot (in which the deserter and his wife are innocent and subordinate agents) turns on an adultery; it concludes as happily as possible—by the adulterer making an excellent match—the adulteress's repenting *when she has been abandoned*—and all parties being satisfied—except, we suppose, the wife and children of the poor man murdered in the outset.

La Mère—is a prostitute and keeper of a brothel, who gives her illegitimate daughter an honest education in a boarding-school, which brings about her marriage with a respectable young gentleman. The earlier part of the story is given to details of low profligacy—the latter to a tissue of falsehoods and fraud, by which the mother endeavours to conceal from the family of her daughter's husband her own early character and her subsequent profession. At the end she dies, and her children erect her a monument, with this touching inscription—

'*Ici repose une BONNE MÈRE.*'

The only *Christian* to be found in all these publications is, we
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have seen, a promiscuous adulteress—the only good mother recorded is the keeper of a brothel!

La Complainte has little indecency, but is, perhaps, more shocking from a mixture of levity and horror. The celebrated bear of the *Jardin des Plantes* dies. A bookseller, a kind of Parisian Curl—of whom there are but too many—imagines that a ‘*complainte*,’ a lament, on the bear might be made the vehicle of some personal satire against the court, the chief personages of which might each be supposed to sing a little comic elegy on the defunct animal. This design he proposes to a young man of letters, a relation of his own; but though he is starving with an unfortunate girl, whom he keeps, he is too high-minded to prostitute his *musc*, and rejects the proffered reward with indignation. Within twenty-four hours, however, the poor girl dies of disease and famine, and with her last breath requests her lover to give her a decent interment. Alas! he has not the means. While he sits, in the dimness of night, in the room with the corpse, ruminating on his penury, he recollects the bookseller’s offer, seizes his pen, clears his throat, and, in a kind of frenzy, sings and writes, all night long, the drollest couplets to the liveliest tunes! The story is not vigorously told, but this picture of agony grinning like a death’s head is, to our feelings, inexpressibly shocking.

These specimens—which compose the whole of the first volume of the *Tales of the Workshop*—will, we presume, quite satisfy our readers. There is but one of them, we believe, that is not polluted by sensual descriptions, by adultery, or by murder; and some of them are a combination of all.

MICHEL MASSON, besides continuing Raymond’s *Tales*, has also published two or three separate novels—all in the same style. *Le Cœur d’une Jeune Fille* we feel ourselves obliged to notice for the peculiar profligacy which is promulgated under that title. It is composed of twenty-four *souvenirs*—recollections of a young girl’s life, and related by her to a man:—We shall give the titles of some of these chapters:—

VI. Cécile la Boudeuse—*Sullen Cécile*.

XVII. Toute la Lie—*The very Dregs*.

XVIII. L’Egide—*The Ægis*.

XX. Le Baiser qui fait froid—*The Freezing Kiss*.

Of two only of these chapters can we venture to give any idea. *Sullen Cécile* is a friend of the heroine’s, who has obtained this epithet from her unusual gravity. The cause, however, was quite as unusual as the gravity—she was pining with a passion, which ends in a most happy marriage with her own father—that is, with him whom the law and the world considered as her father; but the gentleman had, it seems, good reason to think that *Cécile*, though
his

his wife's child and born in wedlock, was not really his, but the fruit of adultery; and so, at the end of eighteen years, he announces his discovery, *divorces his wife*, and *marries the daughter!*—

The Ægis is a little incident in the life of the heroine herself—so incredibly indelicate and absurd, that it excites equal disgust and contempt for the author who could invent such abominable trash. The young girl had, it seems, consented to give one of her lovers (she having *three* at the moment) a nocturnal interview. She was not insensible, however, of her danger, and had the precaution to arm herself with an *ægis*—prudence?—honour?—modesty?—no; but she must tell it in her own words. She describes her

‘—délicieux costume qui me rendait vraiment jolie—ma robe—ma ceinture—ma collerette—tout était ravissant de fraîcheur; et puis le dernier vêtement—celui que des *yeux profanes* ne sauraient voir, mais qui ne se cache pas aux regards d'un époux—celui là dis-je aussi éclatant de blancheur que le reste de ma toilette, je venais de le quitter pour le remplacer par un autre que j'avais été prendre dans l'armoire au linge de la semaine passée. “Tu me défendras!” dis-je en m'en emparant. Et je le salis encore en le frottant sur le parquet de la chambre. Ainsi, en garde contre moi-même, je partis enfin pour aller trouver Paul.’

This *ægis* from the press of *dirty clothes* inspired her, she adds, with a ‘sentiment de résistance que j'aurai en vain attendu de ma sagesse.’ After this our readers will wonder what the contents must be of that other chapter which the writer modestly entitles ‘*the very Dregs.*’

We now arrive at an author, from a variety of circumstances the most remarkable of all. Not less clever than *Balsac*, not less wicked than *Raymond*, *GEORGE SAND*—by the union of impassioned rhetoric and sensual ideas—carries to its most pernicious excess this species of demoralizing novel. But how much is our surprise and disgust increased, when we find that *GEORGE SAND* is a pseudonyme, and that these lascivious tales—disgusting enough if written by a *man*, however young, or however vicious—are really the production of a *woman*—a lady—a lady, if not of rank, at least of title—of *Madame La Baronne du Devant**! This, even in times which have seen the *Memoirs of Madame de St. Elme* and the *Duchess of Abrantes*, is astonishing.

It is not without difficulty that we can separate a *man* from his *works*; but undoubtedly when men write for the *publisher*, they do sometimes put off their natural character. We have read of

‘The best good man with the worst-natured muse;’

* We find the lady so designated, though we confess ourselves at a loss to guess where the *Bazonny du Devant* may be. We should like to see the *armoiries* of this singular title.

Victor Hugo may never have seen the guillotine; *Balsac* may be a mau of good manners and innocent conversation; and *Michel Masson's* greatest pleasure may be to walk out every fine evening in the monotonous gardens of the Luxembourg with his wife and children. All this is possible; and male authors, like males of every other profession, have a kind of licence to wear disguises, which has never been granted to the other sex.

‘*Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.*’

It is the price that the fair sex pays for the universal protection and deference which they receive, in all ranks and from all ranks, that they should possess the appearance, at least, of those gentler qualities upon which that protection and deference are founded. When they lose the one they forfeit the other, and they descend, not merely to *our* level, but below it. Young says, in one of those moral epigrams which sparkle throughout his too much neglected volumes—

‘A shameless woman is the worst of men;’

and we, therefore, feel that we are entitled to examine *Madame du Devant* and her books, not merely with critical, but with personal severity; for, as the anomaly and mischief of a licentious publication by a *woman* is so much more impudent and odious than a similar offence in a man, so the natural rights of society would justify a severer chastisement. But we have no intention to insist upon that right—*Madame du Devant* has herself admitted the principle we advance, by thinking it expedient to blazon on her title-pages a masculine pseudonyme—and we are content to accept that *amende*—(worthless as, in reason, we feel it to be)—and to consider the works without reference to the deep and important distinctions which might justly be made in reference to the *sex* of the writer.

But the choice of the pseudonyme itself is not unimportant, and deserves a passing observation.—GEORGE SAND! A *German* name can hardly have been chosen at random by a *French* writer. Why, then, *Sand*? In honour, we believe, or, at least, in remembrance of *Sand*, that young German fanatic who, in the year 1819, astounded the world with that practical scene of enthusiastic and bloody romance—the assassination of Kotzebue. If this name was assumed as an indication of the character of the author’s works, it was, to a certain degree, well chosen; but though the name of *Sand* is in harmony with many of these blood-stained pages, it affords no promise of the lascivious scenes, which are still more frequent. We have had, and we still have, some conscientious doubts whether we should mention this author at all, but we have been determined to do so by having found *his* works

works in our London circulating libraries. Whether we shall have sufficient influence to put them into the *Index Expurgatorius* we know not; but at least we may be permitted to mention in *Albemarle Street*, what is sold and circulated in *Piccadilly* and *Bond Street*.

Madame du Devant—for, although we decline taking severer measures, we must at least condemn her, as the parliament of Paris did the Chevalier d'Eon, to wear her petticoats—Madame du Devant, we say, is a closer follower of Rousseau than any of the writers we have been mentioning. *They* have adopted the principles of the *school*—*she* mimics the very gait and manners of the *master*. The majority of her novels are founded on a single plot—the plot of the *Héloïse*—*an ill-assorted marriage and an adulterous amour*; and the very unequal conflict between duty and passion is conducted in a *burning* style, both of sentiment and language, obviously kindled at the guilty flame of *Julie* and *St. Preux*. But she has in some respects gone far beyond her model. Rousseau never ventures to exhibit the actual scene of guilt, however vividly he paints its preliminaries and consequences. Madame du Devant has no such scruples. Rousseau, moreover, in the note which he adds to the conclusion of the *Héloïse*, adduces, as a kind of palliation of the immorality of his story, that at least it is not aggravated by the addition of ‘*noirceurs*,’ ‘*crimes*,’ ‘*horreurs*,’ and he expresses a contemptuous pity for both the heads and hearts of the authors who deal in such deplorable dramas. But Madame du Devant has not only repeated the main incident of the *Héloïse* in several different novels, but finding, we suppose, that frequent repetition deprives even adultery of its zest, she thinks it necessary to stimulate the palling appetite of her readers with ‘*noirceurs, crimes, et horreurs*,’ beyond what even the corrupt head, or still more corrupt heart, of Rousseau could have imagined.

In the first of her novels, *Indiana*—it happens, by a combination of *accidents*—that the guilt of the wife is not complete;—but the devil loses nothing by the interruption. The successive scenes of seduction are given in all their most passionate details, and *Indiana* is, on the whole, more *debased* than she would have been by the early accomplishment of her guilty desires. And there is an under-plot of the seduction (followed by a shocking suicide) of Indiana’s humble companion by the same gallant who perverts and abandons the lady herself. The story is not fuller of wickedness than of absurdities, and the *denouement* is quite in character. Indiana, having lost her husband by death and her lover by infidelity, resolves to commit suicide; but is persuaded by a stupid cousin, who accompanies her throughout the novel with
a brotherly

a brotherly attachment, not to do it in Europe, but to go all the way to the Isle of France in the East Indian seas, where the act may be romantically executed by tumbling down a certain precipice, with which, in the days of their infancy, these two cousins, both natives of that island, had been acquainted; and the '*petit cousin*' promises that if the disconsolate beauty will adopt this very rational suggestion, he, on his part, will be so obliging as to accompany her to the island, and even engages to *partake the suicide*. So generous an offer is irresistible; they sail for the Isle of France—they arrive—they take a considerable time to refresh themselves after their long voyage, and to prepare themselves for a longer. At last one night, when all is ready, they retire to the mountains, they approach the precipice—they contemplate from the cliff the boiling torrent into which they are to throw themselves—they find it in all respects an unexceptionably convenient place for their purpose—they take a last embrace—advance hand in hand to the edge of the precipice—pause for a moment to admire the moon—sit down to wait till a cloud shall come to veil their fatal deed in congenial obscurity—but they tarry rather too long, and begin to hesitate. The next morning finds them still alive, seated on the rock; and the next evening finds them—more comfortably, but less romantically—in *bed together*, without any preliminary interference of either priest or magistrate.

In *Valentine*, M. Le Comte de Raimbault has two daughters, Louise and Valentine—Louise, poor young lady, has had a *misfortune!* for which her father—instigated by her step-mother—not only turns her out of doors, but shoots the seducer through the head—a vengeance which the author makes still more natural by informing us that the deceased was the gallant not only of the daughter, but of the wife of the count. The count soon followed his antagonist to the other world, and his widow and her daughter *Valentine* come to inhabit the chateau de Raimbault. In the mean while Louise, having put the fruit of her *misfortune*—a fine little boy—to school, comes to reside *incognita* amidst the scenes of her youth, and lodges at the cottage of a peasant close to the park of Raimbault. Here, however, though she conceals herself from every one else, she makes herself known to her sister Valentine, who visits her in secret, and by this intercourse becomes acquainted with a young *peasant* called Benedict. This youth, after having been in love with and rejected by Louise, raises his eyes to Mademoiselle Valentine, who condescends to accept his respectful devotion, and rewards him at parting one evening with a chaste salute. But this little *amourette* does not prevent Valentine, who is a model of good sense and amiability, from consenting to marry M. de Lansac, a young gentleman of rank and fortune chosen
for

for her by her mother, and at first very readily accepted by herself. The day before the ceremony, however, the bride receives a letter from her humble friend Benedict, imploring her, by the remembrance of the chaste kiss before mentioned, to meet him in a corner of the park. Valentine, '*dans l'INNOCENCE et la PURETÉ d'un premier amour,*' resolves to comply with this reasonable request, though she does not conceal from herself—the *danger?* the *crime?*—no, no—only the *difficulty* of escaping, on the very eve of her wedding, from the eyes of the family and the attentions of a young and ardent bridegroom. She manages, however, by a dextrous lie which she dictates to her old nurse, to steal away to the rendezvous, where she spends two hours with Benedict; but although '*ils ne cherchèrent point à se soustraire au danger des plus ardentes émotions, l'honneur de Valentine était en sûreté dans le sein de Bénédict.*' This was lucky, and the marriage ceremony with M. de Lansac was solemnized next day. But on the evening of that happy day, poor M. de Lansac was reduced to stroll about the gardens during the first part of the night, and to repose in his *bachelor's* bed during the latter—for Valentine had *bolted her door*: but—*on ne s'avise jamais de tout*—she had forgotten to bolt her window, and through her window Benedict entered and passed the night in her chamber, but—what harm? '*Les ANGES,*' Madame du Devant assures us, '*sont MOINS purs que le cœur d'un jeune homme de vingt ans lorsqu'il aime avec passion.*' We don't pretend to know much of angels;—all we know is, that the pages in which Madame du Devant describes the scenes of this night are not quite *pure* enough to enable us to say any more than that a fortunate dose of opium (why taken we cannot guess) rendered Valentine an almost unconscious witness of the innocent transports of the seraphic Benedict.

Valentine is now in a strange dilemma; but she exhibits at once that combination of *prudence and purity* with which the author has so bounteously endowed her; she bolts *both the window and the door*, and will not commit an infidelity either to her husband or her seraph. At last, however, both the one and the other grow weary; the husband is ordered away on a diplomatic mission, and Benedict endeavours to blow out his brains in the very corner of the park where he had been '*le plus timide des amans, et le plus heureux des hommes.*' He recovers of his wounds in the head, but, alas! those in the heart are every hour more inflamed, and after a long series of increasing compliances and diminishing resistances on the part of Madame de Lansac, their guilt is complete. Then comes the final account. M. de Lansac is killed in a duel. Benedict, in a day or two after this good news arrives, is killed by a farmer, who sees him getting in at the window of his

his wife, who had lent her room to Valentine. Valentine survives him but a week; and the farmer having got drunk one night to drown his remorse for his mistake, makes unhappily another mistake, and drowns himself. This amiable picture would not be complete if we did not add Madame du Devant's account of the death-bed of Valentine, the disobedient daughter—the intriguing girl—the guilty wife—the cause of all this murder and suicide!—

'*Valentine mourut huit jours après. LA RELIGION*—[t'is the only place in the book where the idea occurs, except to be scoffed at]—*versa quelque baume sur ses derniers instans; et la tendresse de Louise* (the unfortunate sister) *adoucit ce rude passage de la terre AU CIEL!!!*

We proceed without comment to another story.

Jacques, a distinguished officer, of 35, marries *Fernande de Theursan*, of 17. With the exception of the difference of age, no marriage could be made under happier auspices. *Fernande* adores and admires her husband; he is the man of her own choice; and indeed his fortune, his reputation, his person, his manners, his talents, and, above all, his goodness and generosity, all do honour to her taste, and promise the happiest futurity. But there can be no happiness—at least, no innocent happiness—for any of the children of Madame du Devant's brain. *M. Jacques* has a sister to whom one *M. Octave* is paying his addresses. We see not very clearly why *Octave* should be obliged to employ Madame *Jacques* to intercede for him with her sister-in-law, but so it is, and what begins by a mediation ends in adultery. *Octave* is faithless to his mistress and *Fernande* to her husband. *Jacques* is very much discomposed at this ingratitude in his wife and his friend; but he still loves her so much as to desire her happiness beyond his own, and with a magnanimity which cannot be sufficiently admired, commits suicide—not in jealousy or anger—but with calm and considerate benevolence, in order that his dear *Fernande* may be at liberty to become the wife of her beloved *Octave*.

André is an interesting and comparatively blameless story of the loves of the son of a country gentleman with a poor little orphan dress-maker of a neighbouring town. They are both amiable and virtuous, but the youth is of a timid and wavering temper, and cannot find courage either to offend his father by making so unequal a match, or to sacrifice his own feelings by breaking it off. The course of the story appears to tend naturally to an innocent and happy *denouement*, but the author—as if she delighted in guilt and blood—makes the interesting young creature forfeit her honour—(though she is married in the next page, and the error does not help the story in any way)—and subsequently kills her by killing the unborn child with which she was about to present her husband, at the moment when there was a likelihood of a reconciliation with his father.

But

But if this story is comparatively innocent, it is coupled in the same *livraison* with one of the author's worst productions—the biography of a kept woman (a young *Flamande* of good family and fortune) and her first seducer, an Italian swindler, of the name of *Leone Leoni*. The whole volume is a succession of knavery—treachery—profligacy—adultery—poison—murder. We cannot tell whether it was accident or design that has coupled these two tales in one *livraison*; we can only say that our surprise was great to find that of the two volumes issued under the title of *André*, the second turned out to be this infamous history of *Leone Leoni*.

We cannot spare room for any details of *Le Secrétaire Intime*, *Rose et Blanche*, *Metella*, *La Marquise*, *Lavinia*, which Madame du Devant has poured out with such a baneful fecundity; but we cannot refrain from distinguishing from the impure crowd the revolting romance of *Lélia*, of which the heroines—high-born and wealthy heroines, be it observed—are not merely *prostitutes*, but *monsters*—the men, convicts, maniacs, and murderers—the incidents, such as never before were printed in any book publicly sold—and the work altogether such as in any country in the world but France would be burned by the hangman. As it would be impossible—morally impossible—to give our readers any analysis of this vague and vicious production, we hope we shall be excused for laying before them some short samples of the sentiments:—

'*J'étais prêtre*'—says a monk in love with a loose blue-stock—'*Je connaissais les choses de la terre et du CIEL—Je voyais Lélia telle qu'elle est sorti du sein de DIEU : beauté, c'est à dire tentation ; espoir, c'est à dire épreuve ; bienfait, c'est à dire mensonge. Lélia—Lélia, ton nom ne s'est-il pas mêlé sur nos lèvres aux noms sacrés de la Vierge et des anges ? Ne l'ai-je pas placée dans le ciel au côté de Dieu même ?*'

'*L'union de l'homme à la femme devrait être passagère dans les desseins de la Providence : tout s'oppose à leur association, et le changement est une nécessité de leur nature.*'

'*Eh bien* (says Pulcherie, the bolder Messalina of the two equally profligate heroines, to her sister Lélia) *puisque vous ne pouvez pas vous faire religieuse, faites vous courtisane. Avec quoi ? dit Lélia d'un air égaré. Je n'ai pas de sens.*'

'*Il t'en viendra, dit Pulchérie en souriant.*'—

'*Il y a un refuge contre les hommes—c'est le suicide : il y a un refuge contre Dieu—c'est le néant !*'

'*Dieu te gardait, ame inviolable et sainte ! Nulle orgie, nulle femme amoureuse—nulle amitié t'a possédée—tu es restée VIERGE dans un corps PROSTITUÉ à toutes les débauches !*'

These,

These, we solemnly assure our readers, are innocent common-places of morality compared with passages which swarm in every page, but which we trembled and shuddered to read, and which we dare not copy.

And here we gladly close our notice of the individual works. We have said nothing of the tribe of imitators who propagate, with less talent and in obscurer circles, the principles of Balsac, Michel Raymond, and George Sand. Contemptible as writers, they are by no means contemptible as instruments of national corruption; but being obliged by our limits to make a selection, we have taken our examples from those writers who are universally, and without dispute, admitted to be the first novelists of France, and the truest painters of her manners and her morals.

There are some authors of better reputation and less fame, such as MM. De Vigny, Janin, Sue—Mesdames Girardin, Gay, &c.; but they are more like novelists of the old school, and their works have no other connexion with our present inquiry than to prove, by their comparative inferiority of circulation and popularity, the real depravation of the public taste, and we must add of public morals, and consequently of public safety.

When we confess ourselves equally astonished and alarmed at this deluge of impurity, obscenity and impiety, we are not, we believe, disturbed by trifling or imaginary dangers: at least none of the ostentatious friends of the unbounded liberty of the press,—none of the political party to which the authors of most, if not all of those works confessedly belong,—none of those who attest that *Opinion is the queen of the world*, and the printing press her *first minister*,—can deny the intimate, the *vital* connexion of popular literature with popular character, whether popular literature be looked upon as an index of the popular character as it exists,—or as an instrument by which popular character may be made,—or, in its broader and truer light, of both index and instrument.

But if any one could be found bold enough to deny the *theory* of these propositions, we have unfortunately a superabundance of *facts* to establish their practical truth. We have upon our table before us upwards of one hundred novels of this class published within the last five years, and we could have, we believe, increased the number two or three fold; and there is not in that number half a dozen—absolutely, we believe not six,—in which a lapse of female chastity is not the main incident; there are not ten in which that lapse is not adulterous;—in not a few it is accompanied by incest or other unnatural profligacies; and in a majority it is attended by suicide and murder.

Is the evidence they give of the state of society false?—then their effect must be to poison minds now innocent.

Is their evidence true?—then our worst apprehensions are realised.

Take it which way you will, the evil is flagrant, the danger imminent. We have heard of moral phenomena, but here we have a record of *immoral* phenomena, which we think must startle the steadiest eye and the firmest heart. But it is not by our feeble commentary, by *our* antiquated apprehensions, by *our* illiberality, *our* pedantry, *our* bigotry, or by whatever name our feelings may be ridiculed, that we wish this great question to be judged.

Let us look at the confessions of the very doctors of the new school. 'I have shown,' says M. de Balsac, not in a novel, but in what he denominates a philosophical and physiological essay on Marriage,—that great and substantial bond of human society and happiness,—

'I have shown—that it is almost impossible for a married woman to preserve her virtue in France—qu'il est presque impossible à une femme mariée de rester vertueuse en France.'

'A law of marriage,' says Madame du Devant, 'which should endeavour to combine morality with love, is as mad, as impotent to restrain passion, as *derisory before God*, as the *social marriage* of the present times is *before man*.'

And again :—

'No *theory* should be absolutely rejected; and I therefore will admit *that* of conjugal fidelity,—but only as a case of *exception* to the general rule: the *majority of the world has other wants*.'

God forbid that we should give implicit credit to such statements. We are satisfied that they are the exaggerations of writers, who, to justify their own views, have an interest in overcharging, when they do not altogether misrepresent, the real state of society; but on the other hand, we are equally convinced that the misrepresentation is only *in degree*; and that shrewd and anxious candidates for public favour would neither give utterance to such opinions, nor make them the basis of works on which depend their fortune and their fame, if they were not assured that both the opinions and the pictures have *enough of truth* to render them palatable and popular with the public: and even if it could be argued that the public with whom such works could be palatable and popular were not already deeply corrupted, it must, we think, be admitted that they could not fail, under such a regimen, soon to become so. Let us hear what the great oracle Rousseau says, —and M. Balsac tells us that Rousseau is the highest authority upon what he calls *moral* and we call *immoral* questions.—Rousseau, in his preface to the *Héloïse*, sets out by confessing frankly that this species of romance is 'a necessary of life in a corrupted state of society,'—and from this it follows, as a corollary, that an enormous supply of this necessary article infers an enormous extent

tent of corruption to absorb it. This indicates his opinion as to the *cause* of these works,—now let us look at his opinion as to their *consequences*: ‘The *style* of my work,’ he says, ‘will offend people of taste,—the *matter* will alarm the decent, and scandalise women of virtue, but as to a *girl’s* reading it!—*she who shall dare to read a single page of it is lost for ever.*’ Now the work which Rousseau himself thus candidly denounces would appear, we hesitate not to affirm, innocent, innocuous, blameless, when compared with the gross scenes, the inflammatory language, the filthy details of *every species* of sensual profligacy which these novels exhibit, and we adopt with great sincerity Rousseau’s opinion, that she who *dares to read a single page* of the hundred thousand licentious pages with which the last five years have inundated society, is *lost for ever*.

But these, it may be said, are only *reasonings*. Let us come, then, to *facts*,—let us look at the records of the French press, and at the evidence of their courts of justice. Let us open any file of French newspapers, and we shall find in almost every page a tragedy of *real life*, generally equalling, and often exceeding the most profligate and bloody of the pictures of the novelists.

Passing the autumn of 1834 in the country, we happened to be struck with the number of suicides and other tragical events which were reported in one or two of the French journals which reached us—the *Gazette de France* and the *Tribune*. At first we only wondered,—at last they became so frequent and so atrocious that we began to cut out the paragraphs,—we unluckily did not keep the exact dates of all our extracts, but we have the dates of SIXTY-FIVE suicides in the month of *October* alone. We subjoin some particulars, and first some extracts from the Paris and provincial papers, to show the universality of the evil:—

‘*Paris*.—The mania of suicide has reached all classes of society.’

‘*St. Omer* (North of France).—The mania of suicide continues to make daily progress.’

‘*Lyons* (East).—We have to report another suicide—a scourge which now invades all classes.’

‘*Elbauf* (West).—Another suicide to add to the number reported every day.’

‘*Auck* (South).—The fearful disease of suicide continues to ravage the whole of France.’

‘*Orleans* (Centre).—We have to report another suicide—a frenzy which invades all classes of society.’

We shall now state the number of suicides reported in *one week*, of which we happen to have kept notes:—

Oct. 22.—Five suicides.

„ 23.—Four suicides.

„ 24.—One suicide.

„ 52.—Two suicides.

Oct. 26.—Three suicides.

„ 27.—Two suicides.

„ 28.—Six suicides.

and

and this in two papers alone. In the whole month we find in our note-book, as we have said, of exactly *dated* cases above SIXTY. Between the end of September and the beginning of December, we have no less than ONE HUNDRED AND TEN. We shall now give a few of the cases in detail :—

‘Euphrosine Lemoine was the daughter of a bourgeois of the Faubourg St. Antoine. She loved, and had admitted to secret interviews, a young cabinet-maker of the neighbourhood,—her parents, however, had long intended her to marry Mr. B——, a man of some property. She reluctantly consented,—pronounced the *fatal yes*’ [we translate, whenever we can, the exact words of our original], ‘and the young man prudently left Paris for some years. In 1834 he yielded to the desire of once more seeing her he had loved,—they met,—and the husband was dishonoured. This was followed by an elopement ; but the husband, who still loved his wife, in spite of her crimes, discovered her retreat, and by the intervention of friends and of the police, a reconciliation was effected : in vain ; they again eloped,—but only to perish together, and they were found, eight days after, dead, locked in each other’s arms, in a miserable apartment they had hired for the purpose. Before the suicide, one of them had sketched with coal, on the wall of their retreat, *two flaming hearts*, and beneath this inscription,—“*They had sworn eternal love, and death, terrible death, shall find them united.*”’

‘This morning a boatman discovered, in the Seine, a mass which the stream seemed to roll along with difficulty,—he found it was two bodies,—a young woman about twenty, tastefully dressed, and a young man in the uniform of the 8th Hussars,—the left hand and foot of one victim were laid to the right hand and foot of the other ; a bit of paper, carefully wrapped up in parchment, to preserve it from the water, told their names and their motives :—

“O you—*whoever you may be, compassionate souls, who shall find these two bodies united, know that we loved each other with the most ardent affection, and that we have perished together, that we may be eternally united. Know, compassionate souls, that our last desire is, that you should place us, united as we are, in the same grave. Man should not separate those whom death has joined.*

(Signed) “FLORINE. GOYON.”

‘Some evenings since a light was observed in the Church at Rueil. This singular appearance occasioned a search ; on the approach of the authorities the light was extinguished,—but a woman’s stays were found on the pavement. The beadle of the church was met, apparently much agitated. On a further search, the proprietress of the stays was found concealed in a press under the *draps mortuaires* (the parish pall). The unhappy man, on the detection of this profanation, drowned himself in the river, where his body has since been found.’

‘M. Malglaive, a half-pay officer, lately employed in a public office,

office, had suffered some unexpected pecuniary losses. Last Saturday one of his friends received a note from M. Malglaive, by the twopenny post, requesting him to call at his lodgings, where he would find a packet addressed to him. On proceeding there and opening the packet, he found a letter in these words:—

“ *When you shall have received this letter, my poor Eleanore and I will be no more. Be so good as to have our door opened; you will find our eyes closed for ever. We are weary of misfortunes, and don’t see how we can do better than end them. Satisfied of the courage and attachment of my excellent wife, I was certain that she would adopt my views, and take her share in my design.*”

These young people, for the husband was but thirty-four and the wife twenty-eight, had taken the most minute precautions to render the effect of the fumes of charcoal—the mode of death they had chosen—certain; but a brace of loaded pistols was placed on the night-table, to be used if the charcoal had failed.

Two young people—Auguste, aged 26, and Henriette, aged 18—had long loved each other, but the parents of the girl would not consent to the match. In this difficulty the young man wrote to Henriette—“ *Men are inexorable—well, let us set them at defiance—God is all-powerful—our marriage shall be celebrated in his presence, and to-morrow, if you love me, we will write, in our blood and at the foot of the Cross, our marriage vow.*”

This proposition turned the weak girl’s head, and she consented. They proceeded one night last week to a field near St. Denis, where there was a Cross; on their way they made incisions in the arms of both, to procure the blood in which the following *acte de mariage* was written:—

“ *Great God, who governs the destinies of mankind, take us under thy holy protection! As man will not unite us, we come on our knees to implore thy sanction to our indissoluble union. O God, take pity on two of thy poor children! Assemble all thy heavenly choir, that on so happy a day they may partake our transports, and be witnesses of the holy joy that shines in our hearts. O God! O ye Angels of Heaven and Saints of Paradise! look down upon a happiness which even the blessed may envy.*

“ *And you, shades of our parents, come to this affecting ceremony; come and give us your approbation and your blessing. It is in the presence of you all that we—Pierre Auguste and Marie Henriette—swear to belong to each other, and to each other only, and to be faithful to each other to the hour of dissolution: yes, we swear it—we swear it with one voice. You are our witnesses, and we are united for life and for death.*

“ *(Signed in letters of blood)*

“ **PIERRE AUGUSTE.**

“ **MARIE HENRIETTE.**”

The very day after this visionary marriage, it was dissolved by the suicide of the unfortunate Henriette. The moment her fault had become irreparable, her betrayer abandoned her; and the poor creature

ture threw herself into the Seine. On her body was found the foregoing singular *acte de mariage*, to which she had subjoined with a feeble hand the following note:—

‘ “He has dishonoured me—the monster! He deceived me by pretences which went to my heart; but it is he who is to be pitied—wretch that he is!”’

The morbid fancy of Madame du Devant could hardly have woven a more horrible tragedy. We know not whether the following paragraph, which appeared a few days after the foregoing, relates to the same melancholy affair; it is very probable:—

‘Yesterday a young man of the name of *Auguste*, about twenty-five years of age, committed suicide, by throwing himself naked from the fifth story of a house in the Rue Neuve Saint Marc. He was a waiter in the gambling-house called *Frescati*.’

‘We announced a few days since the death of the Count de Clermont Ferrand, who died by his own hands on the very day of his wedding. The facts are as follow:—M. de Clermont Ferrand, aged twenty-five, had become attached to a young person, whom he wished to marry against the wishes of his family; but his mother, who had great influence over him, prevailed on him to break off that connexion and to consent to a union with a young lady, beautiful, accomplished, wealthy, and with whom he had been long acquainted. To make this match still more suitable, and to reward him for his compliance with her wishes, his mother settled on him a larger portion of her fortune than he could have expected. The day appointed for the marriage arrived. During the ceremony, M. de Clermont was calm, but on pronouncing the *fatal yes*, he turned pale and was near fainting; but he soon recovered himself, and endeavoured by his attentions to his bride to dissipate this little cloud. But he had scarcely returned to his mansion, when he shut himself up in his closet and stabbed himself repeatedly. A servant who, observing his being ill during the ceremony, had followed him, saw him fall, and called for assistance; it was too late—he died early that same afternoon, requesting with his last breath that the nature of his death should be concealed from his mother.’

‘A fresh suicide has recently occurred near Paris. Madame de F—— has killed herself in the park of her own chateau, with her own fowling-piece, which she took out on pretence of going shooting, as she was in the habit of doing. She loaded it with six balls, and placing the muzzle to her breast, discharged it. The only cause assigned is the vexation she and M. de F—— felt at her having no children to inherit their large fortune.’

‘A young woman, of a highly honourable commercial family, has just put an end to herself, overwhelmed with the idea of having forfeited the esteem of her husband. *Rosalie* had from her youth been destined to be the wife of M. C——, a gentleman of her own station in

in life. Their union, though not distinguished by any transports of love, was soberly and rationally happy, and they had two children.

Unfortunately, Madame C—— was obliged by affairs of business to go into the country, while her husband remained at Paris. During this absence, she appears to have formed a guilty passion (the circumstances of which have not been revealed); but on her return home, the remorse of her conscience so preyed upon her spirits as to be at last insupportable, and after a long and painful struggle she resolved upon suicide. She had often resisted and overcome the fatal temptation, but last Sunday it overcame her. Just before the fatal act, she wrote a long letter to her sisters [of which we can only spare room for the most striking passages]:—

“I have resolved to terminate my existence to-day; but I have not had during the whole morning resolution to leave my poor little children, who are unconscious of their mother’s agony. . . . Forgive, my dear sister, the grief that my death is about to cause you. If my excellent husband has offended you, forgive him. . . . If I had appreciated his worth, I should not be the wretch I am; my negligence towards him began my misfortune, but I had nothing to reproach myself with till my fatal journey to Sarcelles—that journey was my ruin! . . . If I had your virtues, I should have been the happiest of women, but I allowed myself to be bewildered by a sentiment which I had not before known, and in my culpable frenzy I was guilty before I intended it. . . . O my God! may my repentance be accepted, and may thy goodness inspire my husband with a peculiar—an exalted degree of parental affection for those unhappy and innocent children. Protect them, Oh my God, and grant that they may not curse the memory of their unhappy mother, who was guilty without intending it.

“And you, O my dearest Louis, forgive your wretched wife, who offers you this her last farewell.”

‘One may judge the consternation which this affecting letter spread in the family. The sister, on receiving the letter, hastened with Dr. Bouillet to Mr. C——’s house—it was too late—they found the poor woman in the last agonies of death, while her little children were playing about the adjoining room at the little sports of their age.’

Here we must stop, because we have exhausted—not our matter, but—the space we can allow to this branch of the subject. The instances we have given are translated verbatim (except some abridgment)—we have not added a single circumstance to heighten the effect, and the only selection we made was to take, as our notes offered them, those cases in which the motives of the suicides happened to be best ascertained. There are twenty others, for which we cannot find room, of the same circumstantial character, and what will no doubt serve to concentrate the horror that this detail must excite, we believe we may venture to say (although unluckily we have not the exact date of all our extracts) that every one that we have quoted appeared in the single month of October,

1834.

1834. The whole *one hundred and ten cases* of suicide, with a proportional collection of assassinations and murders, occur, as we have said, in the course of that single autumn; and we have no reason to suppose that any other equal period would have been less fruitful in such deplorable events. And finally, it is remarkable that the instances that have thus, almost fortuitously, presented themselves embrace all classes of society, from the *count in chateau* to the waiter in a gambling house—from the daughter of a peer of France to the poor little sempstress of the Faubourg.

We shall be told, perhaps, that such crimes are of all ages and nations, and reminded that—*quis tulerit Gracchos*—it does not become Englishmen to complain of *suicide*. It is true that such crimes are of all times and countries, but the present question is as to the *degree* in which they may exist—whether they are rare or frequent—whether they are increasing or diminishing under a particular regimen. Disease and death are common to all men; but that is no answer to those who would inquire into the causes or remedies of a particular contagion. If France, which in *the last century* was in a condition to reproach us with the frequency of suicides, has for the last forty years outstripped us in the race of death, and if, of those forty years, the last five or six have been marked, out of all proportion, with this crime, it becomes us to look about for the causes of the growing evil, which is not merely an evil in itself, but the index also and measure of the growth of so many other crimes. And can any one have read the sketches we have given of French novels, and the instances we have produced of French morals, without seeing that they are not only of one country, but of one family; and that the novels, in fact, present, upon the whole, the less unfavourable view of the state of French society?

But it is not on mere incidents of this nature only that our alarms are grounded. We will not here repeat what we formerly said on the subject of the *drama*—though that is, and must be, a most important consideration;—but we will take a more solemn and indisputable criterion—the proceedings in the courts of law. It is but too true that France has always had a large proportion of *Causes célèbres*—but we believe we may safely assert that there have been more trials for flagitious offences within the last six years than had disgraced the whole century preceding the tragedy of Louis XVI.

We shall not now allude to the recent *political* trials—though they are the first-born and legitimate children of the Lafitte Revolution, and are only equalled in number by the countless prosecutions of the Reign of Terror. Our present object is with the trials only that reveal the *moral* aspect of the times. The field is

so wide, that to examine it as it really deserves would occupy our whole Number; all we can do is to quote a few in which the principles which pervade the novels we have been examining appear to exhibit themselves; and we shall confine our notice to very recent instances. If we were to embrace four or five years, we should fill a volume—we have not room for even four or five months.

In the course of last autumn, a lady of some landed property, of the name of Vinette, had occasion to express some disapprobation of the peasant or farmer who managed her estate of La Vincée, on the banks of the Loire. Much after the manner of *Valentine de Lansac*, this Mademoiselle Vinette had admitted this peasant—named not *Benedict*, but *Brochard*—to the last familiarities; but if this case is not quite so bad as the novel, seeing that Mademoiselle Vinet was unmarried, it is worse on the other side, for Brochard had a wife and three children. In consequence of the quarrel we have mentioned, Brochard returned that afternoon to his lady's room and murdered her with a log of wood, but not before she had made so much noise as to alarm his wife, who, looking out, saw him drawing something through the garden which looked like the body of his mistress. Terrified at this sight, which satisfied her of her husband's guilt and of her own misfortune as a wife and as a mother, she with her children escaped to her own relations.

In about two hours Brochard informed the neighbours that his mistress had disappeared—he went himself to invite the authorities to make inquiries on the spot. Nothing appeared—but next day some one found buried on a spot of newly-worked ground in the garden Mademoiselle Vinette's bonnet, and eventually, about five hundred paces off, the body. These circumstances were concealed from Brochard, who spent the whole day in the most active search—in sounding the wells and dragging the river—for his mistress. After they had allowed him to exhaust himself in his fruitless labours, they led him by the light of a lantern to the spot where the body lay under a heap of leaves, and desired him—to try there!

There were found in Brochard's possession two papers purporting to be—the one a gift from Mademoiselle Vinette to Brochard of all her property at La Vincée,—the other a letter to her mother, begging her to take no further pains to discover what had become of her.

In the last summer, a surgeon of the name of Prosper Bancal was tried for the murder of Madame Priolland, a woman he had seduced from her husband—under most extraordinary circumstances, too long to be here repeated:—the main fact was clear and confessed—the woman had been murdered, and murdered by her paramour;

paramour; but he pleaded that it was by her own consent—that they were tired of life, and had determined to die together. His own wounds were slight, and there seemed abundant cause to suspect his defence; the jury, however, chose to believe that he had endeavoured to commit two murders though he had only succeeded in one, and they *therefore* acquitted him.

But may it not be remarked that this is an ill-chosen instance, for that the same thing happened recently in Jersey, and that not long since a tragedy of analogous nature occurred at Barnes in Surrey? 'Tis too true: yet instead of invalidating, these unhappy cases seem rather to support our opinion—in both these cases the seducers and accomplices in the death of the infatuated young women were—FRENCHMEN! In the Barnes case, the unhappy youth, who had been set at liberty, and who had gone back to his own country, could find no rest, and he returned, within a few weeks, and committed suicide on the grave of his victim.—The two following cases belong also to the return of 1835:—

'A very strange affair,—which, we cannot guess why, the *Gazette des Tribunaux* has not mentioned, is at this moment pending before the *Cour Royal*. It is the demand of a *personal* separation made by Madame Bertin de Vaux against her husband, eldest son of M. Bertin de Vaux, editor of the *Journal des Débats* (now a peer of France). We shall give hereafter the very *piquant* details of this affair.'

Which, however, we have not seen.

'A horrible crime has just transpired at Avesnes. A woman, whose equivocal conduct had often excited observation, and who had been suspected of pregnancy, though no child appeared, was, on a late pregnancy, narrowly watched, and her residence subsequently examined by the police. They found in the *chimney* of her bed-room *seven corpses of children smoked and dried*.—the remains of eleven which she had had all together.'

At the assizes in last November in Paris, a man of the name of Joseph David, thirty-eight years of age, was tried for the murder of the wife of his brother, Pierre Jacques David, a retired officer, a member of the legion of honour, and head of one of the branches of the *Hôtel des Invalides*, who had possessed interest enough to obtain for his unworthy brother a clerkship in his own department. This wretch had, it seems, endeavoured to seduce his sister-in-law, but not being able to succeed, (as seems proved, though the culprit himself alleged that *he had*,) he murdered the woman, but in such a way as to suggest a possibility of her death having been occasioned by suicide—which, with the allegation that

that its cause was the wife's criminality, was the prisoner's defence. This trial was rendered still more painful by the appearance, as witnesses in the prosecution, of the father of the two Davids, an old captain in the army, and of his grandson, the son of the victim and nephew of the culprit. He was found guilty, and after a long hesitation on the part of the government, lately executed.

On the 8th of December last, a butcher of the city of Marseilles, going early to his work, observed four men carrying a heavy load. The butcher, suspecting them to be thieves, let loose his dog, on whose approach the men dropped the load and made off, while the dog stood over it howling in the most lamentable manner. On examination the bundle was found to contain the body of one Arnaud, a kind of quack doctor, who was known in the city as the advocate for, and—when he could find patients sufficiently confident—practiser of, the process of transfusion of blood. But the body exhibited the most extraordinary facts—the windpipe had been cut—the stomach opened in its whole length—the entrails all taken out, but replaced—the openings sewn up, and the body then carefully washed and dressed. Some witnesses affected to believe that the unhappy doctor had been the victim of some of his patients, who had been practising on him his own art of transfusion of blood, and that opinion, strange to say, prevailed for some time; but on some subsequent incidents, the wife of Arnaud, with whom he had been on bad terms, and a man who was the intimate friend of both parties, were arrested, and there seemed reason to suppose that the murder had been only an epilogue to an adultery. But the strange treatment of the body remains unexplained, and the French papers have been so engaged with the Fieschi trials, that they have not thought it worth while to finish this extraordinary story.

The next trial is a perfect modern romance. M. de Pontalba is one of the great proprietors of France. His son had been a page of Napoleon's, and afterwards a distinguished officer, aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and a protégé of the Duke of Elchingen. He married the daughter of Madame d'Almonaster, and for some time they lived happily; but on the death of her mother, Madame de Pontalba began to indulge in such extravagances that even the enormous fortune of the Pontalbas was unequal to it. This led to some remonstrance on the part of the husband; on the morning after which she disappeared from the hotel, and neither he nor her children had any clue to her retreat. At last, after an interval of some months, arrives a letter from her to her husband, dated New Orleans, in which she announces that

that she means to apply for a divorce; but for eighteen months nothing more was heard of her, except by her *drafts* for money. At last she returned, but only to afflict her family. Her son was at the military academy of St. Cyr—she induced him to clope, and the boy was plunged in every species of debauchery and expense. This afflicted in the deepest manner his grandfather, who revoked a bequest which he had made him of about 4000*l.* a-year, and seemed to apprehend for him nothing but future ruin and disgrace. The old man, eighty-two years of age, resided in his chateau of Mont Levêque, whither in October, 1834, Madame de Pontalba went to attempt a reconciliation with the wealthy senior. Then and there occurred the most extraordinary and unaccountable scene that, though we have just read one hundred French novels, we ever met with. On the 19th of October, the day after Madame de Pontalba's arrival, she found she could make no impression on the father-in-law, and was about to return to Paris, when old M. de Pontalba, at the age of eighty-two, observing a moment when she was alone in her apartment, enters it with a brace of double-barrelled pistols, locks the door, and approaching his astonished daughter-in-law desires her 'to recommend herself to God, for that she has but few minutes to live;' but he does not even allow her one minute—he fires immediately, and two balls enter her left breast. She starts up and flies, her blood streaming about, to a closet, exclaiming that she will submit to any terms, if he will spare her. '*No, no; you must die!*'—and he fires his second pistol. She had instinctively covered her heart with her hand—that hand is miserably fractured by the balls; but saved her heart. She then escapes to another closet, where a third shot is fired at her without effect—and at last she rushes in despair at the door—and while M. de Pontalba is discharging his last barrel at her, she succeeds in opening it. The family, alarmed by the firing, arrives, and she is saved. The old man, on seeing that she is beyond his reach, returns to his apartments, and blows out his brains. It seems clear that he had resolved to make a sacrifice of the short remnant of his own life, in order to release his son and his grandson from their unfortunate connexion with Madame de Pontalba. But he failed—none of *her* wounds were mortal; and within a month after, Madame de Pontalba, 'perfectly recovered, in high health and spirits, radiant and crowned with flowers, was to be seen at all the fêtes and concerts of the capital.'

In the mean time a suit for restitution of conjugal rights was pending between her and her husband; and towards the end of last October a final decree of the court enjoined that Madame de Pontalba should return under marital authority, and should reside in such of her husband's houses as he should appoint—excepting
only—

only—with admirable delicacy—the Chateau de Mont Levêque, where the bloody scene had been acted.

The following story is so extraordinary, that we should have hesitated to have noticed it, if we did not find it in a paper with so respectable and almost official a character as the *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

A young and handsome wife of a shopkeeper, on the Boulevard Montmartre, being one day quite alone behind her counter, was addressed by a person who bore all the external marks of a gentleman, under a pretence that he was desirous of making a selection of some jewellery. He soon, however, began to talk to the *folie marchande* of the impression she had made on him since he first beheld her, and, in order to recommend his suit, placed before her a paper which he said was a formal deed by which he settled upon her a pension of 35,000f. (1400*l.*) a-year, offering along with this deed a sum in bank-notes amounting to 50,000f. (2000*l.*) and a large purse filled with gold—all of which gifts he pressed on her on condition that she would quit her husband, and go and live with him (the donor) at his chateau. The stranger then left the shop abruptly, saying he would call again for her answer. He came within an hour after, when the pretty *marchande* told him that she felt highly indignant at his audacious proceeding, and requested him instantly to take back his money and papers (which had remained untouched on the counter), and never again to set his foot in her shop. He did as he was bid, threatening to revenge himself for the manner in which he had been treated. The lady, however, abstained from mentioning the occurrence to her husband, or any other person, and soon forgot it altogether. Some weeks after, as she was again sitting alone in her shop, six men came in, among whom was her professed admirer. It appears they had been watching a favourable opportunity for their infamous purpose, for they found no difficulty in dragging the poor woman from the shop into a back parlour, after locking the door of which they threw her on the floor, and while five of her assailants forcibly held down her arms and legs, each of the six in turn took advantage of her helpless situation. After this they all retired hastily, leaving the poor woman insensible from terror and the acts of violence committed on her person. Information was subsequently given to the police of this daring and unheard-of outrage, and means were immediately taken to secure the principal criminal and his accomplices. The chief actor in this atrocity must be a notorious character, for the victim of his violence declares that between his first and second visit she had seen him frequently go by on the Boulevard in a very splendid equipage, which she describes so as to lead to the discovery of its supposed owner.'

As the complicated and mysterious *Procès la Roncière* has been reported in the English papers, and as it has been discussed and recently reviewed with great ability in the *Times* (4th and 5th April),

April), it is probably familiar to most of our readers. We shall therefore only say of it, that both the author—the motive—and the extent of the alleged offences were left in more obscurity and doubt at the conclusion of the trial than at its commencement; and that a young lady or a young gentleman—children of officers of distinguished rank and honourable character—must have been *either*, if not *both*, guilty of the foulest calumnies, the meanest intrigues, and the most impudent perjuries—to say nothing of gross violations of personal decency. The tribunals found the young officer guilty; but that verdict did not, we understand, receive universal assent from those who attended the trial; and the shrewd writer in the *Times* has detailed reasons against it, which in England would certainly produce at least a new trial. But be that as it may, the whole affair, if developed in all its details, would afford M. de Balsac as *piquant* and almost as immoral a subject as any of his *Scènes de la Vie privée*.

Anecdotes of former times, when, in a lonely inn, the benighted traveller was sure to find a *den of murder*—anecdotes, long since worn out in novels and on the stage, are now revived, not in the hut of the forest, but on the high roads of France, close to a royal residence and within a few posts of the capital.

'The son of a merchant at St. Quentin some days ago (March, 1836) left his home for Paris with a sum of 1200 francs. His father, from receiving no letter from him, made inquiries, and at length applied to the authorities, who instituted a search. A napkin bearing marks of bloody fingers having been wiped on it, being found on the banks of the river near Verberie, between Senlis and Compiègne, excited suspicion against the proprietors of a small inn at that place, whose initials it bore. The mistress was examined, and at length confessed that she, *assisted by her female servant*, had murdered the young man in his bed; *they then cut his body into pieces*, and threw them—*par lambeaux*—into the river, which ran at a short distance from the house.'

This is exactly the story of Madame de Genlis's pretty little piece of '*A bon Entendeur, salut*'—with the important difference, which marks the spirit of the two periods,—that in Madame de Genlis's *fable* the young female servant refuses to assist in the murder, and actually enables the young gentleman to make his escape; in the *real scene* the *girl* is as blood-thirsty as the *hag*.

We shall not—though reminded of them by the circumstances of this last *butchery*—dwell upon others of these strange and tragic scenes, of which almost every week produces one or two instances in some part or other of France, where the mere thirst of blood or plunder is diversified by *fantastical* cruelty. To show the connexion of these individual cases with the general state of society

society would require the examination of many more instances than we have room for. We merely indicate them as a branch of the subject, which is not to be left altogether out of the account.

But before we can close our very *abridged* and *imperfect* catalogue of *judicial romances*—all occurring within the last few months—there is one which requires, on every account, particular notice.

In the French papers of the 8th November last, we observed that a man of letters, M. *Altaroche*, was tried for libels on Louis Philippe. One of these libels was a song, which was submitted to the jury, and ran as follows :—

‘ PÉTITION D’UN VOLEUR À UN ROI SON VOISIN.

SIRE, de grâce écoutez moi,
Je viens de sortir des galères—
Je suis voleur, vous êtes roi,—
Agrissons ensemble en bons frères
Les gens de bien me font horreur,
J’ai le cœur dur et l’âme vile,
Je suis sans pitié, sans honneur ;—
Ah ! faites-moi *sergent de ville*.

Bon ! je me vois déjà sergent ;
C’est une maigre récompense.
L’appétit me vient en mangeant :
Allons, SIRE, un peu d’indulgence
Je suis hargneux comme un roquet,
D’un vieux singe j’ai la malice ;
Au total, je vandrais *Gisquet* :
Faites-moi *préfet de police* !

Je suis, j’espère, un bon préfet !
Toute prison est trop petite ;
Ce métier pourtant n’est pas fait,
Je le sens bien, pour mon mérite.
Je sais dresser un budget,
Je sais embrouiller un registre ;
Je signerais : « *VOLEUR* ! »
Ah, SIRE ! faites-moi *maître*.

SIRE, oserai-je réclamer—
Mais écoutez-moi sans colère ;
Je vien que je vais exprimer,
Pourrait bien, ma foi, vous déplaire :
Je suis *fourbe*, *aveugle*, *mechant*,
Ladre, *impitoyable*, *rapace*,
J’ai fait se pendre mon parent—...
SIRE, écoutez-moi *notre place* !

This song, when read in court, excited considerable applause, and, as a specimen of caustic satire, appeared to us to deserve it. We thought it, at least, as poignant as any of those celebrated ‘odes’ in which Béranger had slandered the predecessor of Louis Philippe, and we could not help feeling that this sudden and vigorous *right about* of the satiric muse was a kind of *poetical justice* on the new government, which had been, in no inconsiderable degree, indebted for its existence to that species of composition.

If we were surprised and, in a literary point of view, pleased at seeing in M. *Altaroche* so powerful a successor and rival to Béranger, what was our astonishment when we found—only four days later—that is, on the 12th November—that a *felon* of the name of *Lacenaire*, who appeared at the bar of the Criminal Court of Paris for a complication of robberies and murders, was the *real author* of these clever verses, of which M. *Altaroche* was only the plagiarist and publisher !

We certainly never were more surprised ; and we should have doubted whether it was possible that such a wretch could have been the real author, but that *Lacenaire* reclaimed his property in another

another song, which, though not so good as the former, (as indeed the very subject forbade,) had yet enough of its spirit to establish the identity of the *Chansonnier*.

' Je suis un voleur, un filou,
Un scélérat, je le confesse ;
Mais quand j'ai fait quelque bassesse,
Hélas ! je n'avais pas le sou.
La faim rend un homme excusable.
Un pauvre de grand appétit
Peut bien être tenté du diable ;
Mais pour me voler mon esprit,
Nêtes-vous pas plus misérable ?

Or, contre un semblable méfait
Notre code est muet, je pense.
Au parquet, j'en suis sûr d'avance.
Ma plainte aurait bien peu d'effet.
Pour dérober une *flèche* * (* une bourse),
On s'en va tout droit en prison,
Aussi le prudent *Allaroché*
Ne m'a volé qu'une chanson,
Sans mettre la main dans ma poche.

Un voleur adroit et subtil,
Pour éviter toute surprise,
Sait déguiser sa marchandise
Et la vendre ainsi sans péril.
Allaroché, aussi raisonnable,
Et craignant quelque camouflet,
A pris le parti détestable
D'estropier chaque couplet,
Pour le rendre méconnaissable.

Je ne puis assez m'étonner
De ce bel acte de courage.
D'un autre copier l'ouvrage—
Pour moi se faire emprisonner !
Ce dévouement est admirable,
Et c'est avoir un trop bon cœur
De remplacer le vrai coupable ;
Et sans avoir été l'auteur,
D'être l'éditeur responsable.'

Besides these and other clever *verses*, it turned out that Lacenaire had produced several essays in the public journals, and had, in particular, favoured the public with a little treatise on *Prison Discipline*, written, of course, in the most liberal and philanthropic principles, and advocating the reform of the existing system of gaol administration with no small ability, and evidently a *perfect knowledge of his subject* !

But all this had not prevented his committing, and did not prevent his being convicted of and executed for a *long series of robberies and murders* ; and at his trial and on the scaffold he showed the uncommon phenomenon of great talents and elegant acquirements, united with not only bloody ferocity, but with the lowest and most odious treachery, meanness, and cowardice.

Alas ! we fear that this *phenomenon* may not be henceforward so uncommon. Lacenaire turned out to have originally been of that class which supplies the modern novelists with their favourite heroes. He had been an *étudiant* ;—but his pecuniary resources did not enable him to maintain that station in society to which, it seems, the July Revolution (of which they were the main instruments) has taught this too numerous, and therefore indigent and restless, class of spirits to aspire. A week after Lacenaire's trial another young hero being brought to the bar, insisted on making his defence *in rhyme*, and the Court, wisely '*considerant that the law, which permits every accused person to offer a defence, had not specified whether it was to be prose or verse,*' sat to hear this fellow recite a long political satire.

We shall say nothing of the *political* considerations connected with the Fieschi plot,—though there again we find that France
and

and her precarious government are reaping the bitter and bloody fruits of revolutionary disorder,—but the moral features of the affair are hardly less alarming. They are so obvious that we will not waste time in commenting upon them; but we cannot resist giving an extract from a letter which we have received from one of the shrewdest, ablest, and most upright men we have ever known, on the aspect which this trial exhibited:—

‘I attended Fieschi’s trial, and certainly, in all my tolerably extensive acquaintance with mankind all over the world, I never saw anything at all approaching to the disorder of these proceedings: you would have thought that Fieschi was the conductor of the trial;—he was permitted to cross-question not only the witnesses but his fellow-prisoners, with the object of inculcating them—and sometimes he would have a sparring match with the President of the Court, who had not always the best of the encounter. On one occasion I saw Fieschi, Pepin, two witnesses, the Procureur-General, and the President of the Court of Peers, all on their legs at once, squabbling who should speak. Fieschi silenced them all,—took a pinch of snuff,—laughed as he looked at the galleries, and, nodding to Nina Lassave, proceeded to show what a great man he was, and how worthily the eyes of all France were now turned upon him;—a sentiment which produced a “*vive sensation*,” or, in plain English, threw the whole auditory in the galleries into an ecstasy of assent.’

Fieschi became a kind of hero,—not merely with *men* who might have some political feeling for the bold champion of another revolution, but,—with the female spectators, and even with women of the higher orders, who seem to have looked on him with the same eyes that the gentle *Annette* and the lofty *Henriette* of M. de Balsac’s novels did on the murderers who fascinated them. Nay, after he was condemned, many of the *Peers*, his *Judges*, went or sent to beg his *autograph*!—(fools! had it not been written in blood enough on their boulevards?);—and the other *authorities*, as they are called, paid him every kind of attention and almost of deference; and his *incestuous concubine* Nina was admitted to visit him in prison on terms of indulgence that were denied to the *wife and children* of his less audacious, and therefore less admired, associates, *Pepin* and *Morey*; but even those subaltern villains come in for a share of the tender interest of a portion of the public. On certain anniversaries the *Buonapartistes* are in the habit of throwing crowns of the little winter flower called *immortelles* at the base of Napoleon’s statue in the Place Vendôme,—the *Pepinistes* and *Moreyites*, in imitation of so good an example, pay the same affectionate compliment to the graves of their martyrs—but this must be done in secret;—for in that land of *freedom* those who are detected in throwing flowers on a grave are seized by the police, and thrown, without bail or mainprize, into gaol;—very properly,—very necessarily,—but

but not perhaps very legally—certainly not very consistently—under the auspices of a government which professes to stand on *liberty and the rights of man*—and above all of a government which had DECORATED these self-same men, Morey and Pepin, with the *order of July*, for the self-same action of firing on the King's troops, on the self-same Boulevard, the self-same day, five years before. We have before us a letter of Pepin's dated 26th October, 1834, signed '*Theodore Pepin, DECORÉ de Juillet.*'

Nor is it only the turbulent and hardened *émeutiers*—(to use a new and expressive word with which Louis Philippe has enriched his language)—of Paris, who exhibit their sympathies with those wretches. We read in one of the late French papers (Sunday, 5th March),—

'Yesterday, a young man and a young woman, his sister, who had arrived only the day before from Carcassonne [one of the most distant corners of France], were arrested by the police as they were throwing garlands of *immortelles* on the graves of Morey and Pepin.'

What a hero and a heroine for M. de Balsac's next livraison of the *Scènes de la Vie de Province*!

Nor is there any reason to suppose that these tragic instances are diminishing. We find it stated indeed that, of late, the government has restrained the press from publishing accounts of suicides and murders; but they cannot wholly suppress such articles of intelligence, and even while we have been writing this paper they have swarmed upon us; and to prove, beyond all question, that we have not been looking through an indefinite period for extraordinary cases, we are tempted to select some of those with which ONE paper (the *National*) of ONE fortnight of the last month supplies us.

'4th February, 1836.—We have to communicate a deplorable event which occurred last Sunday at Vallon d'Auffes, near Marseilles. A fisherman with a large family had been driven by domestic troubles to form a design of suicide, which he long since announced. On Sunday last he climbed a *high rock* in the neighbourhood, where, in the sight of his friends below, with a *crucifix in his hand*, he was evidently saying his last prayers, preparatory to suicide. One of the neighbours, guessing his intentions, reached the spot suddenly, and seized him—a struggle ensued on the edge of the precipice—the unhappy man prevailed, and, escaping from the arms of his friendly antagonist, flung himself over the precipice, and was killed on the spot. He has left a family of nine children.'

'4th February, 1836.—A priest of the name of Gourraud was convicted of having made the *confessional* the scene of frequent attempts on the morals of several females under the age of twenty-one, by habitual excitements to corruption and debauchery—[we omit the details]. The Tribunal of Correctional Police of Tournay had acquitted the prisoner on the ground that *he had not committed any legal offence.*

That

That sentence was appealed from, and the Tribunal of Appeal found that there was an article of the code which might be applied to his case, and sentenced him to two years' imprisonment, and a fine of 50 francs (40s.).'

' 7th February, 1836.—A wealthy inhabitant of St. Denis, whose name it would be painful to mention, arrived the day before yesterday from a long journey, in which he had had occasion to carry a brace of pistols—these he deposited loaded on a table in his bed-chamber, and sat down to dinner with his family and some friends invited to celebrate his return. Hardly was dinner begun, when a discussion arose between the father and his eldest daughter, about twenty years of age. This young woman had often shown great jealousy of her younger sister, of whom she pretended her father was fonder than of her. On this occasion, the same feeling broke out, and after some strong exhibition of ill temper on her part, her father said, "Nay, if you are sulky, you had better go to bed." The girl got up immediately, went to her father's bed-room, took one of the pistols and shot herself, and expired in a few hours in great agony.'

' 13th February, 1836.—An extraordinary affair occupies at this moment the tribunal of Riom. A gentleman, M. M—— de V——, of one of the most respectable families of the Department (Puy de Dôme), is accused of the murder of his son. The young man had formed an intimate connexion with the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and was anxious to marry her: his father rejected the proposal as dishonourable to his family, and made a formal opposition to the legal steps which the son had taken for the celebration of the marriage, but without effect; his opposition was rejected; and all was prepared for the performance of the ceremony, when, the night before it was to take place, the son, coming from the residence of his mistress, was fired at and killed on the spot. After some inquiries, and the examination of circumstances and witnesses, the authorities have thought it necessary to commit M. de V—— to the gaol of Riom. The trial will show whether it is possible that a father can have sacrificed his son to his prejudices—or whether the general suspicion may not arise from that *morbid appetite for violent emotions*, which disposes the public to invest ordinary events with a *dramatic character*.'

This, our readers will recollect, bears no slight affinity to *George Sand's* story of *André*. But the reality is more horrible than the fiction; and who can tell whether that fiction may not have tended to produce in the mind of the young man the obstinacy which exasperated the parent into this unnatural atrocity?

' 14th February, 1836.—The corpse of a woman was found the other day in a well near Troyes. At first it was thought a case of suicide, but further inquiry revealed a shocking crime, and the husband, the children, and the son-in-law of the victim have been all arrested on the examination made by the local authorities. This affair cannot but
revive

revive the painful recollections of the parricides *Oudin*, convicted at the assizes of Troyes in 1834.'

'15th February, 1836.—Yesterday a *court-martial* was held on a subject which has acquired a deplorable celebrity by the rank of the parties and the heinousness of the crimes—adultery, incest, and an attempt at a double murder.

'Lieut.-Colonel R—— of the 46th regiment of the line, quartered in Paris, was informed by his servants that they had the strongest reason to suspect that his wife, Madame R——, was habitually guilty of the last depravity with *her own brother*, M. G——. They had satisfied themselves of the fact by gimblet-holes made in the door of the saloon, and they offered their master the same conviction by the same means. Lieut.-Colonel R—— consented, and, to deceive the guilty parties, announced that he intended to go on the 25th January to a great ball, given by M. Thiers. On that evening he dined with his wife and brother-in-law, and after dinner left them together as if he was going to the ball—but he did not leave the house, and was soon convinced, by the mode offered by the servants, of his dishonour. He burst into the room, and with a case of pistols endeavoured to terminate the existence of the guilty couple, but in his extreme agitation only wounded them. The brother made his escape from the house, the wife fled to a place of concealment, and the Lieut.-Colonel proceeded to surrender himself to the colonel of the regiment. All the facts were proved in the fullest manner—the *adultère incestueux*, and the *double tentative de meurtre*—but on a consideration of the great provocation, the court acquitted the prisoner altogether.'

No one, we suppose, could object to the entire acquittal of Lieut.-Colonel R—— under such circumstances; but Englishmen will wonder a little at the legislation which transfers from the ordinary criminal jurisdiction of the country to a *court-martial* a matter which involved no military question whatsoever.

The paper of the 16th February contains *three cases of murder*, and *one of fratricide*, all of peculiar character, and one of an attempt at murder, which, as being the shortest, we extract:—

'On the 12th February, a man belonging to the little town of St. Genis, near Lyons, in consequence of a violent dispute with his wife, attempted to strangle her, and left her for dead; but doubting afterwards whether he had completely accomplished his purpose, he returned to finish it if she should be still alive. The woman had so far recovered as to get to her own room; where, fearing another attack, she shut herself in with her children. The husband, unable to force the door, collected combustibles in different parts of the house and set fire to it, with the intention of either suffocating or burning to death both his wife and children—they however happily escaped through the window, and the monster, who endeavoured to make his escape, was taken.'

‘ 18th February.—A few days since there was found in the river Meuse, near Dinant, the body of a female apparently about thirty years of age—it seemed to have been several days in the water—but on examination it was ascertained that the death must have been occasioned, not by water, but by *fire*, several parts of the body exhibiting marks of having been exposed to *vigilant combustion*.’

This is the catalogue of crime for a *single fortnight*—in a *single paper*—and during a period when its columns were crowded with the debates on the change of ministry, and the proceedings of the Fieschi trial; and we have noticed those instances *only* which seemed distinguished by *peculiar* features of complicated immorality from the ordinary cases of crime.

Anxious as we are to conclude these odious and fearful details, we cannot omit a case, the report of which reaches us as we are writing these lines, and which belongs to the period of which we have been just treating—a case which, if it were not of the greatest notoriety, we might be almost suspected of having *invented for the occasion*.

In the last days of the same month of February, a priest of the name of Delacollonge was put upon his trial at Dijon on a double charge of robbery and murder—the *murder* was of Fanny Besson, a young milliner of Lyons, with whom he had long had an illicit intercourse, and who used to visit him at his parsonage. Her last visit had, it seems, excited some scandal—and he had, when questioned by the neighbours, denied that she was in the house, where, however, he had secreted her—but apprehending that, on a search, his profligacy and his falsehood must be detected, he murdered the poor girl, and *cut the body into pieces* for the purpose of more easily disposing of it in ponds and ditches—which he did. The *robbery* was, that, thinking he had better absent himself for a time, he broke open the poor-box of the parish church and extracted the money to defray the expenses of his journey. We shall extract two or three passages of this trial which we think will surprise our readers, even after all they have seen of French manners and French law.

A surgeon was giving evidence as to the appearance of the dexterous separation of the head from the body of the victim, which he thought must have been done with a knife, the cut was so clean.

‘ *Delacollonge* (interrupting).—I beg your pardon—it was not with the knife that *I operated the removal of the head*. I placed the head on a block, and, supporting the corpse with my left hand, I struck with the right two blows on the neck with a bill-hook. But these strokes were not sufficient, and I continued to strike till at last the head came off quite easy in my hand, and I held it up by the hair.

‘ *The Attorney-General*.—You commenced your dissection, then, by the head?

‘ *Delacollonge*.

' *Delacollonge*.—To be sure ; then I cut off the arms ; then the legs ; last of all, I extracted the entrails and intestines.

' *Doctor*.—I still say, that with this *bill-hook* I do not understand how the head could be cut so clean off ! '—*French Paper*, March 7, 1836.

At this part of the proceeding the attorney-general proposed to adjourn to the next day, to which the jury strongly objected, because they said ' some of them wanted to *attend the fair at Chalons* the next day but one ; ' but on the judge and the counsel assuring them that *they* respectively would be short in their speeches next day, and that whether the jury should finish their deliberations or not would *depend upon themselves*, they consented to adjourn ; and next evening at six o'clock—whether in a hurry to compromise their opinions, and so ensure their getting to the *fair of Chalons*, we cannot tell—they gave the following astonishing verdict :—

' As to the *murder*, that " the culprit was guilty of voluntary homicide, *but without premeditation* "—and as to the *robbery*, that " he was guilty, but *with extenuating circumstances* ! " '

Without premeditation ! He had concealed the girl for some days in his house, till he could find an occasion of making away with her ! And the *extenuating circumstances* were that to the robbery was superadded *sacrilege*, and that sacrilegious robbery was committed to enable a *murderer* to make his escape !

The report goes on to state that the court sentenced the criminal to *hard labour* for life, and to be exposed in the *pillory* !

There was an incident in this trial which connects it in a more peculiar manner with our general inquiry. In the defence it was endeavoured to be shown that the culprit was a person of mild character and studious habits : —

' You say,' said the judge to one of the witnesses, ' that the accused employed himself ' [during his confinement it would seem] ' in reading—what books did he particularly ask for ? '

Witness.—' Chiefly novels—and those rather loose—(*un peu lestes*). '

The Judge.—' Were they loose or licentious ? As you looked, you say, into the books, you can, I suppose, understand the difference ? '

Witness.—' I do not understand these matters ; but I overheard a clergyman who visited him say—" If you read such books I will not come to you again ; " upon which the accused ordered a *different class of books*. '

It afterwards appeared, by a list produced by Delacollonge himself, that the majority of the books he had procured—were *modern plays and novels*, such as '*Marion de L'Orme*,' by VICTOR HUGO—'*La Folie Espagnole*,' by PIGAULT LE BRUN—'*L'Homme de la Nature*,' by PAUL DE KOCK—and '*Les Scènes*
de

de la Vie Privée, and '*Les Scènes de la Vie de Province,*' by M. DE BALSAC! A few other works, such as Thiers's '*History of the Revolution,*' and the '*Memoirs of the Empress Josephine,*' were probably the '*different class of books*' ordered on the remonstrance of the clergyman.

We give none of these individual cases for more than they may be fairly worth—it is on their *disproportionate number* and *common tendency* that we rely; but we cannot but think that the occurrence of these last circumstances at this particular period of our long task is at least a curious *coincidence*.

We have now done with examples. If our readers should at first sight be inclined to think that we have produced too many, we beg leave to assure them that we have made a comparatively sparing use of the quantity of materials which we had at hand; and if we ourselves have any doubt, it is whether our selections ought not to have been still more copious.

The state of society in a great and extensive country is not to be estimated by a few insulated circumstances,—by half-a-dozen licentious works, or a dozen atrocious crimes:—*our own* literature has been polluted by bad books, and *our own* judicial annals are stained with frequent and atrocious guilt; and we regret to say that we have seen, of late, some symptoms amongst our recent English novelists of the influence of the Parisian press; but the evil never has been so great, nor so extensive, and, above all, never so encouraged by public acquiescence, much less approbation, as to justify any conclusion to the general disadvantage of the public morals of England. As to France, prior to the great overthrow, the same observation might, in principle, be made; although, from a variety of circumstances there was in the high places a greater laxity both of morals and manners, which the fatal example of Louis XV. encouraged, till even the virtues of Louis XVI. could not arrest it, and which went on increasing, till,—combining moral depravity with political disaffection,—it ended in the Revolution.

That the Revolution should have corrupted the generation which acted in and was educated under it was to have been expected; but we had, prior to the insurrection of July, 1830, believed that religion and morals were making—slow, we were aware, but we hoped—gradual and steady advances in the public mind. Nor do we yet altogether abandon that consolatory opinion; though undoubtedly the *outburst* of profligacy which has disgraced the last five or six years shows that the moral regeneration of France had been neither so extensive nor so stable as we had hoped, and convinces us that, if there be not some means found

found to stem the *flood* of impurity, it will in its progress sweep away whatever of decency and piety may still exist, and will carry the brutalized nation back to the days of *Hebert* and *Gobel*, of the *Goddess of Reason*, and the *Spectacle de la Nature*.* We say the *flood*, because that expresses the idea which we wish to convey—that it is not accidental or occasional circumstances that could alarm us, but the breadth, the depth, the strength, the impurity of the torrent. We should have thought little of one *GEORGE SAND*, but there are *fifty*—of one *LELIA*, but there are a *hundred*—of twenty adulteries, suicides, or murders, but there are a thousand; and all suddenly concentrated into a space of time so narrow, as never before we believe, in the annals of the world, was disgraced by even a tithe of such horrors.

We must beg leave to repeat that, in attributing a large share of this increase of profligacy to the July Revolution, we are not indulging in what may be called our own peculiar prejudices: the facts we have already quoted sufficiently disprove any such imputation—but we have other evidence—from a quarter which with some persons may go farther than any assertion of ours—to the same effect. The essential distinctions of that class of novels which we have been considering are, first, the extreme laxity of female morals which it exhibits; and, secondly, the extreme grossness with which such instances are detailed. Now, let us see what, in a laudatory article on M. de Balsac's works, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, one of the most popular, we believe, of the French critical journals, says on this very point.

'M. de Balsac made a lucky hit towards establishing his popularity with women (*sur la femme*), by adapting his novels to their feelings at the moment when they were awakened and excited—after the *emanicipation* of July—by the pictures and promises of the *St. Simonists*.'—

Our readers are aware that the doctrines of the *St. Simonists* go to relieve women from the obligations of personal continence and matrimonial fidelity.

'There was evidently something of *etiquette* and *reserve* as connected with the condition of women, which has fallen and disappeared under the blows of the July Revolution. Nothing may have been substantially changed in their condition, but it has received a new development, and delicate matters have been more plainly spoken of (*d'on a parlé plus crûment*). *St. Simonism*—M. de Balsac—and the *ILLUSTRIOUS WRITER* under the title of *George Sand*, have all been, in their several ways, the instruments and organs of this change—a change, if not actually in female morals (*mœurs*), at least in the description

* A dramatic exhibition during the first Revolution, of which the reader can—or perhaps we should more truly say, cannot—imagine the depravity. Suffice it, as a specimen, to say the actors and actresses were at no expense for a wardrobe.

and representation of those morals.'—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, Ser. 3, vol. iv. p. 441.

This admission, that the July Revolution has worked a great and sudden change in the moral condition of women in France, by *emancipating* them from 'etiquette and reserve'—that is, in one word, from *modesty*—is all that we require. Whether it has operated by creating a deeper profligacy, or whether it has only emboldened that which already existed, to exhibit itself with such universal effrontery is, as far as regards public decency, of no great consequence; we believe that it has acted in both ways; but in either case, the admission of the writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* justifies our anxiety as to the state of female morals in France, and we need hardly add, that in a civilized country the corruption of female virtue is the worst and most irretrievable of all corruptions.

We hope we may not be misunderstood—above all in France. Neither M. de Balsac, nor his critics, will persuade us that the great mass of French society can be inoculated with this contagion; we know, in our private experience, such a majority of favourable instances of domestic morality and social happiness, that we are justified in drawing like satisfactory conclusions as to *the great body of the people*; but, as we lately said of the *great body of the people* during the *Reign of Terror*, the numerical majority was innocent; but the active, reckless, profligate, and *victorious minority* gave its own character to the astonished age and the subjugated nation. This is probably the real state of the present question as to the national morality.

We can assure our neighbours that we write in no spirit of national prejudice, and still less with anything like national hostility. We not only love and respect France for herself—for the peculiar qualities which render her, under a good government, one of the most amiable, and powerful portions of the great human family; but we feel that we have great *common* interests with her. In her welfare and prosperity we shall cordially rejoice, for we *needs must* share; and if she is destined again to become the prey of political and moral disorder, our grief for her misfortunes will be sincere, for it will be mingled with apprehension for our own.

Our best, we had almost said our only, hope of her being saved from a catastrophe of which we see so many various symptoms—light and grave—is, we confess, in the personal character of THE KING. We know not whether he was quite blameless in all the circumstances which have led to the present alarming state of affairs; we incline to believe that he was; but we are satisfied that he is now desirous, and we trust that he may be able, to arrest the mischief:—He is a man of talents, of courage, and of virtue; his whole

whole life has been a series of trials, through which he has passed always with respectability, generally with honour; he has been a good son—a good husband—a good father—a good prince—and, we trust we are justified in adding, a *good Christian*; he was so in his youth, and no man ever lived, we believe, whose experience was more calculated to strengthen religious convictions. If we are not mistaken in his character, and if it shall please God to *continue* to preserve *his* life and to fortify *his* heart, there is still hope for France and the European world.

ART. IV.—*History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France, from the Year 1807 to the Year 1814.* By W. F. P. Napier, C.B., Colonel H. P. 43rd Regiment, Member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Military Science. London. 1828—1834. Four vols. 8vo. *Volume the First.*

WE must apologize for having so long deferred to notice Colonel Napier's 'History of the War in the Spanish Peninsula.' We are willing, however, to persuade ourselves that the public will not reject the excuses we have to offer for this apparent neglect of a work which has in various ways excited so much attention. We have to observe, in the first place, that although the fruits of Colonel Napier's labours began to appear so far back as March, 1828, there remains still a part which has not attained to maturity. Those volumes even which have been published have followed one another, as was to be expected in such an undertaking, at long intervals; and to have measured by its first specimens a work which promised to be of very considerable extent, and to have recorded opinions respecting it, which in its more advanced state we might find grounds for altering, would neither have been fair towards the author, nor just to the public, nor judicious with respect to our own character. Four volumes having appeared, however, bringing down the history of the war to the spring of 1812, and the earlier part of the work having reached a third edition, these motives for delay no longer exist. But, besides the above apology for the seeming tardiness of our proceedings, we beg leave further to observe, that a work of this class ought not to be treated with the same degree of haste with which we are sometimes obliged to treat literary productions of a lighter and more ephemeral nature. The stream of historical knowledge belongs to posterity as well as to the existing generation, and it is one amongst the many important duties of criticism to watch with especial care against its pollution at the fountain-

tail-head. For 'Alii quoquo modo audita pro compertis habent; alii vera in contrarium vertunt; et gliscit utrumque posteritati.' These considerations will be sufficient, we are persuaded, to bear us harmless, with all lovers of truth, for the delay which has taken place in our entering upon the examination of the work before us.

Colonel Napier explains, in a preface, his motives for undertaking to write a history of the war in the Peninsula. 'Several authors,' he says, 'have written largely touching that fierce struggle,' but

'truth being the legitimate object of history, I hold it better that she should be sought for by many than by few, lest, for want of seekers, amongst the *mists of prejudice* and the false lights of interest, she be lost altogether. . . . That much injustice has been done, and much justice left undone, by those authors who have hitherto written concerning this war, I can assert from personal knowledge of the facts. . . . I have endeavoured to render as impartial an account of the campaigns in the Peninsula as the feelings which must warp the judgment of a contemporary historian will permit. I was an eye-witness to many of the transactions which I relate; and a wide acquaintance with military men has enabled me to consult distinguished officers, both French and English, and to correct my own recollections and opinions by their superior knowledge. . . . The original documents which the work contains will suffice to give it interest, although it should have no other merit. Many of these documents I owe to the liberality of MARSHAL SOULT, who, disdaining national prejudices, with the confidence of a great mind, places them at my disposal, without even a remark to check the freedom of my pen.'—*Preface*, p. viii.

But after so wide a promise, we are a little disappointed to find the object of the book limited thus:—

'I cared not to swell my work with apocryphal matter, and neglected the thousand narrow winding currents of Spanish warfare, to follow that mighty English stream of battle which burst the barriers of the Pyrenees, and left deep traces of its fury in the soil of France.'—*Preface*, p. ix.

Figurative language has the defect of not conveying, always, a very precise meaning. When Colonel Napier states his intention of neglecting 'the thousand narrow winding currents of *Spanish warfare*,' we are at a loss to understand him. War cannot be unilateral; but overlooking the inaccuracy of the phrase, is it not somewhat unaccountable that the historian of a war, originated by the *Spanish* people, waged chiefly upon *Spanish* ground, and having for its first object the independence of the *Spanish* nation, should profess to neglect the 'thousand currents of *Spanish warfare*'? Would it not have been more natural, and far more satisfactory, that he should have shown the connexion of these 'thousand

sand currents' with the 'mighty stream'—for connexion with it they most certainly had—and that he should have thus enabled his readers to form something like a just estimate of the additional force given to the main current by these tributaries? We shall learn in the course of Colonel Napier's work, that several hundred thousands of French troops were poured into the Peninsula; and if he endeavours to make us believe that these were borne down solely by the 'English stream of battle,' we shall be apt to think we have got into the regions of romance, not of history. With whatever limitation, however, an historian may choose to impose upon himself the reader has, perhaps, no right to find fault—provided the portion of the subject which he selects is treated with judgment and with *impartiality*; and as Colonel Napier has announced himself as an eye-witness to many of the transactions he has undertaken to write about, the limitation he has made is the less open to objection. We shall be enabled to judge, however, as we proceed, whether the rejection planned by Colonel Napier has reference to the exclusion of events, not having a necessary connexion with the English operations, or to the rejection of Spanish accounts in general, as apocryphal, whilst French statements of an opposite nature are admitted as pure and authentic.

The general arrangement adopted by the author is explained in these words:—

'To preserve the narratives unbroken, my own observations are placed at the end of certain transactions of magnitude, when, their real source being known, they will pass for as much as they are worth, and no more; when they are not well supported by argument, I fairly surrender them to the judgment of abler men. . . . From the moment that an English force took the field, the Spaniards ceased to act as principals in a contest carried on in the midst of their country, and involving their existence as an independent nation. They were self-sufficient, and their pride was wounded by insult; they were superstitious, and their religious feelings were roused to *fanatic fury by an all-powerful clergy*, who feared to lose their own rich endowments; but, after the first burst of indignation, the cause of independence created little enthusiasm.'—*Preface*, p. x.

This passage obliges us to observe, that we begin already to see cause to apprehend that our author will become himself enveloped, in the course of his progress, in those '*mists of prejudice*' in which he has lamented, in a preceding paragraph, that truth is so often lost.

We shall not here anticipate the abundant evidence by which the charge of supineness in their own cause, brought by Colonel Napier against the Spanish people, may be disproved. Let it suffice for the present to state, that even at the very time when their affairs seemed most desperate—when Soult had occupied

occupied the south of Spain, and was bombarding Cadiz—and when Massena had forced back the allied armies in Portugal within the lines of Lisbon—an active warfare was incessantly carrying on by the Spaniards up to the very verge of the French frontier. No stationary detachment of the enemy could be secure against attack, unless immured within a fortified post; and detachments on the march were often obliged to suspend their further progress until additional numbers were collected to enable them to force their way. These undeniable facts sufficiently prove, that although the Spanish government was unable in these times to send large armies into the field, the love of liberty was as deeply seated and the spirit of independence was as indomitable as ever in the breasts of the Spanish people.

We must not, however, pass thus hastily over our author's sweeping condemnation of the Spanish clergy. If, indeed, Colonel Napier's attack were intended to be directed solely against the *system* of a *regular* clergy—

‘————— eremites and friars,

White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery’—

he could not condemn more decidedly than we are disposed to do, the existence, anywhere, of that body of spiritual militia contrived by papal policy to overawe even the *secular* clergy themselves, and to bend the minds of mankind in general beneath a heavy and a lasting yoke of superstition. But in Spain even the *regular* clergy, although the system cannot be too strongly reprobated, were individually, in many instances, eminent for piety and virtue, not less than for the patriotism and courage which they displayed during the war. With respect to the *secular* clergy, M. de Laborde, in his elaborate work upon Spain,* tells us, that they were in proportion less numerous than the clergy of France had been—that their riches were less considerable but better administered; and that a much larger portion of their revenues went to the state. He adds, that an irreproachable life was the most certain road to preferment—that no rank, however high in the church, exempted from residence—that the incomes of the wealthy were expended in the support of various useful establishments, and in acts of individual benevolence;—and, as to the bishops in particular, after alluding to their general liberality in regard to works of public utility in their respective dioceses, ever since the time of the recovery of the country from the Moors, he mentions several recent instances of most splendid munificence. These statements of Monsieur de Laborde are in perfect accordance, too, with the account given in the ‘History of the War in

* Itinéraire de l'Espagne et Tableau des différentes branches de l'Administration. Vol. V. Administration Ecclesiastique.

the Peninsula,' begun by General Foy, but which, unhappily, that distinguished French officer did not live to bring to a conclusion. General Foy says—

'The bishops were rich, but commendable for the use which they made of their riches. The people were accustomed to reverence them, and they deserved it, both by their virtues and by their instructions. The monarchy being dissolved, the bishops are the natural heads of the people.'—*Foy*, vol. ii. p. 275.

Farther on in his book, describing the part taken by individuals of eminence when the people rose to maintain the independence of their country, the General tells us, 'at St. Ander, the bishop, a person whose manners recalled the simplicity and strictness of evangelical times, placed himself at the head of the popular movement.' Again, speaking of the Bishop of Orense, he says—'this prelate, the honour of the Spanish clergy by his doctrine, and exemplary by his virtues, did not fear, at the age of sixty-three years, and before the insurrection of his countrymen had broken out, to address the words of truth (in a written protest, forcible both in point of argument and of eloquence) to the ears of an all-powerful prince' [Napoleon]. And having once more occasion to allude afterwards to the same Bishop of St. Ander, General Foy adds, 'he was rich, like all the bishops of Spain; but he allotted only 300 dollars a-year to his own use;—a man holy, severe to himself, and revered by all.'

We have thought it to be but an act of fairness thus early to place in juxtaposition the opinions of the English and the French military historians of the Peninsular war respecting the Spanish clergy. In the contrast which exists between these opinions, we shall leave our readers to form their own judgment on the subject.

With respect to the unfavourable character given to the Spanish nation in general by Colonel Napier, we shall not refer to those testimonials of an opposite kind with which history would largely supply us, but we shall enable our readers to compare on this head also the account of an eminent and recent *French* observer with that of our *British* author; we allude to the celebrated military surgeon, Baron Larrey, who was for some time in Spain with the French army. After describing the personal appearance of the Castillians, he says—

'The Spaniards in general, but especially the Castillians, possess much quickness of parts and soundness of understanding; and they have great aptness for the study of arts and sciences. They have a high idea of their origin, and think themselves of a race superior to that of other nations. But these sentiments contribute to inspire them all with a spirit of national attachment to their country, and excite them to courage and to perseverance in the sacrifices required'

required in her cause. In fine, when this nation shall have been freed from institutions and customs which have supported superstition and fanaticism, and repressed its good qualities, it will become one of the first in the world.—*Larrey*, vol. iii. p. 240.

We were in hopes, on first looking over the opening chapter of Colonel Napier's book, that we might have been able to pass on without making any particular remarks upon it, knowing how large a task we had before us, and seeing that it did not enter into the *war*. On perusing it a second time, however, we deemed it indispensable to direct the attention of our readers to some passages in it which appear to afford an index to the peculiar views and opinions of this historian. It is a rule of criticism laid down by Pope, that a work should be read

‘With the same spirit that its author writ.’

Pope does not mean, of course, that the reader is wholly to identify himself with the spirit of his author, for that would put an end to criticism altogether, but only that he is to inform himself, as accurately as he can, under what particular impressions, and with what bias, the author composed his work, in order to be enabled by that means to make suitable allowances in judging of it. The chapter before us will afford considerable assistance, we think, in applying the critic's rule, and the very first fact assumed in it will go far, probably, towards deciding the reader's opinion as to the accuracy of our author's assertions, and the justice and impartiality of his views. Colonel Napier tells us, that

‘up to the peace of Tilsit the wars of France were *essentially defensive*.’—vol. i. p. 1.

Such an assertion from a devoted partisan of France, during the violent contests which grew out of the revolution in that country, might have been natural, notwithstanding that each succeeding year, almost, was marked by some fresh accession to the French territory gained by fraud or violence—notwithstanding, for example, the subversion of the independence of the Swiss cantons, the seizure of Malta, and the unprovoked invasion of Egypt. But that an historian writing twenty years after the close of the contest, and claiming credit for impartiality, should advance such a doctrine, is truly astonishing. France varied, indeed, the mode of extending her dominion; but before, as after the peace of Tilsit, she was making, continually, fresh accessions to her power. Whilst democracy was in the ascendant at Paris, pretended republics were created; and, subsequently, when Buonaparte had seized upon the government, and republicanism went out of fashion, a similar process was adopted in the formation of kingdoms and principalities, especial care being always taken, in both cases, that these new and pretendedly independent states should be the
subservient

subservient vassals of France, and should be ready, whenever called upon, to become active instruments in furthering the extension, and in confirming the solidity of her domination. If a system of policy such as that is to be called '*essentially defensive*,' the most grasping spirit of conquest will never find any difficulty to cloak itself under similar specious disguises. We trust, however, that there will be found few Englishmen to be either their dupes or their apologists.

'The bloody contest that wasted the Continent so many years, was not a struggle for pre-eminence between ambitious powers—not a dispute for some accession of territory, nor for the political ascendancy of one or other nation, but a deadly conflict, to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate, whether equality or privilege should henceforth be the principle of European governments.'—vol. i. p. 1.

The particular spirit in which our author contemplates the great drama alluded to, and the effect which it has in narrowing his views of things, show themselves here with a broad and strong light. What—no ambition, no thirst of conquest, no desire for political ascendancy in all the bloody contests which followed the French Revolution! no motive of action in any of those parties or individuals who successively wielded power in France but a disinterested love of equality; and nothing but an opposite motive in any of their opponents! History will be simplified certainly, and much abridged, by this summary mode of dealing with events and their causes, but little evidence will be afforded of penetration on the part of the historian, and little useful instruction will be conveyed to the reader.

'The French Revolution, intrinsically too feeble to sustain the physical and moral force pressing it down, was fast sinking, when the wonderful genius of Napoleon, *baffling all reasonable calculation*, raised and fixed it on the basis of victory, the only one capable of supporting the crude production. . . . Once a sovereign, his vigorous character, his pursuits, his talents, and the critical nature of the times, inevitably rendered him a despotic one;* yet while he sacrificed political liberty, which, to the great bulk of mankind, has never been more than a pleasing sound, he *cherished with the utmost care* equality, a sensible good that produces increasing satisfaction as it descends in the scale of society.'—vol. i. p. 2.

We fear to hazard any lengthened commentary upon this passage, lest it should turn out perhaps to be owing to the obtuseness of our own intellects that we do not understand it. We venture to observe, however, that we cannot think it '*baffled all reasonable*

* Napoleon is here represented as '*inevitably despotic*'—but a few pages further on (page 9) we are told, that he was '*rather peremptory than despotic*': a nice distinction.

calculation,' that anarchy and war should end in placing a successful military leader at the head of the state. These same causes led to such a result in ancient Rome, and had a similar issue in England in more modern times; why then should it 'baffle all reasonable calculation' that they would lead to the same consequences in France? In such cases the new sovereign will always be despotic in proportion as his hold of power is precarious, and the acknowledgment of his right to it is partial. He may be a courtier to the multitude, and he may affect clemency, and even desire to practise it, in the beginning, but his pretorian bands are his true constituents, and arbitrary rule must become the maxim of his government. How all this is reconcileable with 'cherishing equality with the utmost care,' and how that equality was cherished—producing 'increasing satisfaction as it descends in the scale of society,' by a man who made himself an emperor; his brothers and brothers-in-law, kings; and his generals, ministers, and courtiers, dukes and princes,—whilst from the general mass of his subjects the *conscription* drew forth, annually, thousands of victims to be sacrificed to his ambition;—perhaps the *Duke of Dalmatia* may have explained to Colonel Napier, but we must humbly confess that we have been ourselves unable to discover.

Colonel Napier now approaches the Peninsula, taking care to slide in something apologetic for Buonaparte's line of conduct there, founded on the necessity of enforcing everywhere his 'continental system' against English commerce, and of fixing the policy of the Spanish government, which he is represented to have mistrusted, in consequence of a proclamation issued by the Prince of the Peace previously to the battle of Jena, and hastily recalled when the result of that conflict was known.

'This state of affairs drew the French emperor's attention towards the Peninsula; and a chain of remarkable circumstances which fixed it there, induced him to remove the reigning family, and place his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain. . . . In an evil hour for his own greatness, and the happiness of others, he commenced this project. *Founded in violence and executed in fraud*, it spread desolation through the fairest portions of the Peninsula, was calamitous to France, destructive to himself; and the conflict between his hardy veterans and the *vindictive race* he insulted, assumed a character of unmitigated ferocity, disgraceful to human nature; for the Spaniards did not fail to defend their just cause with *hereditary cruelty*, while the French army struck a terrible balance of barbarous actions.'—vol. i. p. 5.

Why does Colonel Napier stigmatize the Spaniards as a *vindictive race*—why does he cast upon them the reproach of *hereditary cruelty*? Is it because they have defended their native soil

soil and their national independence, in every age, with indomitable courage and with unrivalled constancy? and is it because, in the present instance, they maintained '*their just cause*' against a project '*founded in violence and executed with fraud*'?

He proceeds to calculate the amount of the array which was brought against them.

'The extent and population of the French empire, including the kingdom of Italy, the confederation of the Rhine, the Swiss Cantons, the Duchy of Warsaw, and the dependent States of Holland and Naples, enabled Bonaparte, through the medium of the conscription, to array an army, in number nearly equal to the great host that followed the Persian of old against Greece; like that multitude, also, his troops were gathered from many nations, but they were trained to a *Roman* discipline, and ruled by a *Carthaginian* genius.'—vol. i. p. 5.

Was it then magnanimity in the Greeks to meet the mighty hosts of eastern monarchs at Marathon, at Thermopylæ, and at Salamis; but only '*vindictiveness*' and '*hereditary cruelty*' which stimulated the Spanish people, though without a government, without an army, deprived by artifice of the strongholds of their country, to defy the violence, the fraud, and the power of a European despot, nurtured in camps, endowed with a '*Carthaginian* genius,' and leading into the field armies inured to '*Roman* discipline,' and in number nearly equal to the Persian multitude? In truth, the Spaniards acted precisely like the Greeks of old—they stopped not to calculate, as wary politicians, or timid commanders, the odds that were against them; the fame of their ancestors, and the fate of their posterity, stood before their kindled imaginations, and the fear of death vanished from their thoughts.

By the way, some of our readers may perhaps suppose that the word *Punic* would have been more suitable than the word *Carthaginian* in this place; but they would greatly mistake Colonel Napier's meaning. His intention is to suggest a parallel of Napoleon and Hannibal; but we cannot admit the parallelism. The lines, it is true, never meet, but it will be found, upon examination, that they diverge more and more, the farther they are produced. In Buonaparte we see a man whose distinguished abilities, favoured by extraordinary events, raised him to the possession of the greatest power which has ever been wielded by a single individual. But we see him, the blinded votary of selfish ambition, effecting in the space of fourteen years the destruction of that power, by his intemperate use of it—yet retaining existence, to sink into the condition of a peevish caviller with a petty governor, about the merest trifles—clinging to the shadow of his former greatness when the substance was gone—and displaying, of all the talents attributed to him in the days of his prosperity, that alone which

which tainted them all, the talent of deceit. While in Hannibal, we behold a man, improving by the force of his genius that rich inheritance of ability and of courage which belonged to his family—devoting himself wholly to his country; and though thwarted at home, by the intrigues of a malignant faction, balancing abroad, for more than sixteen years, the power and the fortunes of the future mistress of the world; closing his long and trying career without abasement; and leaving behind him, in the vindictive and implacable hatred of Rome, a more authentic record of his greatness than Carthage herself, had she triumphed, could have engraved upon his tomb.

Colonel Napier next tells us that—

‘a cause *manifestly unjust* is a heavy weight upon the operations of a general; it reconciles men to desertion; it sanctifies want of zeal, and is a pretext for cowardice; it renders hardships more irksome, dangers more obnoxious, and *glory less satisfactory* to the mind of the soldier. Now the invasion of the Peninsula—(*whatever might have been its real origin*)—was an act of violence on the part of Napoleon, repugnant to the feelings of mankind; the French armies were burthened with a sense of its iniquity, the British troops exhilarated by a *contrary sentiment*.’—vol. i. p. 7.

Our readers will not fail to observe the apologetical parenthesis in which Colonel Napier qualifies his censure of Napoleon’s ‘violence,’ by suggesting a doubt with respect to its real origin—as if it could have had any other than his unjust ambition. But happy should we be if the facts of the Peninsular war, when viewed with the utmost degree of indulgence which truth admits of, could give any sanction to the interpretation, contained in the above passage, of the sentiments generally entertained by the French army. That they were the private sentiments of many individuals, we most willingly believe: but either that *Roman* discipline, already alluded to, had superseded with the many every-feeling save the desire to execute the will of their leader; or the system of crushing every germ of independence in other nations, by the terrors of severest chastisement—a system borrowed likewise from the Roman school—had become so identified with the policy of France, that no one dared to doubt its expediency, to dispute its authority, or to hesitate in carrying it into unfeeling execution. As to the British troops, if a sense of the justice of the cause in which they fought aided their purely military virtues and promoted the success of their enterprises, it constitutes for them an additional claim to the gratitude and to the respect of their countrymen. But Colonel Napier having framed an apology for the French troops, under the reverses they were about to experience in their coming conflicts with his own countrymen,

trymen, by telling us that they 'were burthened with a sense of the iniquity' of the cause they were engaged in, promptly proceeds to provide, also, in the next page, an excuse for Napoleon himself, by informing us,

'that, as chief of revolutionary France, he was constrained to continue his career until the final accomplishment of her destiny.'—vol. i. p. 8.

But how does Colonel Napier wish us to understand, and how are we to reconcile his propositions? He has told us a little before that *in an evil hour* Buonaparte commenced his project against the Peninsula, 'founded in violence and executed with fraud;' but here he tells us, that, as chief of revolutionary France, he was impelled by a destiny over which he could not exercise any control. For our own part, we cannot doubt his having been as free an agent with respect to his conduct towards Spain as in any other enterprise of his life, and we cannot, therefore, accept Colonel Napier's apology for the leader, any more than we could that before offered for the defeats about to be experienced by his conscientious and scrupulous troops. Colonel Napier adds—

'Customs, prejudices, and the dregs of the revolutionary license, interfered to render his (Napoleon's) policy complicated and difficult, but it was not so with his inveterate adversaries. The *delusion of parliamentary representation* enabled the English government safely to exercise an unlimited power over the persons and the property of the nation, and, through the influence of an active and *corrupt* press, it exercised nearly the same power over the public mind.'—vol. i. p. 9.

The obvious meaning of this passage is, that England, with the outward forms of a free government, was, in fact, more despotically ruled than France under Napoleon. It laments over supposed obstacles in France to the *peremptoriness* of the Emperor's will, as impediments to all the good he intended to effect by his dark intrigues. And it transfers to the king's *ministers* in England the entire merit of having aided the cause of freedom in the Peninsula, a merit of which we had hitherto unwittingly allotted the chief part to the British people. But how is parliamentary representation a *delusion*, when the parliament is found acting *in unison* with the generous sympathy of all classes of the community? And what evidence have we of a *corrupted press*, when it echoes the sentiments of a whole nation?

We conclude our remarks upon Colonel Napier's opening chapter by observing, that in our judgment there is throughout the whole of it evidence of a partiality towards France, sufficient to justify our recommending to the readers of the work to be upon their guard against that bias of the historian's mind.

Colonel Napier proceeds next to give an account of the Spanish court, and of those intrigues which paved the way for Napoleon's projects against the Peninsula.

'Charles

Charles the Fourth, a weak and inefficient old man, was governed by his wife, and she again by Don Manuel Godoy, of whose person it is said she was enamoured, even to folly. From the rank of a simple gentleman of the Royal Guards, this person had been raised to the highest dignities, and the title of Prince of the Peace was conferred upon him whose name must be for ever connected with one of the bloodiest wars that fill the page of history.'—vol. i. p. 12.

'Some short time before this, Godoy, either instigated by an ambition to found a dynasty, or fearing that the death of the king would expose him to the vengeance of Ferdinand, had made proposals to the French court to concert a plan for the conquest and division of Portugal, promising the assistance of Spain on condition that a principality for himself should be set apart from the spoil. Such is the turn given by Napoleon to this affair. But the article which provided an indemnification for the King of Etruria, a minor, who had just been obliged to surrender his Italian dominions to France, renders it doubtful if the first offer came from Godoy, and Napoleon eagerly adopted the project if he did not propose it. The advantages were all on his side. Under the pretext of supporting his army in Portugal, he might fill Spain with his troops; the dispute between the father and the son, now referred to his arbitration, placed the golden apples within his reach, and he resolved to gather the fruit if he had not planted the tree.'—vol. i. pp. 13, 14.

Of the iniquity of this treaty a competent idea may be formed without our here repeating its details—and, in our opinion, it is a matter of very little importance, though certainly with us of very little doubt, whether the original projector of it was Godoy or Buonaparte. We must beg leave, however, to revert for a moment to the preceding page of our author, to make the following short quotation:—

'Those who know how Spaniards hate will comprehend why Godoy, who, though sensual, was a mild, good-natured man, has been so overloaded with imprecations, as if he, and he alone, had been the cause of the disasters in Spain. It was not so.'—vol. i. p. 12.

We confess ourselves to be incapable of reconciling Colonel Napier's expressions of just indignation against fraud and violence, with the endeavours which he so frequently makes to *palliate* the conduct of those who were guilty of such crimes in their greatest enormity; and still less are we able to account for the propensity which he shows to stigmatize, in every way that he can, the character of the people who were made the victims of such wickedness. We pass by the sensuality of Godoy, leaving it to our readers to apportion that fault between the queen and her paramour, as they may see fit. We pass by also the injustice of the project for partitioning Portugal. But why are the Spaniards to be reproached with harbouring within their breasts an intensity of hatred

hatred unknown to the rest of mankind, because they loaded with imprecations the name of a man who, as a prime minister, betrayed his sovereign, and who, being a Spaniard himself, opened the barriers of his country to a treacherous ally, who entered, prepared to transfer the crown to a stranger, by fraud and violence, and to wrest from an ancient and a proud people their national independence?

We cannot afford space for an account of the pretexts under which large bodies of French troops were introduced into Spain; several of the most important of the fortresses were seized by stratagem; and the capital was occupied by Murat, grand duke of Berg, Napoleon's brother-in-law. Neither shall we recount the intrigues by which Charles and his son Ferdinand were alternately invested with the sovereignty, nor the artifices by which both were prevailed upon to repair to Bayonne, and to constitute the French emperor umpire in the question which had been raised between them. The general outline of these transactions will be found, we believe, to be represented everywhere in nearly the same manner.

Seldom has there been developed in the annals of the world a conspiracy more disgraceful to its contrivers, than that of which Bayonne and its neighbourhood were at this time made the theatre. It is a common remark, that good is seldom to be obtained without some counterpoise of evil, and we fear that in conformity with that general law of the present imperfect condition of man, the positive good of improved intellect, unless it be strictly guarded by religious instruction, and by fixed moral impressions, will often be misused for the furtherance of evil designs, in place of being employed only to elevate the character and to advance the interests of virtue. Certainly the genius and the acquirements of those who conducted the conspiracy against the Peninsula at this time were thus perverted in a most remarkable manner.

There is a transaction in our own history, however, which bears, in many respects, a remarkable resemblance to that drama in which Napoleon was here the principal actor. The objects, in our case, were indeed of smaller dimensions, the plot was less complicated, and the guilt was perhaps scarcely of so deep a dye. The design, however, was similar, and the result was the same. The transaction we allude to is the attempt of Edward I. against the independence of Scotland:—

‘The temptation’ (says Hume) “was too strong for the English monarch to resist. . . . Edward, carrying with him a great army, which was to enforce his proofs (of pretended feudal superiority over Scotland), advanced to the frontiers, and invited the Scottish parliament and all the competitors (for the crown of Scotland) to attend him in the
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the castle of Norham, a place situated on the southern banks of the Tweed, in order to determine the cause which had been referred to his arbitration. He then produced his proofs of this superiority, which he pretended to be unquestionable. The Scottish parliament was astonished at so new a pretension, and answered only by their silence. But the king, in order to maintain the appearance of free and regular proceedings, desired them to remove into their own country, to deliberate upon his claim, to examine his proofs, to propose all their objections, and to inform him of their resolution; and he appointed a plain at Upsettleton, on the northern bank of the Tweed, for that purpose. When the Scottish barons assembled at this place, though moved with indignation at the injustice of the unexpected claim, and at the fraud with which it had been conducted, they found themselves betrayed into a situation in which it was impossible for them to make any defence for the ancient liberty and independence of their country. The king of England, a martial and politic prince, at the head of a powerful army, lay at a very small distance, and was only separated from them by a river fordable in many places. The author of the history of England does not suffer this transaction to pass by without strong animadversion.

That neglect, almost total, of truth and justice, which sovereign states discover in their transactions with each other, is an evil universal and inveterate; is one great source of the misery to which the human race is continually exposed; and it may be doubted whether, in many instances, it be found in the end to contribute to the interests of those princes themselves who thus sacrifice their integrity to their politics.—*Hist. of England*, ch. xiii.

The author of the 'History of the Peninsular War' does not deem it necessary however to follow the example set by Hume, and by every respectable historian, of seizing upon such shameful transactions, for the purpose of bestowing a moral admonition upon ambitious princes and governments. He, on the contrary, censures Napoleon for not having adopted a course which might have led with greater certainty to the success of his iniquitous schemes, by introducing more general discord into Spain, before he developed his plans, and by giving a more plausible colouring to his unjust designs. He says—

There are many reasons why Napoleon *should* have meddled with the interior affairs of Spain; there seems to be no good one for his manner of doing it. Had he, before he openly meddled with their affairs, brought the people into hostile contact with their government, (and how many points would not such a government have offered?)—instead of appearing as the treacherous arbitrator in a domestic quarrel, he would have been hailed as the deliverer of a great people.—vol. i. pp. 22, 23.

And again, at p. 40, we read:—

Napoleon's fault was not in the *projection*, but in the *rough execution* of his plan. A little

A little farther on we shall find our author expressing much indignation against the supposed *Machiavelism* of a British minister. But our readers will not fail to mark well the *Machiavelian* instruction here given for the guidance of those whom ambition may prompt, and power enable hereafter to conspire against the independence of their neighbours. Colonel Napier's admonitory censure of Buonaparte, in this place, calls to our recollection an anecdote, which we have heard related by an officer who served in the expedition to the Helder in 1799, and who then had an opportunity of a good deal of personal intercourse with some men of considerable rank in the French army. The conversation having turned, on one occasion, upon the causes of the continuance of the war, a French general maintained that it was owing to Mr. Pitt's anxiety to replace the Bourbons upon the throne. Our friend told him that he sincerely believed that Mr. Pitt cared little who was on the throne of France, or what was the nature of the government there, provided its rulers would relinquish the system of seeking to disorganize every other government whatsoever. 'Oh!' said the French general, 'that we cannot possibly give up, for if we abandon that system, we cut off at once the *vanguard* of our armies, that which opens the way for our military successes.' Colonel Napier seems to be of the same opinion, and blames Napoleon that in the plenitude of his power this part of the system of the earlier chiefs of revolutionized France, and which he had himself practised in the beginning of his career, had escaped from his recollection. But Buonaparte was now in a very different position, and the doctrines and practices of the republic could not accord with the personal views of the emperor for himself and for his family. Besides which, Napoleon's ambition would not brook the delay requisite for pursuing the policy which Colonel Napier recommends. He wanted to do that in one life which it had cost the Romans many centuries, even imperfectly, to effect. He worked the revolutionary machinery therefore too rapidly, and happily for the world, he broke it to pieces.

But Colonel Napier tells us—

'The new constitution was calculated to draw forth all the resources of Spain; compared to the old system, it was a *blessing*, and it would have been received as such under different *circumstances*, but now arms were to decide its fate, for in every province the cry of war had been raised.'—vol. i. p. 30.

Thus, according to Colonel Napier, it was owing to circumstances, that is, to the ignorance and obstinacy of the Spaniards, that 'a project commenced in an evil hour, founded in violence, and executed with fraud,' was not hailed as a blessing. For our own part, however, we confess ourselves to be as blind as the

Spaniards; for we cannot comprehend how a constitution, forcibly imposed by a power that acknowledges no control, can be a blessing. Wherever liberty has existed, it has grown out of a struggle of opposite interests. But there was no such struggle at Bayonne. One interest was there paramount—and however plausible in words the document might be which was presented to the Spanish nation at the point of Napoleon's sword, it was a law, the interpretation and the duration of which were both dependent, entirely, upon the will of him who made it, and wholly unworthy, therefore, of the name of a constitution.

We have now arrived at that period of the history when neither tortuous policy, nor direct falsehood—neither hollow friendship nor intimidating threats—could longer assist the ambition of Buonaparte in its progress towards that goal at which it was so impatient to arrive. The measure of French insolence was full, and the measure of Spanish indignation required but one drop more to make it everywhere overflow. Such was the condition of things on the morning of the 2nd of May, 1808, a day which will for ever be memorable in the annals of Spain. An incident, not very important if viewed singly, but deriving weight and magnitude from those which had preceded it,—the projected departure from Madrid of those individuals of the royal family who had not yet been forced, or inveigled, out of the country,—occasioned a sudden collision between the French troops and the people of the capital, the shock of which was quickly felt throughout the whole of Spain. Colonel Napier seems to us to be anxious to carry his readers rather hastily over the circumstances which accompanied this strong indication of the sentiments of the people of Madrid. The origin, progress, and conclusion of the affair are comprehended in a single paragraph. Its real importance was betrayed, however, by what immediately followed, and an example was then exhibited, also, of that French system of terror to which we have already alluded.

‘ In the first moment of irritation, Murat ordered all the prisoners to be tried by a military commission, which condemned them to death; but the municipality interfering, represented to that prince the extreme cruelty of visiting this angry ebullition of an injured and insulted people with such severity; whereupon, admitting the weight of their arguments, he forbade any executions on the sentence. Yet it is said that General Grouchy, in whose immediate power the prisoners remained, after exclaiming that his own life had been attempted, that the blood of the French soldiers was not to be spilt with impunity, and that the prisoners having been condemned by a council of war, ought and should be executed, proceeded to shoot them in the Prado. Forty were thus slain before Murat could cause his orders to be effectually obeyed.’

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'The next day some of the Spanish authorities having discovered that a Colonel commanding the Imperial Guards still retained a number of prisoners in the barracks, applied to have them also released. Murat consented : but *it is said by some, although denied by others of greater authority*, that the Colonel getting intelligence of what was passing, and being enraged at the loss of so many choice soldiers, put forty-five of his captives to death before the order arrived to stay his bloody proceedings.'—vol. i. p. 25.

This, we venture to think, is rather a loose way of writing history. '*It is said* that General Grouchy,' &c. Again, '*It is said* by some, but *denied* by others of greater authority,' &c. The facts in question appear to us to be somewhat too grave and important to be dealt with after this *on dit* fashion. Colonel Napier subjoins, at the end of the volume, a note on this passage transmitted to him by the French General Harispe, in these few dry words :—'The *Colonel of the Imperial Guard* did not cause any one to be put to death.' In another note at the end of the volume, Colonel Napier tells us, however, what were the sources from which he himself obtained the account in the text, their general agreement, and also the pains which he took at Madrid, in the year 1812, to verify the principal facts. What we most regret is, that even General Harispe, who was himself present in Madrid on the 2nd of May, 1808, does not give the least hint that the *acts* noticed by Colonel Napier did not occur, but merely that the *Colonel of the Imperial Guard* was not the actor. It is lamentable to see no trace, here, of those finer sentiments which Colonel Napier has before told us made the French armies, in the course of the Peninsular war, feel *burdened* with a sense of the iniquity of the cause in which they were engaged ; and it is not less surprising to find no trace, on this occasion, of that *Roman discipline* which should have prevented such contempt for, and such open violation of, the humane intentions and the direct orders of the Commander-in-Chief of the French army. It remains to be asked, were those orders intended to be obeyed ?

'The commotion of the 2nd of May was the forerunner of insurrections in every part of Spain, few of which were so honourable to the actors as that of Madrid. Unprincipled villains hailed the opportunity of directing the passions of the multitude, and, under the mask of patriotism, turned the unthinking fury of the people against whomsoever it pleased them to rob or to destroy.'—vol. i. p. 27.

We fear that Spain is not the only country in which unprincipled men have hailed the opportunity of directing the passions of the multitude, and, under the mask of patriotism, have 'turned the unthinking fury of the people against whomsoever it pleased them to injure or to destroy.' But the extraordinary position in which

the Spaniards were placed merits peculiar consideration, and, we think, many grains of allowance. Their country had been betrayed to strangers, and the people rose, resolved to rescue it. A few, and but a few, men of note, hung back, and still fewer opposed themselves to the general impulse. Is it to be wondered at that, in some places, the suspicions of the people were awakened, and that they rashly rushed into acts of violence? In certain cases moderation may have been misinterpreted amidst the impetuosity of patriotic excitement; in others, timidity, or a trimming policy may have been dealt with too severely; and in some, perhaps, the suspicions of the people may not have been groundless, although their haste and violence in acting upon them was blameable and unfortunate. If Castaños, commanding the Spanish camp at St. Roque, readily acknowledged the Junta established at Seville, and prepared himself to act under its direction against the French army, whilst Solano, governor of Cadiz, refused to acknowledge the Junta, or to make any preparations to attack the French squadron in that harbour, is it to be wondered at that the latter fell a victim to popular fury?—and is it necessary to concur with Colonel Napier's unsupported and extraordinary assertion, that—‘there is too much reason to believe that the Junta of Seville sent an agent to Cadiz for the express purpose of procuring his (Solano's) assassination?’—vol. i. p. 33.

The account given by General Foy of the melancholy fate of Solano is as follows:—

‘The Marquis del Socorro (Solano), after fifteen days of hesitation, determined to obey the orders of the Grand Duke of Berg to return to Cadiz and resume his government. When it was proposed to him, the day after his arrival at Cadiz, to attack the enemy, he said, pointing to the English fleet, ‘*There they are, these are the enemies of Spain.*’ The people collected in crowds, armed themselves, and attacked and pillaged the arsenal. Solano spent the time in deliberation with his principal officers; but in the meanwhile the multitude were exasperated by the sight of the colours of the squadron of French men-of-war in the harbour, and on the third day they brought cannon and made a violent attack upon the governor's house. Solano attempted to effect his escape by the roof, and threw down into the street the foremost of his pursuers; but others followed, and he was seized, dragged into the street, and put to death.’—Foy, vol. iii. p. 207.

Surely there is enough here to show that Solano's own acts were more than sufficient to provoke an already excited populace to deeds of rashness and violence.

We shall extract, also, the French historian's statement respecting the formation and conduct of the Junta of Seville:—

‘In the midst of efforts everywhere dictated by an equal degree of

of patriotism, Seville was distinguished by a forcible and orderly system of management, which saved Spain. The popular rising had, at first, the same character there as in the other towns. The people assembled tumultuously in the afternoon of the 26th of May; they rushed with arms in their hands under the balcony of the municipality, and Count d'Aguilar was massacred in going out of the town-house to his carriage. The nobility and persons of property felt the necessity of joining in the movement of the people, in order to direct it. A Junta, consisting of twenty-three members, was formed on the 27th of May, by delegates from different public bodies. Don Francisco Saavedra, formerly Minister for Foreign Affairs, and who passed for being the first statesman of Spain, was called from Puerto Real, where he was in exile, to assume the Presidency. Several of the members of this assembly had been summoned to it on account of their abilities; others had been placed there only for the purpose of moderating and directing the effervescence of the people, over whom they were all-powerful. . . . The public tranquillity was disturbed for hardly twenty-four hours, after which the courts of justice resumed their functions, the people returned to their several occupations, and from so great a movement there remained only that degree of excitement which was requisite to stimulate men to the accomplishment of glorious results.'—*Foy*, vol. iii. p. 20.

This is General Foy's account of the body of men who took upon themselves, at Seville, the management of affairs in this crisis of the fate of their country, when its capital and the central provinces were in the entire possession of the enemy, and when a French army, under Dupont, was on its march to enforce subjection in the South; and such was the assembly by which Colonel Napier invites us to believe that an agent was sent to Cadiz to cause the assassination of Solano. Colonel Napier adds—

'This foul stain upon the cause was enlarged by the perpetration of similar or worse deeds in every part of the kingdom.'

General Foy does not bring forward any such sweeping charge as is here preferred by Colonel Napier, although he is not sparing in his censure of atrocious conduct whenever he knows it to have occurred. He thus recounts what took place at Valencia:—

'Amongst the Valencians, an inconstant race, the revolution had assumed, in the mean time, a character of atrocity. The massacre by the populace of Brigadier Don Fernando Saavedra, before the eyes of Count Cervellon, who employed every effort in his power to save him, was the signal for a series of crimes. There came from Madrid to Valencia a monster, of the nature of those, some of whom even the best revolutions vomit forth to furnish a topic of recrimination to the enemies of the public good,—his name was Balthazar Calvo, and he was a canon of St. Isidore. This man proclaimed the rights of the people, and national vengeance, with a degree

degree of vehemence which obtained for him the affection of the multitude. Forty assassins grouped themselves around him. Fortified by means of such support, Calvo loaded with abuse the Junta, which had not chosen to admit him into their body, took away their power, and acquired for himself, under the title of Representative of the People and of Don Ferdinand the Seventh, so high an authority, that the Intendant had to submit to him the public accounts, the chiefs of the military to receive his orders, and even the Archbishop himself was under the necessity of treating him with the outward marks of consideration.'—*Foy*, vol. iii. p. 244.

After having narrated other atrocities of this disgusting and sanguinary demagogue, General Foy informs us that the magistrates, at last, took courage, succeeded in getting the monster into their power, and had him conveyed to the island of Majorca, to prevent a rescue. He was tried, condemned, and executed; and the body of this 'Robespierre of Valencia' was brought back to the scene of his crimes, and exposed in the square of St. Dominic, with this inscription upon it,—'*A Traitor to his country, and a Chief of assassins.*' We have the satisfaction, therefore, to learn from this French historian, that if the populace in Spain, like the same class of the community every where else, have the misfortune to be made, at times, the dupes and the instruments of wicked men, there is in that country, as it is desirable that there should be everywhere,—virtue, vigilance, and energy enough to rescue the people, on the first favourable opportunity, from so disgraceful a thralldom, and so dreadful a scourge.

But under Colonel Napier's hand this affair acquires a different colouring. He says of Calvo,—

'His raging thirst for murder urged him to menace the Junta, who with the exception of the English consul, Mr. Tupper, had given way to his previous violence, but now readily found the means to crush his power. The canon while in the act of braving their authority, was seized by stratagem, and soon afterwards strangled, together with two hundred of his band.'—vol. i. p. 35.

The inferences towards which we are led by this account of the matter, are,—that the Junta had shown, in the first instance, culpable timidity, or even connivance with regard to the crimes of Calvo—next a selfish jealousy for the maintenance of their own power—and lastly, that they had exhibited a hasty, bloody, and irregular exercise of arbitrary power in the punishment of this monster and his associates. But our readers must be already aware of the industry and ingenuity which our author is prone to exercise, for the purpose of representing in the least favourable light possible both the general character and the particular acts of the Spaniards.

He does not omit, indeed, to throw into the almost continued current of his virulent censure some mitigating ingredients, but these rather assist in concealing the poison than in supplying an antidote to it. Other specimens of the spirit we allude to follow.

'This universal and nearly simultaneous effort of the Spanish people was beheld by the rest of Europe with astonishment and admiration; astonishment at the energy thus suddenly put forth by a nation hitherto deemed unnerved and debased,—admiration at the devoted courage of an act which, seen at a *distance*, and its *odious* parts unknown, appeared with all the *ideal beauty* of Numanian patriotism. In England the enthusiasm was unbounded: dazzled at first with the splendour of such an agreeable, unlooked-for spectacle, men of all classes gave way to the impulse of a generous sympathy, and forgot, or felt disinclined to analyze, the real causes of this *apparently* magnanimous exertion. It may, however, be fairly doubted if the disinterested vigour of the Spanish character was the *true source* of the resistance; it was, in fact, produced by several co-operating causes, many of which were *anything but commendable*.'—vol. i. p. 37.

Now we, on the contrary, are satisfied that there never was a more natural, justifiable, and rational enthusiasm than that which arose in England on the occasion to which Colonel Napier alludes. The whole nation saw with satisfaction that there was an end to their differences with a people with whom they had no other cause of quarrel than that, unfortunately for both, and unwillingly on the part both of the people and the sovereign of Spain, they were instruments in the hands of the common enemy. We felt that, from being adversaries, the Spaniards had suddenly become, by a voluntary and simultaneous effort, our firm friends and our zealous associates in the same cause. We saw that the most dangerous element of the French power in the beginning of our struggles against it,—the art of deluding the people,—had passed away; and that the element which Napoleon had attempted to substitute for it,—the principle of military coercion,—had failed of success on its application to the Spaniards. We saw that the arm which our gigantic opponent was preparing to raise against us, and the blows of which would have assailed us in the most vulnerable part, had failed to respond to his will, and had even mutinied against his commands. We were grateful to Providence for the change, and we rejoiced in an alliance, the basis of which was the assertion of national independence against the intolerable pretensions of insatiable and unsparing ambition.

Colonel Napier proceeds:—

'The Spanish character, with relation to public affairs, is distinguished by inordinate pride and arrogance. Dilatory and improvident, the individual as well as the mass all possess an absurd confidence that everything is practicable which their heated imaginations suggest.

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Once excited, they can see no difficulty in the execution of a project, and the obstacles they encounter are attributed to treachery;—hence the sudden murder of so many virtuous men at the commencement of this commotion.’—vol. i. p. 38.

Every one must feel regret for the ‘murder of virtuous men’ wherever it occurs. Even after so long a lapse of time, who can read without pain of the murder of the two brothers De Witt, when the indignation of the people of Holland was roused against those whose policy they deemed to have been subservient to the grasping ambition of Louis XIV. of France? But that rash act of popular violence has not dimmed the lustre of the noble struggle made by the Dutch to maintain their independence, nor has it branded the people of Holland with such imputations of cruelty as Colonel Napier has sought to fix upon the Spanish nation. If the suddenness and the violence of the ebullition of popular feeling in Spain, and its rapid and universal spread over the kingdom be considered,—and if inquiry be made, also, into the number of virtuous men who fell a sacrifice in France a few years before,—and if the example there given be adverted to,—we doubt much if Spain will be found deserving of such pre-eminence as Colonel Napier seems desirous to assign to her in this respect. As to the ‘*absurd confidence* that everything is practicable which their heated imaginations suggest,’ it was an *absurdity* which blighted to the enemy the promised harvest of his ambition; and which will place the Spanish name (in spite of Colonel Napier) upon a higher pedestal of fame than it could have ever attained to by a course of hesitating moderation.

‘Then came the *tumult* of Madrid, which, *swollen and distorted*, was cast, like Cæsar’s body, before the people to urge them to frenzy; they arose, not to meet a danger the extent of which they had calculated, and were prepared, for the sake of independence, to confront, but to gratify the fury of their hearts and to slake *their thirst* for blood.’—vol. i. p. 38.

Our main object in making this quotation has been to give another example of Colonel Napier’s propensity to exhibit the Spaniards in an unfavourable light, but it may be as well to notice also, in passing, the rhetorical figure which here presents itself, as a specimen of ‘a swollen and distorted’ style into which our author is too apt to fall. We can suppose the expression, ‘a swollen tumult,’ being used, though not very elegantly, to convey the idea of a great tumult, but a *swollen and distorted* tumult, and such a tumult *thrown, like a dead body*, before a blood-thirsty people, is a piece of imagery too monstrous and incongruous for our taste, although we can comprehend what the idea is which the author aims at conveying to his readers. We must confess, moreover, that there does
not

not appear to us to be much affinity between the two transactions which Colonel Napier here so closely associates. Marc Antony, a very artful, as well as most unprincipled and extravagantly ambitious man, exhibited Cæsar's dead body to the multitude, for the purpose of exciting them against the opposite party in the state, and with the hope of raising himself into Cæsar's place by their assistance. His views were selfish, and his object was to establish his own power upon the ruins of the liberties of Rome, by the help of dishonest associates, and with the aid of an unthinking multitude, who, gorged with bribes and with flattery, looked not a day before them, and neither cared for, nor were capable of, understanding the permanent interests of their country. But what single trait of similarity was there between all this and the transactions which took place at Madrid on the 2nd of May? There was no individual assassination at Madrid—there was no tyrant cut off—no substitute seeking to step into the vacant place—there was no blind and corrupted populace artfully led to be the destroyers of the liberties of their country. There was bloodshed, it is true, in both cases, but at Madrid it was made to flow, not by civil dissensions, but by the unjustifiable interference of strangers, whose artifices, whose violence, and whose cruelty, powerfully excited the passions, and called forth the energies of a high-minded and a bold people. Colonel Napier speaks of the savage eagerness of the Spaniards 'to slake their thirst for blood;' but surely that eagerness was more strongly manifested, and that thirst more savagely indulged by the civilized and disciplined French, who executed their prisoners in a deliberate manner, after the insurrection had ceased, than it could possibly have been by the Spaniards during the violence of the tumult.

'The state of civilization in Spain was likewise exactly suited to an insurrection, for if the people had been a little more enlightened, they would have joined the French; if very enlightened, the invasion could not have happened at all.'—vol. i. p. 40.

We do not know what degree of enlightenment Colonel Napier would recommend as the best and most desirable; but we confess that we should not applaud, as he seems inclined to do, that particular state of enlightenment which makes a nation desirous of a foreign yoke.

Having given the above strong indications, as they appear to us to be, of our author's bias against the Spaniards—and of his disposition to distort facts in palliation of the proceedings of their enemies, greater than even French writers have exhibited—we must now accompany Colonel Napier in his account of some of the military encounters which took place between the Spaniards and the troops of Napoleon, before the British auxiliary forces began

began to take part in the contest. But as our chief object in noticing that part of the transactions of the war is to show in what light they are exhibited by Colonel Napier, we shall not enter more into the detail of military events than is absolutely necessary for this purpose. We shall begin with his estimate of the strength of the contending parties.

'The gross amount of the organized Spanish force was, in the month of *May*, about one hundred and twenty-seven thousand men of all arms. Fifteen thousand of these were in *Holstein*, under the Marquis of Romana, but twenty thousand were already partially *concentrated in Portugal*, and the remainder, in which were comprised eleven thousand Swiss and thirty thousand militia, were dispersed in various parts of the kingdom, principally in Andalusia. The French army in the Peninsula, about the same period, although amounting to eighty thousand men, *exclusive* of those under Junot in Portugal, had not more than seventy thousand capable of active operations; the remainder were sick or in depôts. It was made up of the conscripts of different nations, French, Swiss, Italians, Poles, and even Portuguese, whom Junot had expatriated. A few of the Imperial Guards were also employed, and here and there an old regiment of the line was mixed with the young troops, to give them countenance.'—vol. i. pp. 45, 46.

In estimating the Spanish force at 127,000 men, there are included 15,000 men in *Holstein*, 20,000 in *Portugal*, and 30,000 militia. But in stating the French army at 80,000 men all are regular troops, and those only are included who were *actually in Spain*. A deduction also of 10,000 men (one-eighth) is made from the French force for men sick or in depôts, leaving 70,000 capable of active operations; but no deduction whatsoever is made from the force of the Spaniards. If one-eighth (15,875) be deducted, as in the case of the French army, it will bring down the Spanish force, capable of active operations, to 111,125, including, let it always be remembered, the troops in *Portugal* and in *Holstein*. But we learn from Mr. Southey's '*History of the Peninsular War*,' (vol. i. p. 664) that about 9000 only of the Spanish troops in the Danish dominions were able to effect their escape; and although Colonel Napier tells us that the Spanish troops were partially *concentrated in Portugal*, we shall find that, in truth, whilst the French corps there was concentrated, the Spanish contingent was, on the contrary, separated into three parts, in the north, south, and centre of the kingdom; and that the regiments in the centre were so intermixed with a superior French force, that they were without difficulty disarmed and detained prisoners on board ship by order of General Junot. Here, therefore, are still further deductions—amounting to about 10,000 men—which must be made from the strength of the Spaniards as stated by our author.

Let

Let us now inquire into the accuracy of Colonel Napier's statements of the *numerical* strength of the French, in doing which we have fortunately the assistance of General Foy, to whose work a very detailed return of the French army in the Peninsula is annexed. The time referred to by Colonel Napier in enumerating the Spanish force is the month of May, 1808; and he speaks of the French army '*about the same period*.' Now, General Foy, having given a detailed separate state of the strength of each corps, adds the following—

'*Recapitulation of the French armies in the Peninsula on the 1st of June, 1808.*

	Men.	Horses.
' First corps of observation of the Gironde (Junot) . . .	24,978	1,771
Second corps of observation of the Gironde (Dupont) . . .	21,425	4,050
Corps of observation of the coast of the ocean (Moncey) . . .	29,341	3,860
Corps of observation of the Western Pyrenees (Bessières) . . .	19,096	1,881
Corps of observation of the Eastern Pyrenees (Duhesme) . . .	12,724	2,033
Imperial Guards, [<i>a few</i>] (Dorsenne)	6,412	3,300
Total	116,979	16,895
Troops which entered Spain between the 1st of June and the 15th of August, 1808	44,374	4,685
General Total	161,353	21,580.'

We leave to our readers, after attentively examining the subject, to make their own comments upon the *condour* exhibited by our author in his statement of the numerical strength of the opposite parties. But Colonel Napier, not contenting himself with the understatement which he has made of the numerical strength of the French force, proceeds in the same spirit to tell us :—

'The French army must be considered as a *raw levy, just from the plough, and unacquainted with discipline*; so late even as the month of August many of the battalions had not completed the first elements of their drill, and if they had not been formed upon good skeletons, [*viz. officers and non-commissioned officers*] the difference between them and the *insurgent peasantry* would have been very trifling. This fact explains,' &c. &c.—vol. i. p. 46.

Colonel Napier refers in the margin of his book to three authorities for the account he here gives of the composition of the French army. One of these is Thiebault, whose evidence will appear of very little value, we are persuaded, to any one who has taken the trouble to peruse his book; another authority is the Journal (manuscript) of Dupont, which we have not seen; and the third is Napoleon's Note No. 3.* We have carefully examined

* These Notes are given in French in the Appendix to Colonel Napier's first volume. They are five in number; and Colonel Napier tells us that they were dictated by Napoleon, signed by General Bertrand, and found in the portfolio of King Joseph, when his baggage was captured at Vittoria. These documents are extremely interesting and instructive, and there is no doubt of their authenticity. In Note No. 2, there is an addition in Napoleon's own hand-writing.

this

this note in search of evidence to support Colonel Napier's account of the very defective composition of the French army at that time in Spain, but, to our surprise, no such evidence is to be found in it. The only passage which has at first sight some *appearance* of being confirmatory of Colonel Napier's statement, is to be found in observation 10th of Note 3, and is as follows:—

'The communication of Madrid with France is important in every point of view. The two columns which have been recently organized at Burgos and at Vittoria must therefore be left in those stations. The note of their formation is enclosed. They are almost entirely composed of third battalions, and of conscripts, but with good skeletons; a residence of fifteen or twenty days at Burgos and Vittoria will pretty nearly qualify them for being trained in battalions. It would be a very great fault to call upon those troops too soon to join their respective regiments; that must be put off until these can be replaced at Vittoria and at Burgos by fresh troops.'

But all this, instead of supporting Colonel Napier's *fact*, tends, on the contrary, to mark that the rest of the army was not composed as the two columns in question were; and shows, also, the care taken by Napoleon to prevent raw levies from being called too soon into active service.

But we shall take the liberty of giving some other quotations from Napoleon's Notes, which contradict in a more direct manner Colonel Napier's statement. In observation 8th of Note 3 we find the following:—

'General Verdier, in Arragon, has invested Saragossa; the 14th and 44th regiments of the line set out to-morrow to join him. That fine looking and good brigade of the line will complete the army of General Verdier to 15,000 men. Saragossa will probably soon fall, and two-thirds of these 15,000 men will then become disposable.'

Again, in Observation 2nd, Note No. 4, dated at St. Cloud, August 30th, the Emperor, when speaking of the importance of Burgos, and describing certain manœuvres to be executed by the troops, says,

'Does not a corps of twelve or fifteen thousand men, at the command even of an *adjutant-major*, take up twenty different positions in the course of a day? And have our troops become like *des levées en masse*, which must be placed a fortnight beforehand in the positions in which it is intended they should fight?'

And in the third Observation of the same Note he says,

'All the Spanish forces together are not capable of beating 25,000 French troops in a tolerable position.'

It is obvious, therefore, that Napoleon did not view the greater part of his army in Spain as '*being little different, except as to the*

*the officers and non-commissioned officers, from the insurgent peasantry.**

The earlier portion of Colonel Napier's book has disclosed to us some of his political sentiments; we shall now obtain some insight into his notions upon military matters. In the beginning of the fourth chapter he tells us, that Buonaparte arranged a profound plan of military operations,—

'combined in such a manner, that, from their central position, they [the French] had the power of overwhelming each separate province, no three of which could act in concert without first beating a French corps. . . . He [Napoleon] knew that a general insurrection can never last long, that it is a military anarchy, and incapable of real strength; he knew that it was the disciplined battalions of Valley Forge, not the volunteers of Lexington, that established American independence.'—vol. i. pp. 44, 45.

Of the merit of Napoleon's plan, by which he was to have the power of overwhelming each separate province of Spain, our readers will be enabled to judge, by the result of the first military events which occurred to put it to the test. With regard to the cause of the success of the struggle made by the United States to establish their independence, we must venture to differ from Napoleon—or rather from Colonel Napier. We are well aware, indeed, that a body of troops engaged for permanent service, or at least for the duration of the war—disciplined, paid, clothed, and supplied in every respect upon a regular system—was a desideratum with the Americans in the early part of the war, and it is most difficult to supply such a want during the active operation of an arduous contest. But that which in reality foiled every effort of skill and of courage made by the British army—and both were numerous—was the general hostility of the population of the country. The British courted general actions, and in these they remained, on most occasions, masters of the field; but although a victory was achieved, it was a fruitless triumph, for nothing was *subdued*. Every movement, whether for the purpose of advance or of retreat, was a continued combat; and that which gave such importance to the affair at Lexington was, that it taught every man in America that the strength resulting from the union of discipline with methodical arrangement might be successfully opposed by a system of harassing warfare, especially in a country which was uncleared,

* In the Journal of Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr we find the following observations upon the condition of the Spanish army at the time when Napoleon formed his project against the independence of that country:—'The state of destitution and of neglect in which the Prince of the Peace had left the army had spread a degree of discontent and discouragement throughout its ranks beyond expression. It was ill clothed, badly armed, and without any kind of instruction. The cavalry was almost unhorsed, in a word, in a state the most deplorable.'—*Introduction*, p. 2.

and where almost every peasant was dexterous in the use of fire-arms.

It is not without some surprise that we find the period of the stay of the American army at *Valley Forge* selected by Colonel Napier as the time of the greatest improvement of its discipline.

'At no period of the war (says Marshall, in his *Life of Washington*) had the American army been reduced to a situation of greater peril than during the winter at *Valley Forge*. . . The returns of the 1st of February exhibit the astonishing number of three thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine men in camp unfit for duty for want of clothes. Although the total of the army exceeded seventeen thousand men, the present effective rank-and-file amounted only to five thousand and twelve. The returns throughout the winter do not essentially vary from that which has just been given.'—vol. iii. p. 405. General Washington's letters also, both official and private, give a full detail of the total inefficiency of all the departments of the military service at this alarming crisis, and of the consequent wretchedness, insubordination, and desertion prevalent amongst the troops. An army in such a condition was not likely to make much proficiency in discipline. Colonel Napier talks of '*scientific war*,' and seems to consider that term to be applicable only to military operations carried on by troops trained in a particular manner. War is not, however, an art so limited and confined that there is but one way of carrying it on with advantage. There are general principles, indeed, which always belong to it, but there is an almost endless variety in the application of these principles to the like variety of forms in which war presents itself, and their proper application genius and experience can alone direct. The Germans, who assailed the Roman forces under Cæcina, were successful whilst they adhered to that system of desultory and harassing warfare, in which they were aided by the hills, forests, and morasses of their country, and which was suitable to their inferiority in discipline, in tactics, in the quality of their weapons, and of their defensive armour; but when they rejected the judicious advice of Arminius, and adopted rasher counsels, they sustained a sudden and disgraceful defeat.

'Arminio "sinerent egredi, egressosque rursum per humida et impedita circumvenirent," suadente; atrociora Inguiomero, et læta barbaris, "ut vallum armis ambirent; promptam expugnationem, plures captivos, incorruptam prædam fore." Igitur, orta die, prouunt fossas, injiciunt crates, summa valli prensant, raro super milite, et quasi ob metum defixo. Postquam hæserè munimentis, datur cohortibus signum, cornuque ac tubæ concinuere: exin clamore et impetu tergis Germanorum circumfunduntur, exprobrantes, "non hic silvas, nec paludes, sed æquis locis æquos deos." . . Arminius integer, Inguiomerus post grave vulnus, pugnam deseruere: vulgus trucidatum est donec ira et dies permansit.'

These

These last words of Tacitus are an exact representation of the fate that befel the Spaniards, and that must await every *insurrectionary* army which is brought, either through imprudence or impatience, to measure itself in pitched battles with highly-disciplined veteran troops. We believe, indeed, that one of the greatest errors committed by the Spaniards during the war, was that of engaging in pitched battles, such as Rio Seco, Espinosa, Tudela, Midellin, and Ocaña. But in justice to the Spanish generals we must admit, that history records many examples, besides that of Fabius Maximus, when the wise counsels of a leader have been thwarted by competitors, or overruled by the ignorant impatience of the multitude.

Colonel Napier, after a brief mention of the artifices by which the French gained possession of Barcelona and Menjuick, proceeds thus :—

‘The treacherous game played at Barcelona was renewed at Figueras with equal success ; the citadel of that place fell into the hands of the detachment left there ; a free entrance and a secure base of operations was thus established in Catalonia ; and when the magazines of Barcelona were filled, Duhesme, whose corps took the name of the “ Army of the Eastern Pyrenees,” concluded that his task was well performed. The affair was, indeed, a momentous one, and Napoleon earnestly looked for its termination. . . . The proximity of Sicily, where a large British force was kept in a state of constant preparation, made it more than probable that an English army would be quickly carried to Barcelona, and a formidable systematic war be established upon the threshold of France ; and hence Napoleon, seeing the extent of the danger, obviated it, at the risk of rendering abortive the attempt to create a French party in Madrid. The greater evil, of finding an English army at Barcelona, left no room for hesitation ; thirty or forty thousand British troops occupying an entrenched camp in front of that town, supported by a powerful fleet, and having reserve-depôts in Sicily and the Spanish islands, might have been so wielded as to give ample occupation to one hundred and fifty thousand enemies. Under the protection of such an army the Spanish levies might have been organized and instructed ; and as the actual numbers assembled could have been easily masked, increased, or diminished, and the fleet always ready to co-operate, the south of France, whence the provisions of the enemy *must* have been drawn, would have been exposed to descents, and all the inconvenience of actual hostilities.’—vol. i. p. 51.

This passage may be looked at in two different points of view—either as an apology for Napoleon’s act of treachery towards the Spaniards in seizing upon Barcelona—or as offering a suggestion for a *judicious* application of the military force of Britain. Any apology for Napoleon, in this particular case,

case, we must consider as quite superfluous; for why make excuses for a single act of treachery in the accomplishment of a vast plan, the whole of which it has been already acknowledged had no other foundation but fraud and violence? Let us examine the passage therefore as a military suggestion, although in this aspect also it appears to us, we confess, in the light of a mere idle speculation, when facts are adverted to. For in the earliest stage of Napoleon's project, and long before the explosion of the 2nd of May at Madrid, the fortresses of Barcelona and Figueras were in possession of the French, and had a British force presented itself at that period in any part of Spain, it could not have met with any other than a hostile reception from the Spaniards. But—taking Colonel Napier's plan without reference to the actual state of things at the period when it was possible for it to have been adopted, namely, *after* the arrival of the Spanish deputies in England;—we have to remark, in the first place, that Barcelona being nearly the very farthest point of the Spanish peninsula from Great Britain, it follows that, by making it the seat of operation for thirty or forty thousand British troops, the conveyance of reinforcements, stores, and supplies of every kind, to that army, would have been subjected to a degree of risk, delay, and expense, which may be fairly estimated at sevenfold that which would be incurred by the employment of a like army on the side of Portugal and Galicia. Add to this the loss of the immense advantage of having a trained and disciplined Portuguese force, chiefly under British officers, acting in conjunction with the British. But how was the British force at Barcelona to be employed? Was it to continue shut up in its entrenched camp, to be despised and reproached by the active and gallant Catalans with supineness and cowardice?—or was it to take the field and come into collision with the one hundred and fifty thousand of the enemy, to whom Colonel Napier tells us that it was to give ample occupation? As to the legerdemain by which the force was to be 'masked, increased, or diminished,' at will, without the enemy being able to know anything of the matter, we do not venture to give an opinion. But let us turn to the fleet, by the co-operation of which, Colonel Napier tells us, 'the south of France, whence the provisions of the enemy *must* have been drawn, would have been exposed to descents, and all the inconvenience of actual hostilities.' We confess we are not very partial to a war of descents; nor do we think that experience warrants the expectation of any such beneficial results from it as Colonel Napier seems here to anticipate. Besides which, it is very certain that few coasts are less assailable by that system of warfare than those of the south of France; and that none of the departments of that country are so little productive

tive of the kind of supplies required by an army as those from which our author tells us that the provisions of the French force in Catalonia 'must have been drawn.'*

We shall have more than one occasion, in the course of our observations on Colonel Napier's work, to notice the inaccuracy of his topographical statements. This defect is the less excusable in a military writer, because his profession must have made him fully aware of the influence which the general configuration of a country has over the great movements of armies; as well as of the importance which attaches to the particular features of the ground on a field of battle. And it may, indeed, be observed in general, that when there is a want of accuracy in any author who writes upon war, with respect to the topographical descriptions which he gives, the data by which to form a judgment of the military operations carried on, and of the justice of the writer's praise or censure of them, must be extremely defective.

Colonel Napier tells us that—

'the capital of Spain is situated in a sort of basin, formed by a semi-circular range of mountains, which, under the different denominations of the Sierra de Guadarama, the Carpentanos, and the Sierra de Guadalexara, sweep in one unbroken chain from east to west, touching the Tagus at either end of an arc, of which that river is the chord.'—vol. i. p. 51.

It is true that there is a range of lofty mountains to the north of Madrid, and the river Tagus has its source in that part of the range which forms the frontier between the kingdom of Aragon and the north-eastern part of New Castile; but that range of mountains, in stretching to the westward from the Sierra de Guadarama, does not, anywhere within the Spanish frontier, form an arc coming in contact with the river Tagus as its chord.

Other mistakes immediately follow.

'The principal roads which lead from France directly upon Madrid are four. The first, a royal causeway, which, passing the frontier at Irun, runs under St. Sebastian and through a wild and mountainous country, full of dangerous defiles, to the Ebro; it crosses that river by a stone bridge at Miranda.'

It is not quite correct to say that the frontier is passed at Irun, for it is formed by the river Bidassoa, half a league from Irun. Neither is it correct to say that the road runs under St. Sebastian, which expression, especially when used by a military author, and with reference to a fortress, implies that the road is com-

* We refer our readers to the *Statistique de la France*. When the Emperor Charles V. meditated the invasion of this part of France, 'his ministers and generals, instead of entertaining the same sanguine hopes, represented to him in the strongest terms the danger of leading his troops so far from his own territories, to such a distance from his magazines, and into provinces which did not yield sufficient subsistence for their own inhabitants.'—*Robertson's Charles V.*, b. vi.

manded by the guns of the place; whereas the road alluded to is nowhere less than five miles from St. Sebastian. These are unimportant inaccuracies, however, when compared with the next.

'The second, which is an inferior road, commences at St. Jean-pied-de-Port, and *unites with the first at Pampeluna.*'

Now the truth is, that the first (the royal causeway) from the French frontier to Madrid, by Miranda, never turns its course at all towards Pampeluna, nor comes nearer than within fifty or sixty miles of that place.*

Colonel Napier gives us an account of the military plans digested and ordered by the Emperor before leaving Bayonne.

'To combine all the movements of a vast plan which would embrace the operations against Catalonia, Aragon, Biscay, the Asturias, Galicia, Leon, Castille, Andalusia, Murcia, and Valencia, in such a *simple* manner as that the corps of the army, working upon one *principle*, might mutually support and strengthen each other, and at the same time preserve their communication with France, was the great problem to be solved. Napoleon felt that it required a master-mind, and from Bayonne he put all the different armed masses in motion himself, and with the greatest caution; for it is a mistaken notion, although one very generally entertained, that he plunged headlong into the contest, without foresight, as having to do with adversaries he despised.'†—vol. i. p. 57.

'The principle upon which he proceeded may be illustrated by the comparison of a closed hand thrust forward and the *fingers* afterwards extended; as long as the *solid part of the member* was securely fixed and guarded, the return of the smaller portions of it and their flexible movement was feasible and without great peril: whereas a wound given to the hand or arm, not only endangered that part, but paralyzed the whole limb.'—vol. i. p. 58.

Owing, perhaps, to our ignorance of the sublimer parts of the science of war, this illustration appears to us to be somewhat fanciful and childish. Practically, however, the *simple principle* did not answer; for the finger which was protruded to Andalusia was cut off; and the finger which was extended to Valencia would probably have shared the same fate had it not recoiled of its own accord, and without waiting till the *solid part of the member* should draw it back. According to Colonel Napier's illustration, the corps under Bessieres represented, we suppose, the *thumb* of

* Colonel Napier has omitted altogether to mention an intermediate road between the first and second, viz., that by the *Puerto de Maya*, to Pampeluna, which is the shortest line of road from Bayonne to Madrid, and which was used by the British army with artillery.

† Yet Colonel Napier has told us (p. 5), 'Napoleon observed with *surprise* the *unexpected* energy of the people.' And p. 44, 'The commotion at Aranjuez *undeceived* the French emperor; he perceived that he was engaged in a *delicate* enterprise, and that the people he had to deal with were anything but tame and quiescent under insult.'

the hand; the more so, as the source of our author's illustration seems to have been Napoleon's remark, quoted at page 109:—
'A check given to Dupont would have a slight effect, but a wound received by Bessieres would give a locked-jaw to the whole army.'
 The reason of this distinction is obvious; because the corps under Bessieres was the protection of the line of communication of the whole army with the base of its operations. But is it not equally obvious, that the very same principle here applied by Napoleon to the case of the whole army must become applicable, also, to the part of it under Dupont, whenever that part was so situated, as to be in danger of having its line of communication broken in upon and effectually interrupted?

Our author's own notions with regard to a base of military operations seem to be sometimes too confined. He informs us (p. 57) that *'Bayonne was the base of operations against Madrid, and that Madrid in turn became the base of operations against Valencia.'* We apprehend, however, that Bayonne could not form a sufficient base for military operations against Madrid, nor Madrid for military operations against Valencia: Buonaparte, knowing that, had secured to himself the possession of St. Sebastian and Pampeluna, to aid the former—as of Figueras and Barcelona, to aid the latter—before the breaking out of hostilities; and even these bases were found to be insufficient.

Colonel Napier commences his account of the military operations of the French against the Spanish *insurgents* with those of the troops under Marshal Bessieres:—

'This officer had scarcely fixed his head-quarters at Burgos when a general movement of revolt took place. . . Bessieres immediately divided his disposable force, which was not more than twelve thousand men, into several columns, and, traversing the country in all directions, disarmed the towns, and interrupted the combinations of the insurgents; while a division of Dupont's corps, under General Frere, marched from the side of Madrid to aid his efforts. General Verdier attacked Logroño on the 6th of June, dispersed the peasantry, and put the leaders to death after the action. General Lasalle, departing from Burgos with a brigade of light cavalry, passed the Pisuerga, fell upon the Spaniards at Torquemada on the 7th, broke them, and, pursuing with a merciless sword, burnt that town,' &c. . . 'While Bessieres thus broke the northern insurrection, the march of General Lefebvre Desnouettes against the province of Aragon brought on the first siege of Zaragoza,' &c. . . 'On the 9th he forced the passage of the Ebro, put the leaders of the insurrection to death after the action, and then continued his movement.'—vol. i. p. 61-63.

These brief extracts at once show what was the character given by the French to the war in the Peninsula from its very outset. They did not regard the Spaniards as a nation entitled to defend themselves

themselves and their country against unjust aggression, but treated them as *rebels* who were resisting legitimate authority. They mowed down their untrained and half-armed bands with a *merciless sword*—they shot their leaders in cold blood *after the action*, and left those whom the weapons of war had not reached to be the victims of famine and disease.

Can any one doubt the right of the Spaniards to retaliate? or is it to be expected that individuals will repress their natural feelings, and bridle in their excited passions, when governments thus set the example of a total disregard of humanity, and call back the bygone ferocity of savage times to stain the annals of an enlightened age?

It is not our intention to give a detailed account of the siege of Saragossa; nor does the fame of the defence of that city stand in need of our feeble aid to extend or to prolong it.* Some short extracts, however, from Colonel Napier's 'Observations' upon the siege we deem to be requisite:—

'It is manifest that Saragossa owed her safety to accident, and that the desperate resistance of the inhabitants was more the result of chance than of any peculiar virtue,' &c. . . . 'The two circumstances that principally contributed to the success of the Spaniards were, the *bad discipline of the French soldiers*, and the system of terror which was established by the Spanish leaders, whoever those leaders were. . . . A stern band of priests and plebeian leaders, in whose hands Palafox was a tool, ruled with such furious energy, that resistance to the enemy was less dangerous than disobedience to their orders.'—vol. i. pp. 70—72.

As to the discipline of the French soldiers, our readers must have already discovered that we ought at once to abandon it to Colonel Napier's management; allowing him to make it appear good or bad, *Roman or not Roman*, exactly as may best suit his occasions. But the main object which Colonel Napier obviously has in view in his account of, and his observations upon, this first siege of Zaragoza, is to take away, as largely as he possibly can, from the merits of the Spaniards—from Palafox down to the humblest and to the weakest (even the women) of those who contributed in any manner towards the defence of the place. Few will envy Colonel Napier such a task, whether he succeed or fail in its accomplishment. But with regard to the siege of Saragossa, and the character and conduct of its defenders, we must be allowed to appeal to other authorities, not less qualified to judge, nor less worthy of credit than Colonel Napier. Amongst these we might

* If any of our readers are unacquainted with the magnificent chapters of Southey on the sieges of Saragossa, they will do well to turn to them; but, for an obvious reason, we decline quoting them on the present occasion as an authority for details of fact.

cite Cavallero; but as he was a Spanish engineer serving in the place, we prefer having recourse to French writers. First, De la Beaumelle, chief of a battalion in the French engineer service, and the translator of Cavallero's Narrative of the Siege, says of Palafox,—

‘that the constancy and firmness which he displayed in the capacity of governor were worthy to be a model to all those who may be called upon to exercise similar duties.’

Next, General Foy tells us—

‘Twenty thousand citizens proclaimed Don Joseph Rovelledo Palafox captain-general of the province on the 29th of May. Palafox belonged to one of the most ancient and most honoured families in the kingdom of Aragon. He did not possess as yet, however, any other claim to the confidence of the people except his fidelity to Ferdinand VII., whom he had accompanied to Bayonne. He was deemed to be the depositary, also, of the last wishes expressed by Ferdinand upon that occasion. Palafox had not been known to be a man of capacity nor of energy, but he proved himself to be worthy of the confidence placed in him by the people. He instantly caused all popular tumults to cease, and manifested a deep sense of the importance of his duties. He had been appointed by inspiration; and his conduct justified the old adage—*Vox populi vox Dei*.’—Foy, vol. iii. p. 286.

With regard to the nature of the first siege of Saragossa, General Foy expresses himself in these terms :—

‘This siege of Saragossa cost to the besiegers, in killed and wounded, two thousand five hundred men, and nearly two thousand to the Spaniards. The defence of Saragossa exhibited a great example to Spain, and its renown will descend to future ages. The inhabitants were attacked, indeed, only by a handful of troops, and a siege in the regular forms did not take place; but it required all their courage to compensate the superiority possessed by *regular and veteran troops*—a compensation which can never occur in the field, where numbers have always yielded to discipline. In the town the strength of the Spaniards begun to display itself, and it augmented in proportion to the progress of the besiegers. The sieges in Spain have, indeed, been always heroic.’—Foy, vol. iii. p. 331.

And General Baron Rogniat, the distinguished French engineer officer who succeeded General Lacoste in conducting the second siege of Saragossa, after passing some high encomiums on his own countrymen, speaks thus of the Spaniards :—

‘On the other hand, the efforts of the besieged were not less admirable. They were not discouraged by the defeat of their newly-formed army—the inexperience of which, and its ignorance of the exercises and manœuvres of war, rendered it incapable of making head in the field. Neither did the loss of their outworks, nor even that of the main wall of the place, which has almost always been deemed the limit

limit to the defence of a fortress, make any impression upon their inflexible courage. They defended themselves with fury from house to house, from story to story, and from room to room—braving the explosions of the mines in which they were swallowed up; and abandoning the ruins of their unfortunate city only when it presented no longer anything but a heap of graves.’—*Sieges de Saragosse, Preface*.

Such are the testimonies generously recorded by French officers who served against them, in honour of the gallantry and the perseverance of the defenders of Saragossa. And their testimonies are amply confirmed by the brief and elegant account of the first siege published in January, 1809, by our countryman, Sir Charles Vaughan, who enjoyed all the opportunities of information which a residence of some time at Saragossa with General Palafox, when the occurrences were still recent, could supply. It has been reserved, therefore, for a British officer, writing twenty years after the event—subsequently to the publication of all the accounts to which we have alluded—and who fought in the same cause for which the inhabitants of Saragossa so nobly devoted themselves—a cause scarcely more that of Spain than of his own country, and the justice of which, he himself tells us, animated its supporters to deeds of valour, whilst their opponents were depressed with a consciousness of guilt—it was reserved for Colonel Napier, deriving his information assuredly from no sources of greater authenticity than those we have quoted, to draw a picture of an opposite character—to represent a Spanish nobleman, who was impelled by his own patriotism, and called upon by the voice of the people to be their leader, as a man devoid alike of capacity and of courage; his followers as the trembling slaves of a sanguinary faction—not the voluntary and magnanimous assertors of the independence of their country.

We regret to have to make a quotation from this part of Colonel Napier's book of a different nature from any of the preceding ones, and which has reference to our own country, not to the Peninsula; it is as follows:—

‘The late Lord Melville was not ashamed to declare in Parliament, that the worst men make the best soldiers; and this *odious, narrow-minded, unworthy* maxim had its admirers.’

We were struck with a considerable degree of astonishment on reading this passage; because, having had many opportunities of hearing the sentiments of the late Lord Melville, both in public and in private, with respect to British soldiers and British sailors, we had found them, at all times, such only as must have been dictated by admiration of their exploits, and confidence in their devotion to the service of their country.

We have made every inquiry in our power after the origin of the

the imputation here cast upon Lord Melville, and the only trace we have anywhere met with, having the least resemblance to Colonel Napier's statement, is to be found in the first volume of General Foy's work, page 219, where, in treating of the British army, he introduces the following words:—'Un pair des Royaumes Unis, Lord Vicomte Melville, disoit en plein Parlement, le 18 Mars, 1817, que les plus mauvais garnemens sont les plus propres à être soldats, et qu'il faut garder les bons sujets dans le pays.' But, can it be possible that a British officer, composing a work of history, which the interest attaching to the subject, independently even of any intrinsic merit of the book itself, must carry into many different countries, could impute to a British nobleman of no small degree of eminence expressions to which he attaches the epithets *odious*, *narrow-minded*, *unworthy*, if the imputation be founded upon no better authority than that of the above statement by a French officer who, however able and however well informed he may have been with respect to the affairs of his own country, and with respect to the operations of the French armies in other countries where he had served, has shown, notoriously, the grossest ignorance in respect to many particulars connected with England, about which a very slight inquiry would have set him right.* General Foy, it will be observed also, gives a *date* to the expressions attributed by Colonel Napier to the *late* Lord Melville, subsequent by several years to that of his lordship's death, which took place in the month of April, 1811. But let it not for a moment be supposed that any part of the responsibility of Colonel Napier's statement can be devolved upon General Foy; Colonel Napier does not give it as a *quotation*; though even if he had done so, it would have been very fit that he should have taken more pains than we believe he has done to verify the fact. The responsibility, in the case before us, rests therefore wholly upon Colonel Napier, and upon him must recoil, we apprehend, the epithets which he has directed against Lord Melville, unless he has much more admissible authority to produce for his statement than that of a foreign officer *ex facie* grossly misinformed.

The next military operations we have to advert to are those which took place in Catalonia. Buonaparte, in pursuance of his unscrupulous schemes, had caused General Duhesme, with twelve thousand men, to enter Catalonia early in February. We learn by the instructions given to that general (dated at Paris, 28th January,

* General Foy, speaking of the Royal Military College, says—that it is divided into two departments, one of which is at *Eaton*, and the other at *Sandhurst*; and, when speaking of the mission of General the Earl of Rosslyn to Lisbon, in the month of August, 1806, he confounds his lordship with the *Lord Chancellor Rosslyn*.

1808), which are published in Marshal St. Cyr's Journal, that he was to give the Spanish governor of Barcelona to understand that his orders were to march to Cadiz—that preparations were already made along the line of march—but that he had to await at Barcelona the final decision of the court of Spain. Such were the first steps in the system of deception which led, in the month of March, to the French troops obtaining possession by artifice of the fortresses of Barcelona and of Figueras; as they did also about the same time, by similar means, of St. Sebastian and Pampeluna.*

‘After the first ebullition at Manresa, the insurrection of Catalonia lingered awhile, yet the junta of Gerona continued to excite the people to take arms, and it was manifest that a general commotion approached.’—vol. i. p. 73. . . . ‘Hostilities soon commenced. Duhesme following his instructions, detached General Chabran, with five thousand two hundred men, to secure Tarragona and Tortosa, to incorporate the Swiss regiment of Wimpfen with his own troops, and to aid Marshal Moncey in an attack on Valencia. At the same time, General Swartz, having more than three thousand Swiss, Germans, and Italians, under his command, was detached by the way of Martorel and Montserrat to Manresa.’—vol. i. p. 74.

The first opposition which the latter general met with from the people of the country was at Bruch:—

‘Swartz, a man evidently destitute of talent, halted at the very moment when his success was complete, and the Catalans seeing his hesitation, first rallied in the rear of Casa Mansana, then returned to the attack, and finally drove the advanced guard back upon the main body. The French General now became alarmed, formed square, and retired hastily towards Esparraguera, followed and flanked by clouds of Somatenes, whose courage and numbers increased every moment.† He lost a gun and many men by this inglorious expedition.’

We shall only remark here, that Colonel Napier, in pursuance of his system of never allowing any share of merit to the Spaniards, refuses all talent to whatever French general may happen to be unsuccessful against them. In consequence of the above affair—

‘Duhesme thought it necessary to recall Chabran from Tarragona. . . . Meanwhile General Lechi moved out of Barcelona, and acting in

* If we could spare room for such episodes, it would be an act of justice to the Spanish governors of these places to detail the artifices by which they were entrapped by their French allies: they were such as men of honour could not anticipate. The Spanish officers have this further excuse, also—that Godoy, the accomplice of the French Emperor, was still prime minister of Spain; and we learn by the *Victoires et Conquêtes des Français*, vol. xviii. pp. 27–28, that he was instrumental in favouring the success of these fraudulent transactions.

† Colonel Napier informs us that there exists in Catalonia a regulation for calling out the peasantry with arms and provisions, by the ringing of a bell called the *Somaten*, and that these bands have thence obtained the name of *Somatenes*.

concert with Swartz's brigade, which had reached Martorel, cleared the banks of the Llobregat, and formed a junction at St. Felice with Chabran on the 11th of June. The latter, after a day's rest, then marched with his own and Swartz's brigade on Manreza, to repair the former disgrace, and he arrived at Bruch on the 14th; but the Somatenes, assisted by some regular troops, with artillery, were again there; and Chabran, more timid even than Swartz, finding that in a partial skirmish he made no impression, took the extraordinary resolution of retreating, or rather flying, from those gallant peasants, who pursued him with scoffs and a galling fire back to the very walls of Barcelona.'—vol. i. p. 76.

After a short description of the features of the country, Colonel Napier continues—

'It follows from this exposition, that Duhesme evinced a surprising want of forethought and military sagacity, in neglecting to secure Gerona, Hostalrich, and Tarragona, with garrisons, when his troops were received into those places. It was this negligence that rendered the timid operations of Swartz and Chabran capital errors; it was this that enabled some *poor, injured, indignant peasants* to kindle a mighty war, and in a very few weeks obliged Napoleon to send thirty thousand men to the relief of Barcelona.'—vol. i. p. 67.

These passages clearly prove that the Spanish peasants were wanting neither in patriotism nor in courage; and that, when they made war in that manner which was suitable to the nature of the country, and to men untrained to what is called *regular war*, they were very far from being despicable opponents.

We must not omit to observe here, that Colonel Napier imputes to General Duhesme a want of '*military sagacity*,' because he did not gain possession of Gerona, Hostalrich, and Tarragona, by artifices similar to those by which Barcelona and Figueras had been secured. There cannot be a doubt, however, especially adverting to the instruction of the 28th January, 1808, already mentioned, but that Duhesme acted under special orders in all such matters. It is obvious, likewise, that his force was not sufficient for the accomplishment of the more extensive scheme of perfidy towards the Spaniards which is above suggested. Colonel Napier proceeds:—

'In these affairs it is certain Duhesme displayed neither talent nor vigour; but in the severities he exercised at the sacking of Mattaro, in the burning of villages, which he executed to the extreme verge of, if not beyond, what the harshest laws of war will justify, an odious energy was apparent; and as the ardour of the Somatenes was rather increased than repressed by those rigorous proceedings, his conduct may be deemed as impolitic as it was barbarous. It is, however, to be remarked, that Duhesme has not wanted defenders, who, asserting that he was humane and just, accuse Lechi, his equal in
rank,

rank, of being the author of the severities practised at Barcelona.'*—vol. i. p. 89.

The truth is that this was the leading principle of Napoleon's policy, although exceptions were sometimes made to serve a particular purpose. The general practice of those under his command would be a sufficient proof that it was so; but besides that, we have the following evidences of it in Napoleon's own notes already referred to. We find in Note 1:—

'The force under Marshal Moncey was sufficient to form a moveable column; to confront the army of Valencia; and to cause the horrors of war to be felt in their full force;—
in Note 2:—

'General Duhesme has had several affairs; *he has burnt a great number of villages, and held the country in respect* in a circuit of fifteen leagues;—
in Note 5:—

'The first operation of the army, when it resumes the offensive and is fully prepared, should be the siege of Saragossa, and if that town resist as it did the first time, to make an *example of it that shall resound throughout all Europe*;—
and again, in Note 5:—

'It is important to disarm Biscay and Navarre—that should be attended to; and every Spaniard taken in arms *should be shot*.'

We see that the conduct of Duhesme is here mentioned in terms which evidently imply the emperor's approval of it, and show that it was in perfect accordance with the usual spirit of Napoleon's system.

The next military operations that we come to are those carried on by Marshal Moncey:—

'An order, dated the 30th of May, had directed Moncey to move, with a column of ten thousand men, upon Cuenca; from that point he was to watch the country comprised between the lower Ebro and Carthagera, and he was empowered to act against the city of Valencia if he judged it fitting to do so.'—vol. i. p. 89.

In some parts of the country through which he moved Marshal Moncey found the villages deserted on his approach, and on some occasions he met with ineffectual opposition from armed bodies, composed partly of regular Spanish troops, partly of Swiss in the Spanish service, and partly of peasants. He reached the neighbourhood of Valencia on the 27th of June, and had an affair with

* 'Of all the French generals then (1808) employed in Spain, no one was more suited than General Duhesme to the kind of warfare that was about to take place in that country, since he had for a long time carried on a similar war successfully in the kingdom of Naples under General Championnet, and under General Macdonald.'—*Vieilles et Conquêtes des Français*, vol. xviii. p. 131.

a body of four thousand troops, under Don Joseph Caro, a brother of the Marquis of Romana, in which, though the French were ultimately successful, they met with a vigorous resistance. On the 28th, Moncey made an attack upon the city, but

'the Valencians fought so well, that when the night fell no impression had been made upon the defences; the assailants were repulsed with loss at every point, and the situation of the French Marshal became delicate.'—vol. i. p. 93.

The final result of this expedition was, that Marshal Moncey fell back upon San Clemente, and afterwards by Ocafia on Madrid.* But Colonel Napier tells us,—

'Moncey's operation was in the nature of a moveable column, the object of which was to prevent the junction of the Valencian army with the Aragonese; the attempt upon the town of Valencia was, therefore, a simple experiment, which, successful, would have produced great effects, failing, was of trifling consequence in a *military point of view*.'—vol. i. p. 96.

We may not, perhaps, be so well qualified as Colonel Napier is to judge of things in a '*military point of view*,' but we should suppose that there can seldom be so slight a difference as is here stated between *success* and *failure* in a considerable military experiment, above all in an *insurrectionary war*, the spread and the vigour of which depends so much upon popular opinion.†

We come now to an event less favourable to the Spanish arms, the battle of Rio Seco. This action appears to have been occasioned by the rashness and the obstinacy of General Cuesta, who, confiding in superior numbers, many thousands of whom, however, being mere armed peasants, 'augmented,' as Colonel Napier truly says, 'without strengthening his army,' advanced into a level and open country, (most unfit theatre of war for armed peasants), to offer battle to an enemy, who, with the single exception as

* In vol. xviii. of the *Victoires et Conquêtes*, at page 159, we are told that General Castaños learnt, by means of an intercepted despatch brought to him on the 21st July, the state of alarm of the French government at Madrid; and that he had intelligence also of the progress of General Caro in New Castile. And at page 167, the successes of the latter general are thus alluded to:—Attacked unexpectedly by General Caro, some of the French troops, seized with panic, did not fight with their usual resolution. In vain the generals used their utmost efforts to re-establish order in the disorganized ranks, they found it impossible to reanimate the combat; more than a thousand men of the several branches of the service lost their lives in that affair.' As we do not find any allusion in Colonel Napier's book to these successes of General Caro, we must conclude that they have been considered by our author as belonging to the '*winding currents of Spanish warfare*.'

† It is true that, *after the failure*, Napoleon, in Note 3, observes, 'Moncey has defeated the insurgents of Valencia—he has not been able to take the town, which is not extraordinary.' But as Chabran had been ordered with 5000 men to aid Moncey in an attack upon Valencia (p. 74), it is evident that the capture of that city formed part of the *original plan* of Marshal Moncey's expedition,

to the *number* of his infantry, was in every respect an overmatch for him. The result turned out as was to be expected. Cuesta was defeated with severe loss, whilst that on the side of the French, commanded by Marshal Bessieres, was much less considerable.

We have now arrived at the most important event in that part of the military operations of the Spaniards which preceded the arrival of the British troops in the Peninsula. The expedition of General Dupont into the south seems to have been planned under the same impression which caused the movements of the other French corps in this early stage of the war. The acts of insurrection which had taken place in Spain were then looked upon as the result of a mere popular ferment, which might be easily arrested by the speedy arrival of a considerable corps of French troops in each province, and by the promptitude and the severity of the punishments which they should inflict. The convulsion was, in fact, however, of a far more serious kind, for it proceeded from the unanimous determination of a numerous and energetic people to repel every attempt at interference by strangers in their internal affairs. Military movements which might have been judicious, and which might have proved effective, under the first supposition, became, therefore, inapplicable and even dangerous in the actual state of things. The open nature of the country, and the rash and obstinate character of the Spanish general, had favoured Marshal Bessieres in Old Castile, and relieved both the emperor and the French government at Madrid from very considerable apprehensions. But in Catalonia, the troops of Napoleon had been losing ground in the contest; and on the side of Valencia, Marshal Moncey might be considered rather to have effected his escape from a situation which delay would have soon rendered extremely critical, than to have promoted in any degree the cause of King Joseph. Dupont was, however, farther advanced, and more deeply committed, than any of the other French commanders. He had moved forward into a province which was ruled by a junta possessing considerable energy and ability, and whose authority was acknowledged over a rich and populous district. The country around him presented also nothing in its features more favourable to his trained troops than to his less instructed adversaries, and he was opposed by a commander of experience, whose character, both private and public, obtained for him general respect, and whose prudence was a safeguard against those alternations of rashness and of panic, which are so common and have such fatal effects in armies where habits of subordination have not been long established. All these circumstances concurred to render General Dupont's position difficult and precarious, and reduced him at last to the humiliating condition

condition of being obliged to surrender himself and his army. His fate bears some resemblance to that of General Burgoyne in America. In both cases the generals have, perhaps with justice, been censured, but the fundamental error of the undertaking must also, in both cases, be attributed to those by whom the plan was formed, and by whom it was ordered to be carried into execution. The points which appear to stand most in need of explanation are, the want of co-operation between Dupont and Wedel, in the actions which took place, and the conjunction notwithstanding of their fate in the capitulation.

Colonel Napier has said of Dupont in a previous part of his book—(vol. i. p. 99), ‘Dupont was irresolute, slow, and incapable, if not worse.’ But General Foy, on the other hand, speaks of him in these terms :—

‘There was not in the empire a general of division classed more highly than Dupont. The sentiments of the army concurring with the favourable opinion of the sovereign placed him in the highest rank of military men, and when he set out for Andalusia it was the general expectation that he would find at Cadiz his baton of Marshal of France.’—*Foy*, vol. iv. p. 67.

Colonel Napier states—

‘the order which directed his (Dupont's) corps upon Cadiz was despatched from Bayonne before the Spanish insurrection broke out; it was, therefore, strange that Dupont should have persevered in his march, when he found affairs in such a different state from that contemplated by Napoleon *at the time the instructions for this expedition were framed*.’—vol. i. p. 125.

It might be inferred from the expressions here used by Colonel Napier, that Dupont had no knowledge of the emperor's intentions except by his original instructions; and also that Napoleon would himself have recalled him had there been an opportunity to do so. The emperor's notes, however, already referred to upon other points, do not at all accord with the view of the case given by Colonel Napier. On the contrary, up to the time of receiving intelligence of the disaster of Dupont's corps, Napoleon seems to have been not only decidedly averse to his recall, but urgent for the execution of his original instructions, and deeming his force quite sufficient for the purpose. Nay, even after the catastrophe at Baylen, although he severely censures Dupont's management of affairs in the action and in the negotiation, he does not accuse him of improperly adhering to his original instructions, but states in Note No. 4 (dated St. Cloud, 30th August)—

‘The Spanish army in Andalusia was inconsiderable. All the English newspapers, and the reports from the English officer in the camp, proved it to us.’

And.

And what says the proud record of the *Victoires et Conquêtes*?

'Dupont was constrained, by his *recent* instructions, to maintain his position at Andujar. It was *prescribed to him* to undertake nothing offensive until the fall of Valencia and Saragossa; but above all, not to repass the Sierra Morena, as such a retrograde movement would probably occasion insurrection in the province of La Mancha.'—vol. xviii. p. 144.

It is obvious, therefore, that our author's partiality for Napoleon has led him into an unfair statement in the passage under consideration.

Colonel Napier speaks thus of the impression made in Spain by the catastrophe at Baylen—

'The *moral effect* of the battle of Baylen was surprising; it was one of those *minor* events which, *insignificant* in themselves, are the cause of great changes in the affairs of nations. The defeat of Rio Seco, the preparations of Moncey for a second attack upon Valencia, the miserable plight of Zaragoza, the desponding view taken of affairs by the ablest men of Spain, and, above all, the disgust and terror excited among the patriots by the excesses of the populace, weighed heavy on the Spanish cause. One victory more, and probably the moral as well as the physical force of Spain would have been crushed; but the battle of Baylen, opening as it were a new crater for the Spanish fire, all their pride, and vanity, and arrogance burst forth, the glory of past ages seemed to be renewed, every man conceived himself to be a second Cid, and perceived in the surrender of Dupont, not the deliverance of Spain, but the immediate conquest of France. "We are much obliged to our friends the English," was a common phrase among them when conversing with the officers of Sir John Moore's army; "we thank them for their good will, and we shall escort them through France to Calais; the journey will be pleasanter than a long voyage; we shall not give them the trouble of fighting the French, but will be pleased at having them spectators of our victories."—vol. i. p. 133.

The first part of this passage shows that the strong bias of our author's predilections leads him into contradictions. He has told us (vol. i. p. 110)—

'The great combinations of the French emperor were upon the point of being crowned with success, when a sudden catastrophe overturned his able calculations, and raised the sinking hopes of Spain. It was the campaign in Andalusia which produced such important effects. . . . Disorder, unaccompanied by superior valour, triumphed over discipline; inexperienced officers were successful against practised generals, and a fortuitous combination of circumstances enabled the Spaniards, without any skill, to defeat in one day an immense plan, wisely arranged, embracing a variety of interests, and *until that moment happily conducted in all its parts.*'

And

And (vol. i. p. 141) we are told it was a maxim of Napoleon's, '*That in war the moral is to the physical force as three parts to one.*' Yet with all this, and the acknowledged *moral effect* of the battle of Baylen, it is represented in the above passage as a *minor* and *insignificant* affair.

The latter part of the passage we are referring to contains an attempted sarcasm against the Spaniards: one word on this.

It has not been our lot to fall in with any officer of Sir John Moore's army who heard the expressions attributed by Colonel Napier to the Spaniards, or any expressions similar to them; nor did Sir John Moore's army begin to enter Spain until several months after the battle of Baylen, when the aspect of affairs was already greatly altered. But it is somewhat remarkable that these expressions—evidently employed more in joke than in earnest if employed at all—should, like the graver expression attributed to Lord Liverpool about marching to Paris, have likewise had their accomplishment in the end. For although the infantry of the British army returned home by sea from the south of France in 1814, the cavalry did actually march from Toulouse and Bordeaux to Boulogne and Calais; and that, not under routes furnished by the French Government, but by routes made out and signed by the British Quarter-Master General.

Soon after the defeat and capture of Dupont's army became known at Madrid, King Joseph quitted the capital, and the whole of the French forces were drawn back behind the Ebro. Colonel Napier blames this movement, and offers various suggestions on the occasion, the merits of which we do not think it necessary to discuss. He recurs also frequently to the wisdom of Napoleon's original plan for '*separating the provinces, and confining each to its own exertions,*' and tells us,

'The emperor had miscalculated neither the difficulties nor the means to overcome them; for though Bessieres was *the only general who perfectly succeeded in his operations*,* the plan of the emperor was so well combined, that it required the destruction of a whole army to shake it at all.'—vol. i. p. 132.

It does not appear to us that Colonel Napier has been very successful in demonstrating the wisdom of the '*profound plan of military operations*' which had been arranged by the emperor. We have seen that it did not succeed in Catalonia; that it failed in Valencia; that the success which it had at Rio Seco was attributable chiefly to the acknowledged indiscretion and obstinacy of General Cuesta; and that, in Andalusia, the emperor's plan

* We have just been told, however, that until the moment of Dupont's catastrophe the plan had been '*happily conducted in all its parts.*'

was itself the original cause of the misfortune.* For had Dupont taken upon himself the responsibility of deviating from the emperor's instructions, which Colonel Napier blames him for not having done, his army would not have been destroyed.

We have already ventured to give it as our opinion, that the character of the Spanish nation, and, consequently, the nature of the rising in Spain had, in the beginning, been mistaken by Napoleon. He had been accustomed to one people who were feeble and voluptuous, and to another who were frivolous and vain-glorious; and he had not, therefore, taken into his calculation that he was now about to have to deal with a nation which was manly and uncorrupted—consistent and proud—and which was perhaps, above all others, susceptible of that deep tone of moral feeling and those forcible and lasting energies which grow out of strong religious impressions—a people whom defeat could not discourage, nor artifice reconcile to subjection.

It will be recollected that the first corps of French troops which passed the Spanish frontiers was that commanded by General Junot, which, having been drawn together under the denomination of the Army of Observation of the Gironde, was moved forward upon the pretext of giving effect to the hollow treaty of Fontainebleau, arranged between Buonaparte and Godoy for the partition of Portugal. This corps began to enter Spain on the 18th of October, 1807, and proceeded by Valladolid and Salamanca to Alcantara, to form a junction there with part of the Spanish force, which, by the stipulations of the above treaty, was to be employed upon the same service. From Alcantara Junot made a hasty advance towards Lisbon by Castello-Branco, Abrantes, and Santarem. The extreme rapidity of this movement, the rude season of the year, the impediments presented by the natural features of the country, and the privations occasioned by the poverty of the district between Castello-Branco and Abrantes, rendered the march harassing in the extreme. When Junot entered Lisbon, therefore, on the 30th of November, he was accompanied by about two thousand men only, the remainder of his troops continuing for some time to arrive by separate bands.

The royal family of Portugal had embarked for the Brazils upon the 27th of November, but contrary winds detained the fleet in the Tagus till the 29th, when it proceeded to sea and joined the British squadron, which was stationed off the mouth of the river. Whilst Junot and the portion of the Spanish force attached to his

* 'Our readers may have remarked that, with the exception of the battle of Rio Seco, and some other advantages which led to no decided result, fortune had almost everywhere favoured the efforts of the insurgents, and sustained their hopes of casting off the French yoke.'—*Victoires et Conquêtes des Français*, vol. xviii. p. 180.

army under the orders of General Caraffa thus took possession of the capital and the central parts of Portugal, a Spanish corps under General Solano occupied the Alemtejo, and another under General Taranco entered the northern provinces of the kingdom. There was, at first, some show of moderation on the part of the French, which however soon ceased. The flag of the French empire was substituted for that of Portugal on the 13th of December; exorbitant contributions were demanded; many persons of rank and influence were, under various pretexts, sent into France, and the same destination was speedily given to a considerable corps of Portuguese troops formed out of the body of the army which was then broken up. For it was the policy of Napoleon, as it had been that of ancient Rome, to draw away the youth of one country to subdue other states at a distance from their own; and thus, whilst the soldiers of Spain and of Portugal were employed along with the French armies in the north of Europe, the Poles, deluded with the vain hope of obtaining their own independence at the hands of the French Emperor, were amongst the most active and brave, but also the least merciful of those by whose aid he was striving to trample down the independence of the Peninsula. The harsh treatment experienced by the people of Portugal was followed by those same consequences which similar treatment has produced at almost all times, and in almost all places, and the rising of the Spaniards afforded to the Portuguese an example which they were eagerly disposed to imitate.

The troops under Solano had been withdrawn from the south of Portugal, by an order from Godoy, previously to the breaking out of the Spanish insurrection. Those in the north of the kingdom were called into Galicia by the Junta of that province after the insurrection had broken out; and immediately upon their recall becoming known to General Junot, which was on the 9th of June, he caused the Spanish regiments which had entered Portugal under General Caraffa to be disarmed and placed on board ship in the Tagus.

The anticipations of the Emperor do not appear to have been more correct with respect to the people of Portugal than they had proved to be with respect to those of Spain, for General Foy tells us—

‘ Napoleon gave orders that four thousand men of the army of Portugal should march to Ciudad-Rodrigo, for the purpose of co-operating with Bessières; and that four thousand should be also sent to General Dupont, to assist him in taking possession of Andalusia.’—*Foy*, vol. iv. p. 199.

Both these bodies of troops were put in march accordingly,
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and both began to enter Spain, but the insurrection had already gained too great a height to admit of their proceeding to the destinations allotted to them by the Emperor, and both were therefore re-called by Junot into Portugal.

The rising of the Portuguese to assert the independence of their country, and to re-establish the house of Braganza in the sovereignty, had its commencement in the north. General Loison had been ordered to move from Almeida on the 17th of June to maintain the French authority in the districts vacated by the Spaniards, but he had no sooner passed the Duro at Pezo da Regoa with that view, than he was opposed by the armed peasantry, and obliged to recross the river. From that time until the arrival of the British forces changed the character of the war and speedily put an end to it in Portugal, the same scenes which we have seen taking place in Spain were likewise exhibited in that country. Fresh risings of the Portuguese were frequently occurring in different quarters, and bodies of French troops were constantly in motion to suppress them, treating the inhabitants everywhere as rebellious subjects, acting in general with cruel severity, and applying that system of terror by which they sought to establish their domination in every country which had the misfortune to be overrun by them. But this system led, in Portugal, to the same result to which it had led in Spain, namely, that of generating the most deep-rooted and implacable hatred in the breasts of the people, without putting down the insurrection or checking the spirit of resistance, except whilst the actual presence of the French soldiers enforced a constrained submission. Such was the state of things in the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal when Great Britain determined to employ her troops and her resources in aid of the generous efforts of the nations of the Peninsula.

We are not disposed to pass by unnoticed the argument which Colonel Napier puts forth to justify, or to palliate at least, the conduct of the French army towards the inhabitants of Spain and Portugal—conduct which must be reprobated by all who regard the claims of humanity, or who acknowledge the authority of that precept by which we are enjoined to treat our neighbours as we would be treated by them. Colonel Napier tells us—

‘The usage of refusing quarter to an armed peasantry, and burning their villages, however unjust and barbarous it may appear at first view, is founded upon a principle of necessity, and is in reality a vigorous infliction of a *partial evil*, to prevent *universal calamity*; but however justifiable it may be in theory, no wise man will hastily resort to it, and no good man will carry it to any extent.’—vol. i. p. 166.

The last clause of this sentence we hold to be of no value. It seems,

seems, indeed, to have been added only to prevent the just and the humane from being too much shocked by the doctrines which immediately precede it. But we ask, who are the 'wise' and the 'good' who are to modify and to regulate these inflictions? Are not such frightful powers necessarily committed to men whose passions are in a state of excitement, and who are armed in one hand with a reeking sword, and in the other with a burning brand? Let us take the case of Spain and Portugal, and make it that of Britain. Suppose that, through some mismanagement of our naval force, or accidental misfortune, combined with a misplaced confidence in a perfidious ally, and the treachery of a minister of our own sovereign, an ambitious enemy had succeeded in introducing into this island a powerful army, and possessed himself of such of our strongholds as best suited his purposes; had occupied the capital; had called together a knot of mock patriots, or summoned some men of rank and station to attend him, who by constraint of his bayonets were forced to sanction the ejection of the reigning dynasty; and that the intruder then undertook to *regenerate* the British constitution. Under such circumstances as these, would it become the right of this invader to designate and to treat as rebels all Englishmen who should dare to object to and oppose his measures; and to put to death, in cold blood, every man who presumed to take up arms in defence of the independence of his country, unless he was arrayed in the *dress of a soldier*,—destroying his property, burning his house, and driving his wife and his children into the fields, to perish even more wretchedly than the murdered husband and father? Our military historian may treat all this as only '*a vigorous infliction of a partial evil, to prevent universal calamity*,' but to us it appears to be the infliction of universal calamity to favour the unjust pretensions of an ambitious individual. And we point the reprobation of Englishmen to this system the more strongly, because we know that it was pursued by the French during the late war in Italy, Egypt, and other countries which they invaded, as well as in Spain and in Portugal; and because we apprehend that it is not less sanctioned, nor less acted upon, even at the present time, in the endeavours which France is making to extend her dominion along the southern shores of the Mediterranean sea. The acts of retaliation committed by the inhabitants of a country which is exposed to such treatment are often indeed of a most ferocious character, but retaliation is, unhappily, the only means by which such an abuse of power can be met, and by which those who have first broken through all the restraints which the laws of humanity dictate can be brought back to acknowledge their utility, and to conform to them in practice.

We adverted, in the beginning of this article, to the spirit in which Colonel Napier's book has been written, with reference to the Spaniards. We must advert here, in like manner, to the spirit which the author seems to have imbibed with regard to those who were at the head of affairs in Britain at that period.

'The ministers seemed, by their precipitate measures, to be more afraid of losing the assistance of the Spaniards, than prepared to take the lead in a contest which could only be supported by the power and riches of Great Britain.'—vol. i. p. 136.

This appears to us, we must say, to be somewhat captious. Would Colonel Napier have had the ministers to pause and ponder in so pressing a crisis? Both sound policy and generous feeling required that the Spanish cause should be assisted with the utmost possible promptitude. The English people desired it; the Spaniards courted it; and it could be deprecated, we should have thought, only by the enemies of both. Colonel Napier blames the English government also for not sending a statesman of high rank to sustain the insurrection, and for

'entering into formal relations with *every knot* of Spanish politicians that assumed the title of a Supreme Junta.'—vol. i. p. 137.

But let us ask, whither, and to whom, was the statesman of high rank to be sent? There was not, and could not be at first, any central government to which to accredit such a person. The state of things had rendered it absolutely necessary that each province should act separately, and most fortunate it was that they did not hesitate to do so. It was the promptitude and vigour of the Junta of Seville which saved the south, and caused the capture of Dupont's army. General Spencer states, in his dispatch of the 21st June (1808), that the Junta of Seville availed themselves of some statutes in their constitution which authorised their rejecting the orders of the supreme council of Madrid when that capital was in the power of foreign troops;* and that they had founded upon this their assumption of separate and supreme authority. And Sir Arthur Wellesley, in his letter of the 21st July to Lord Castlereagh from Corunna, says—

'I am not quite certain that it is not as well that each of the kingdoms (*viz.* of Spain) should be governed by its own Junta. I am convinced that the general zeal and exertion of each are greater at present than

* 'From the time of the departure of the Infant Don Antonio, and the forcible assumption of the Presidency of the Junta at Madrid by the Grand Duke of Berg, the Spaniards, and even the French themselves, no longer regarded that body as a supreme council representing an independent sovereignty, but only as a commission passively executing the decrees which Napoleon extorted from the two kings who were his prisoners at Bayonne.'—*Victoires et Conquêtes des Français*, vol. xviii. p. 55-56.

would be maintained if the whole kingdom were under the direction of one body.*

In truth, reason, courage, and the *instinct* of liberty, all united to prompt that people, whose understanding and whose valour Colonel Napier so industriously decries, to establish independent local authorities, as the first safeguard against a foreign enemy who had suddenly seized upon the capital, and invested himself, by usurpation, with the chief authority in the state; and as the only security also, against the total disruption of all the bonds which hold society together, and the occupation of power by the most violent, and, possibly, the most worthless members of the community.

Colonel Napier complains of the number of agents sent out to Spain, but the circumstance just mentioned of the number of separate authorities, which sprung up of necessity on the first breaking out of the insurrection, sufficiently justifies that step. He also complains (vol. i. p. 138) of these agents being selected chiefly on account of their *acquaintance with the Spanish language*, while 'few of them had any knowledge of war beyond the ordinary duties of a regiment.' Let us imagine an agent, such as Colonel Napier would have had each of them to be, presenting himself to a Spanish Junta, neither party understanding a word of the language of the other, but the agent endeavouring to explain by signs that he was a great proficient in the higher branches of the art of war. The Junta might be capable of comprehending that a man to whom they could explain their own wants, and who should be able to tell them what they might expect from the British government, would be a person of some use; or they might understand that an officer who could drill their peasants might be of service; but they would be utterly at a loss to make out that the English ministers had acted wisely in sending them a great military *strategist* who knew not a word of Spanish. We must beg leave to observe also, notwithstanding Colonel Napier's authority is against us, that to choose a linguist is very possible, but to select a man for his knowledge of war is not quite so easy a matter. 'There is, perhaps, no art in which the extent of a man's ability is more frequently mistaken as well by others as by himself. The fault committed, indeed, by some of those very agents of whom Colonel Napier complains was, that they deemed themselves to be very great proficients in the art of war; and in place of attending to the humbler but more useful

* When the proper time had arrived for having an agent of high rank in Spain, viz., when a central government had been formed, the British general, acting upon what he knew to be the intentions of the government, proposed to Sir Arthur Wellesley to go to Madrid; and circumstances not admitting of that officer's acceptance of the mission, Lord William Bentinck was employed upon it.—See *Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington*, by Colonel Gurwood, vol. iv. p. 138.

task for which they were sent, that of procuring and transmitting information, they took upon themselves the employment of being officious counsellors of the Spanish generals and critics of their conduct—the worst kind of guests that a camp can ever harbour.

We have not room to extend further our remarks upon this part of the book; but, if there should be amongst our readers any one disposed to join either in our author's censure of the nations of the Peninsula for their defective arrangements and consequent failures in military matters—or in his sweeping condemnation of the English government for its profusion—we recommend to such person a careful study of the first American war; and, in particular, of Washington's correspondence with Congress. He will thence learn to form a just estimate, in the first place, of the almost insurmountable difficulties to be encountered by a people who have risen to vindicate their independence, but who have only a new and inexperienced government to guide them, and a raw *insurrectionary* army to take into the field. And in the second place, he will discover how numerous and how constantly-recurring are the wants of such an army, in money, in arms, in clothing, in accoutrements, and in ammunition; and be taught not to condemn so hastily as our author does the prompt liberality, and supposed profusion of the British ministers, in their endeavours to obviate the urgent necessities of their new allies, in a struggle infinitely more perilous than that which the United States of America had to undergo. But let us show what was thought upon these matters by a man who was upon the spot, and who will be admitted, we suppose, to have been qualified to form a judgment on the subject. Sir Arthur Wellesley, writing to Lord Castlereagh, on the 1st of August, with respect to the only way of saving Portugal from the French grasp, in the event of Spain being lost, but leaving it to the ministers to judge whether Britain could bear the expense, or what share of it should fall upon Portugal, says, —‘ If you should adopt this plan, you must send everything from England; arms, ammunition, clothing, accoutrements, ordnance, flour, oats, &c.’* Surely, therefore, to save Spain, exertions of a similar nature were not reprehensible.

We may now congratulate our readers, and ourselves, that we have at length arrived in sight of the sources of that ‘mighty English stream of battle,’ down which our author has undertaken to pilot us, pledging himself as to his fidelity, and likewise as to his personal acquaintance with much of its course.

When the breaking out of the Spanish insurrection, its energy and its extent became known in England, the military force

* *Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington*, by Colonel Gurwood, vol. iv, p. 44.

of the country which could be applied to aid it, was situated as follows:—Five thousand men under Major-General Spencer were at Gibraltar; ten thousand were in Sweden under Sir John Moore; and nine thousand were at Cork under Sir Arthur Wellesley, preparing for a distant expedition. Of these three corps, the first and the last were, by their situation, most at hand to be employed in the Peninsula. Several propositions were made by local authorities to General Spencer, with a view to the co-operation of the troops under his command with the Spaniards, and this corps did actually land at Port St. Mary, near Cadiz, and continue there during the greater part of the month of July, at the request of General Castaños; happily, however, it did not become involved in any detached service which could hinder its being united in the most important enterprise both for England and for the Peninsula, to which the British force could be jointly directed, namely, the expulsion of the French from Portugal. The troops under Sir Arthur Wellesley sailed from Cork for the Peninsula on the 12th of July; and those commanded by Sir John Moore, having been recalled from Sweden at the beginning of the same month,* were assembled at Portsmouth, and sailed from thence for the same destination on the 31st of July; Sir Harry Burrard proceeding with them in consequence of his having been appointed second in command to the army about to be employed in the Peninsula; the chief command of which was allotted to Sir Hew Dalrymple. As Sir Arthur Wellesley had been authorised to call upon the corps under General Spencer to join him, the whole of the British troops actually disposable for service in Spain and Portugal, together with some additions made to it from England, were thus in movement towards the Peninsula in

* Colonel Napier says,—‘Sir Hew Dalrymple was now appointed to the chief command, and Sir John Moore, who had *suddenly and unexpectedly* returned from the Baltic, having by his firmness and address *saved himself and his troops* from the madness of the Swedish monarch, was, with marked disrespect,’ &c. Now, the recall of the troops from Sweden was neither sudden nor unexpected, for circumstances had occurred in Sweden just before their arrival there which made it extremely improbable that the object for which they were originally destined could be undertaken; and the Quarter-Master-General of the army (Lieut.-Colonel Murray) had been sent to England with communications to that effect, both from Sir John Moore and from the King of Sweden. As to Sir John Moore ‘*saving himself and his army*,’ we have only to observe, that there never was, and could not be, the slightest obstacle in the way of the return of the troops, *they being on board ship*. And although the King of Sweden sent a message by an aide-de-camp to Sir John Moore, desiring he would not set out from Stockholm without the king’s knowledge, there was not found to be, when Sir John Moore went without acquainting the king, the smallest obstacle to his departure, or obstruction upon his journey. Moreover, Lieut.-Colonel Murray had an audience of the king subsequently to Sir John Moore’s departure, and did not leave Stockholm till the day after; and Major Colburn, Sir John Moore’s secretary, was a day later still in setting out, but neither of them experienced any impediment.

the course of the month of July; the whole *war power* (if we may be allowed the expression) of Great Britain having been suddenly reversed for the purpose of aiding the nations of the Peninsula as enemies of the French emperor, in place of continuing to act against them as the subject-allies of the implacable foe of Britain. Colonel Napier tells us—

‘A few days after sailing from Cork, Sir Arthur Wellesley, quitting the fleet, repaired to Corunna, where he arrived on the 20th of July, and immediately held a conference with the Gallician Junta, by whom he was informed of the battle of Rio Seco. The account was *glossed over* in the Spanish manner, and the issue of that contest had caused no change of policy, if policy that may be called which was but a *desire to obtain money* and to avoid *personal inconvenience*. The aid of troops was rejected, but arms and gold were demanded, and while the conference went on, the last was supplied, for an English frigate entered the harbour with two hundred thousand pounds. The Junta recommended that the British should be employed in the north of Portugal, promised to aid them by sending a Spanish division to Oporto, and supported their recommendation with an *incorrect statement* of the number of men, Spanish and Portuguese, who, they asserted, were in arms near that city. They gave also a *still more inaccurate estimate* of the forces under Junot, and in this manner persuaded Sir Arthur not to land in their province; yet, at the moment they were rejecting the assistance of the British troops, the whole kingdom of Galicia was lying at the mercy of Marshal Bessières, and there were neither men nor means to impede the progress of his victorious army.’—vol. i. p. 186.

We do not know that we have ever met with a more remarkable example of misrepresentation than is exhibited in the above passage. But fortunately we have now arrived at a period in Colonel Napier's history, when a larger proportion than we could heretofore command of English evidence can be adduced to test the accuracy and fairness of our author's statements, and we shall accordingly avail ourselves of it. Sir Arthur Wellesley wrote to Lord Castlereagh from Corunna, upon the 21st of July,

‘I understand that the Junta were much alarmed when they received the account of this defeat (at Rio Seco), but the arrival of the money yesterday has entirely renewed their spirits; and I did not see, either in them, or in the inhabitants of this town, any symptom either of alarm or doubt of their final success.’

There is nothing here like ‘*glossing over*,’ there is the natural impression made upon men's minds by the first announcement of a sudden and great misfortune; and there is the recovery from that impression as soon as means were obtained which held out a prospect of the re-establishment of their affairs. Colonel Napier states, as matter of reproach to the Junta, that the battle of Rio Seco

Seco had effected no change in their policy; Sir Arthur Wellesley mentions it to their credit. Colonel Napier says they had no *desire but to obtain money*, implying that it was a sordid desire. Sir Arthur Wellesley's statement is, that the money had been sent out expressly for their use; that their necessities urgently required it; and he does not express the slightest doubt of its being faithfully appropriated to the public service. 'It is impossible' (says Sir Arthur, in the same letter) 'to convey to you an idea of the sentiment which prevails here in favour of the Spanish cause.' Yet Colonel Napier would have us believe that the only sentiment cherished was '*a desire to avoid personal inconvenience*.'

Colonel Napier further accuses the Junta of Galicia of making *incorrect statements* to Sir Arthur Wellesley of the numbers of the Spanish and Portuguese troops in the neighbourhood of Oporto, and of giving him a still more inaccurate estimate of the forces under Junot, for the purpose of preventing his landing his troops in their province. But it appears by Lord Castlereagh's original instruction to Sir Arthur Wellesley, that there was no intention to land the British troops in Galicia, but to employ them in driving the French out of Portugal; that this application of them had been recommended by the Asturian and *Gallician* deputies who had been sent to England; and it was in conformity with this plan of operations that Sir Arthur Wellesley was instructed to request the consent of the Junta to his taking the convoy into Vigo, there to wait for reinforcements, if necessary, previously to landing in Portugal; a request which the Junta of Galicia at once complied with. As to the *incorrect statement* of the Spanish and Portuguese force, and the *still more incorrect estimate* of the forces under Junot, we shall first refer to Sir Arthur Wellesley's letter of the 21st of July, which says—

'It appears from the intelligence which I have received here, that the total number of the French troops still in Portugal is about 15,000 men, of which 12,000 are at Lisbon and its neighbourhood. . . . A corps of Portuguese troops in Oporto, the number of which is stated to be 10,000; besides these, a Spanish corps, consisting of 2000, commenced their march on the 15th instant towards Oporto, where I expect they will arrive about the 24th or 25th.'

With regard to the force under Junot, we find the following account of it in a report addressed by Lieutenant-Colonel Brown to Sir Arthur Wellesley, dated at Oporto on the 9th of July:—

'From the latest and best intelligence, the whole of the enemy's force in Portugal may be estimated at fourteen or fifteen thousand men, exclusive of the auxiliary troops said to have been disbanded by Junot.'

Sir

Sir Arthur Wellesley's letter to Lord Castlereagh from Oporto, of the 25th of July, gives the following statement :—

' 5000 regulars and militia, including 300 cavalry; and 12,000 peasantry, mostly unarmed, at Coimbra. . . . 300 Spanish infantry, about 1500 Portuguese infantry, some militia, volunteers, and peasantry, at Oporto. . . . A corps of Spanish infantry, which had commenced its march from Galicia, as I informed you in my last letter, is not yet arrived. It was stopped on the frontier, because there were no orders on the frontier to allow it to enter the country. . . . The French corps is concentrated at or about Lisbon, and is said to consist of from 13,000 to 14,000 men.'

And in Sir Arthur Wellesley's letter to Sir Harry Burrard, dated at Lavaos on the 8th of August, he says—

' The enemy's force at present in Portugal consists, as far as I am able to form an opinion, of from 16,000 to 18,000 men.'

Now, the documents on this subject which we have referred to having been likewise accessible to Colonel Napier, we do not see how it is possible to regard the charge which he has brought against the Junta of Galicia otherwise than as a gratuitous misrepresentation.

As for the plan of military operations which the Junta recommended, it appears to have been perfectly disinterested, at the same time that it was the most judicious plan for the advancement of the common cause. Sir Arthur Wellesley expresses that opinion of it most decidedly in his letter to General Spencer of the 26th of July.* Colonel Napier blames the Junta, however, for offering such advice at a time when 'Galicia was lying at the mercy of Marshal Bessières.' But this proved, at least, that they were neither selfish nor timorous; and in truth so far from Galicia being at the mercy of Bessières, the very best policy which Cuesta and Blake could have pursued, after the battle of Rio Seco, would have been to draw Bessières' corps into the mountains of that province. Napoleon speaks, indeed, in Note No. 3, of Bessières going into Galicia, but not until he should be reinforced after the expected capture of Saragossa, and not until he should have gained another battle also, which the emperor supposes would be fought at Leon.

From Corunna Sir Arthur Wellesley proceeded to Oporto, and had communication with the bishop of that see, in whom had been vested the principal management of affairs in the north of the kingdom since the rising against the French took place. It was there arranged that a body of 5000 Portuguese troops should be sent forward to co-operate with the British, when they landed; while the remaining force in the north, partly Por-

* Gurwood, vol. iv. p. 36.

tuguese, partly Spanish troops, and partly the armed peasantry of the country, should blockade Almeida, and act on the defensive in the *Tras-os-Montes*, if Bessières should threaten to enter that province. Sir Arthur made arrangements, also, for the supply of his army by contract, when on shore, with cattle for slaughter, and likewise for procuring means of transport. Having thus completed his business at Oporto, he settled with the naval officer in command (Captain Malcolm) that the convoy should rendezvous at the mouth of the river Mondego, and he proceeded himself to communicate with Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, commanding the fleet off the Tagus. The result of his interview with the admiral was a determination to disembark the army on the southern bank of the Mondego, and to advance towards Lisbon, keeping up a communication with the sea during the march. On his return to the Mondego, upon the 30th of July, Sir Arthur Wellesley learnt by despatches from England the amount of the reinforcements ordered out to the army in the Peninsula; and having received intelligence at the same time of the capture of Dupont's army, he anticipated that he should be joined immediately by the corps of General Spencer. Under these circumstances, therefore, and having information also that fresh insurrections had broken out in the *Alemtejo*, and that part of Junot's force had been detached in that direction, he did not hesitate to effect a landing as soon as the state of the weather permitted, which was on the 1st of August. The difficulties of the disembarkation prevented its being completed until the 5th, and on the following day General Spencer's troops having arrived, they were likewise landed.

Colonel Napier gives us the following account (vol. i. p. 193) of the distribution of the French forces in Portugal at this period. Loison was, with seven or eight thousand men, in the neighbourhood of Estremos in the *Alemtejo*; two thousand five hundred men formed the garrisons of Elvas and of Almeida; a few hundred men were at Abrantes; one thousand at Santarem; and the same number at Peniche. General Thomières was with one brigade in the vicinity of Alcobaça, and the remainder of the force was at Lisbon, and in the posts connected with it upon both sides of the Tagus.

We have to advert again, in this place, to an inaccuracy in topographical details. In mentioning the military posts which the French occupied near Lisbon, Colonel Napier says—'Upon the heights of *Almada* or *Palmela* stood the fort of *Palmela*.' Now, in point of fact, the two ranges of heights here mentioned are quite distinct, wholly unconnected, and many miles asunder; the heights of *Almada* consisting of a range of hills of moderate elevation, which form the southern bank of the Tagus, beginning

beginning immediately opposite Lisbon, and continuing towards the mouth of the river; whereas the height of Palmela is a mountain of very considerable elevation, which lies between Aldea Gallega and St. Ubes, but nearer to the latter place, and it is connected with that range of hills which extends along the north side of the bay of St. Ubes to Cape Espichel.*

Sir Arthur Wellesley, having made all his arrangements with much diligence and judgment, began his march from Lavaos, the place of disembarkation, on the 9th and 10th of August, and reached Leyria on the 10th and 11th. The Portuguese force, about six thousand in number, reached Leyria on the 12th, but of this corps fourteen hundred infantry and two hundred and fifty cavalry only, under Colonel Trant, a British officer, continued to move forward with the British. Sir Arthur Wellesley proceeded in his advance by Alcobaça to Caldas and thence to Obidos, having communicated with the shipping at a place called Nazareth, for the purposes of receiving some supplies and stores. A French force, under Generals Laborde and Thomières, which had been sent to watch his movements, retired gradually before him. A slight skirmish between light troops of the opposite parties took place on the evening of the 15th, but no affair of importance occurred until the 17th. General Laborde had placed his troops on that day, in the first instance, near the village of Roliça; but on Sir Arthur Wellesley moving forward to attack him, he retired, and occupied some very steep heights which overlooked his former ground. Sir Arthur did not hesitate, however, to attack the enemy in this new and more formidable position, and succeeded in carrying it after a sharp contest.

Colonel Napier gives, we think, a rather laboured account of Laborde's position, and takes a very wide range in doing so.

'The main road from Obidos passed through a valley, which was closed to the southward by some high table-land, on which stood the village of Roliça, and the French, being posted on a small plain immediately in front of that place, overlooked the country as far as Obidos. All the favourable points of defence in front, and on the nearest hills at each side, were occupied by small detachments, and one mile in the rear a steep ridge, extending about three quarters of a mile east and west, and consequently parallel to the French position, offered a second line of great strength. The main road led by a steep defile over the ridge, which was called the height of Zambu-

* We have already justified our notice of errors such as that which is here mentioned, on the ground of their being less allowable in a military author than in any other writer; but Colonel Napier puts in a claim to credit with his readers, also, as an eye-witness, and a mistake, therefore, into which the least attentive traveller who has visited Lisbon could scarcely have fallen, should not surely have been permitted to appear in a third edition of our author's work.

geira, or Calumbeira. Beyond it many lofty mountains, stretching from the sea-coast to the Tagus, like a wall, filled all the space between the river and the ocean, down to the rock of Lisbon; and the valley leading from Obidos to Roliça was bounded on the left by a succession of ridges rising like steps, until they were lost in the great mass of the Serra de Baragueda, itself a shoot from the Monte Junto.'—vol. i. p. 199.

This description is a good deal in the French taste, and reminds us of Sterne's story of the wig and the Parisian barber—'I fear friend, (said I,) this buckle won't stand.' 'You may *immerge* it (replied he) into the *ocean*, and it will stand.' 'What a great scale is everything upon in this city, (thought I)!' What had all the grand and distant objects, enumerated by Colonel Napier—the sea—the Tagus—the wall of mountains—the rock of Lisbon—or even Monte Junto itself—to do with the position occupied by Laborde and his four or five thousand men? We apprehend nothing whatsoever. The ground on which the French took post was at the top of a steep ascent, of very considerable elevation above the plain by which the British were advancing, and so abrupt, rugged, and entangled by brushwood, as to be accessible, in front, only by one winding road, and by the water-courses which had been formed in rainy weather. The extent of this front, however, from right to left, did not exceed three quarters of a mile, and it was easy to turn it upon either flank; not one of the great objects enumerated by Colonel Napier being in the slightest degree an obstacle to such a movement.

We do not think that the term '*ridge*' can in strict propriety be applied to the top of the steep ascent defended by Laborde, except perhaps at its extreme left. It is, in fact, the abrupt ending, by a sudden fall of the ground, of a long tract of elevated country which slopes gradually from beyond Zambugeira towards that point. Had the top of the ascent where the French troops stood been in the form of a ridge, the summit being once gained by a sufficient force, there would have been an end of the combat—which was not the case; for the slope of the country from beyond Zambugeira being as above-mentioned, it was still favourable to the French, after the top of the steep ascent was carried; the front to be defended became also more narrow as they fell back; and the village of Zambugeira presented a favourable post for checking their pursuers. Of these advantages, General Laborde, who was an able officer, did not omit to profit to the utmost in making his retreat.

Sir Arthur Wellesley says nothing in his dispatch of a great dissemination of Laborde's troops which Colonel Napier tells us of; and General Foy, in his account of the action, speaks of one
detachment

detachment only of three companies made by Laborde from his right, in the direction by which he expected the arrival of General Loison, who, having crossed the Tagus at Abrantes on the 9th, was in march to join him. It is not easy to understand what could have been General Laborde's motive for taking up, in the first instance, the position at the village of Roliça, which he could not possibly maintain; thereby exposing the smallness of his force to the view of the enemy, and his troops to the discouragement of a retrograde movement before the action. We can hardly suppose it to have had any reference to Loison's movements, of which he had the means of being accurately informed by his superiority in cavalry. No doubt it must have been, however, the expectation of Loison's immediate junction with Laborde which induced Sir Arthur Wellesley to make a direct attack on the strong front of the enemy's position, instead of turning it, which, it would appear by the plan, might have been effected without difficulty.

Sir Arthur Wellesley moved on the 18th to Lourinha, and on the 19th to Vimiero. Colonel Napier tells us—

'The English general resolved to march the next morning to Torres Vedras, by which he would have secured an *entrance into the mountains*. But before nightfall he was informed that General Anstruther's and General Acland's divisions [brigades], accompanied by a large fleet of store-ships, were off the coast, the dangerous nature of which rendered it necessary to provide for their safety by a quick disembarkation; he therefore changed his plans, and resolved to seek for some convenient post, that, being in advance of his present position, would likewise enable him to cover the landing of those reinforcements.'—vol. i. p. 204.

This appears to us to have been a judicious, if not an indispensable arrangement on the part of Sir Arthur Wellesley. Colonel Napier says, however, in his '*Observations*'—

'It seems to have been an error not to have occupied Torres Vedras on the 18th.'—vol. i. p. 253.

Now we deny that the occupation of Torres Vedras would have secured an *entrance into the mountains* which was of any importance whatsoever; the real defensive positions of the French army being further back, viz., at Cabeça de Montachique, upon the direct road to Lisbon; and near Maffra, upon the road by the coast. But supposing that Sir Arthur Wellesley had moved on the 18th to Torres Vedras, (a long march,) he would have lost his communication with the sea; and besides that disadvantage, he would have engaged the French army without the aid of General Acland's and General Anstruther's brigades, (above 4000 men,) and in a position less advantageous than that in which the battle of

of the 21st took place. To set these assertions beyond the possibility of dispute, it is only necessary to state to our readers, first, that the French army was at Torres Vedras on *the 20th*; secondly, that their cavalry patrolled up to the British posts near Vimeiro, on that and the preceding day, coming on the 20th close even to the landing-place at Maceira; lastly, that General Anstruther's brigade was unable to join even at Vimeiro, as we shall presently show, till towards *mid-day on the 20th*—and General Acland's brigade landed only *during the night between the 20th and 21st*.

Colonel Napier informs us, indeed, that 'General Anstruther's brigade landed on the morning of *the 18th* on an open sandy beach called the *bay of Maceira*;' but it so happens that Colonel Napier is in error, both as to the place, and as to the day of landing.* General Anstruther's brigade did not disembark in the bay of Maceira, but in the *bay of Paymayo*, several miles to the northward, and nearly half way between Maceira and Peniche; and the landing took place, not on the morning of the 18th, but on the *evening of the 19th*. The slightest degree of inquiry, or a reference to Sir Arthur Wellesley's narrative to the Court of Inquiry at Chelsea, might have obviated both these mistakes. A mistake of a different nature follows, flowing obviously from our historian's spirit of hostility towards the British ministers. He tells us—

'Thus the principal mass of the English army was irrevocably engaged in the operations against Junot, while the ministers were still so intent upon Cadiz, that they had sent Anstruther out with an *appointment as governor of that city!*'—vol. i. p. 206.

We can hardly suppose any gentleman who reads Colonel Napier's book to be capable of believing that the British Cabinet contemplated appointing an English governor of Cadiz; or that they could suppose that such an appointment would be acquiesced in by the Spaniards, however unexceptionable the individual named might himself be. There may be many persons, however, who may naturally enough suppose, that an historian, who is seeking to obtain credit with the public for accuracy of information and professes a love of truth, could not be capable of making such an assertion as that which is here confidently made by Colonel Napier, without having fully ascertained that there was some foundation for it. We have, nevertheless, the most convincing testimony that there are no grounds for it whatsoever. We have been favoured with the perusal of a manuscript journal, kept by the late General Anstruther himself, in which he minutely details who the

* Colonel Napier errs by copying Mr. Southey as to the place, and again errs by not copying him as to the date.

official persons were with whom he communicated during the four days he passed in London previously to embarking, and particularly specifies what passed both with ministers and with the Commander-in-Chief, respecting the way in which he should be employed with the army serving in the field in the Peninsula; but not one syllable appears respecting the appointment mentioned by Colonel Napier, nor respecting any other at all akin to it. And if further evidence of the error which Colonel Napier has here fallen into be necessary, it is supplied by a letter addressed to Sir Hew Dalrymple by General Anstruther, on his being nominated, after the convention of Cintra, to proceed to receive from the French garrison the fortress of Almeida. After acknowledging the honour done him by the appointment, he proceeds in these words :—

‘ I beg permission to state, that my great object in coming on service on this occasion, was to be placed in command of troops; that I avoided or declined all proposals that seemed likely to interfere with that view.* Now I cannot divest myself of some apprehension that this Almeida business may eventually throw me back into pen and ink, and defeat a purpose which, the more I consider it, the more I feel it to be advantageous and necessary to my future progression in the service.’

We have first, therefore, evidence that no such proposal as that alleged by Colonel Napier, as a reproach to the Government at home, was ever made to General Anstruther; and next, evidence that, if it had been made, it would not have been accepted. But we shall say no more on this point, than to recall the attention of our readers to Pope's recommendation, to keep in mind the *spirit* in which an author writes.

When Anstruther's brigade moved from Paymayo Bay at day-break on the morning of the 20th, it was met by General Spencer, who had been sent from the camp at Vimeiro, with two thousand infantry and all the cavalry, for the purpose of giving greater security to its march; a pretty strong evidence of the propriety of Sir Arthur Wellesley's having remained near the coast. On the same day the transports, having General Acland's brigade on board, were seen working up from the southward; and Sir Arthur sent orders for the disembarkation of the brigade as soon as the ships should reach the anchorage of Maceira, which the greater part of them did not effect, however, until late in the evening. In the afternoon of the 20th, Sir Harry Burrard arrived, likewise, in Maceira roads, on board the *Brazen* sloop of war, accompanied by the Adjutant-general and Quarter-

* It had been proposed to him to serve on the general staff of the army in the field, which he declined.

master-general, and some other staff officers. Immediately on hearing of General Burrard's arrival, Sir Arthur Wellesley proceeded on board the *Brazen*, to report to him the situation of affairs and to receive his orders. Sir Arthur stated that the enemy's cavalry had been very active during the 19th and 20th: that they covered the whole country—patrolled frequently up to the British position; that, on the 20th, one patrol had been pushed in rear of the right wing, as far as the landing-place at Maceira; and that, under these circumstances, he could gain no detailed information of the enemy's position, excepting that it was very strong, and occupied by their whole force. Sir Arthur, being requested to explain the nature of his own position, stated, that it had not been taken up originally with a view to defence, so much as to convenience: that the right, however, was placed upon very commanding heights, and presented such advantageous features for defence, that the enemy, although he might try to create alarm there, would hardly venture to make it his principal point of attack: that the ground which would form the centre of the position in the event of an attack had the disadvantage of being detached, it having been necessary to occupy a plateau in advance from the rest of the position, but which covered the village of Vimeiro: that on the left, which was, however, the farthest removed from attack, the slope of the ground was unfavourable to a considerable distance; and that the plan which he had contemplated, in case any part of the enemy's force should approach on that side, was to move out and meet the attack. Sir Arthur stated that he had given orders for the army to be in readiness to move forward towards Maffra on the following morning; and that it was his intention to continue advancing along the coast until he should reach the neighbourhood of Cascaes, there to place himself in communication with the fleet; but that, in the interval between Maceira and Cascaes, there was understood to be but one point where there could be any communication with the shipping, and that somewhat precarious. The question then naturally arose as to whether the order which had been given for moving forward on the following morning should be carried into effect or not. It was conceived, that the enemy being at hand with his whole force, but without any certain knowledge being possessed as to his actual situation, he had it in his power to bring on a general action whenever he might think fit to do so; that, considering the enemy's more perfect knowledge of the country, his great superiority in cavalry, the length of the march to Maffra, and the reported badness of the roads—and adverting, likewise, to the long train of bullock-carts, incapable of moving at a quicker pace than two miles in an hour—all the disadvantages of sustaining an attack whilst on the

march would be experienced,* probably, to their fullest extent; especially as the enemy was not so inferior in numbers, if at all inferior, as to compensate for the advantages which he in other respects possessed:—that, even if the army should reach the neighbourhood of Cascaes without being attacked on the march, or without sustaining any considerable loss, the enemy would be enabled probably to bring into the field, in the immediate vicinity of the capital, for a decisive battle, two or three thousand men more than he could venture to draw to so great a distance from Lisbon as where the British army then was. To these considerations was also added the very important one, that, having a reinforcement of ten thousand men close at hand, Sir H. Burrard not having quitted the convoy till it had arrived off Cape Finisterre on the 16th, to move forward with the present force only, and in a state of perfect uncertainty as to when, and where, and under what circumstances, an action might take place, decisive, for a time at least, of the result of the very important enterprise in hand, was a line of policy, the prudence of which might well be questioned. Upon all these grounds, therefore, Sir Harry Burrard decided against moving the army towards Mafra on the following day; deeming it better to receive the attack, unembarrassed, and in a fixed position, known to the troops, than upon the march, under embarrassments, and on unknown ground; and resolving, should the enemy delay attacking, to strengthen the position—profit by favourable weather to land provisions and stores from the shipping at Maceira—and wait the arrival of the troops under Sir John Moore.

Colonel Napier tells us—

‘From Vimeiro to Torres Vedras was about nine miles; and although the number and activity of the French cavalry completely shrouded Junot’s position, it was known to be strong, and very difficult of approach, by reason of a long defile through which the army must penetrate in order to reach the crest of the mountain. There was, however, a road leading between the sea-coast and Torres Vedras, which, turning the latter, opened a way to Maffra. Sir Arthur possessed very exact *military surveys* of the *country* through which *that road led*; and he projected, by a forced march on the 21st, to turn the position of Torres Vedras, and to gain Maffra with a strong advanced guard; while the main body, seizing some advantageous heights a few miles short of that town, would be in a position to interrupt the French line of march to Montachique.’—vol. i. p. 207.

We do not know from what sources Colonel Napier has drawn his information: we have already shown it to be inaccur-

* The disadvantages to which a body of troops is exposed when attacked under such circumstances may be learnt in the 32nd and following chapters of Cæsar’s Fifth Book on his Wars in Gaul.

rate, however, with respect to what passed between Sir Arthur Wellesley and the Junta of Galicia—with respect to the time and place of landing of General Anstruther's brigade—and with respect to the imaginary appointment of that officer to the government of Cadiz. But the mistakes made in the passage just quoted, and the tendency of that passage to mislead the reader, are of still more importance than those before alluded to. In the first place, there existed no such military surveys of the country between *Vimeiro and Maffra* as Colonel Napier here tells us were in Sir Arthur Wellesley's possession. Sir Arthur states in his Narrative to the Court of Inquiry, that 'his advance by Maffra towards Lisbon would have *brought the army into a country* of which he possessed an excellent map, and topographical accounts which had been drawn up for the use of the late Sir Charles Stuart; and that the battle, which it was evident would be fought in a few days, would have for its field a country of which we had a knowledge—*not very distant from Lisbon, into which town, if we had been successful, we might have entered with the retreating enemy.*'* It is obvious, therefore, that the map and topographical accounts alluded to here had reference to the country in the immediate vicinity of Lisbon, and not to that between Vimeiro and Maffra. And the *fact* is, that the surveys in question were of that part of the country which is comprehended between Lisbon, Cintra, the river Tagus, and the coast in the neighbourhood of Cascaes and the Rock of Lisbon. Colonel Napier tells us, likewise, that Sir Arthur Wellesley, sending his advanced guard to Maffra, would have seized, with the main body, some heights, which would have intercepted the march of the French to *Montachique*. But the direct road from Vimeiro to Montachique is through Torres Vedras; consequently the French were nine miles nearer to the former place than the British were. Besides which there are no heights lying near the line of march from Vimeiro to Maffra, by the coast road, the occupation of which by the British could, in the smallest degree, hinder, or in any manner interfere with the march of the French from Torres Vedras to Montachique; and, accordingly, Sir Arthur Wellesley's Narrative does not state that he had any intention or expectation of doing so. The distance of Maffra from the sea, in a direct line, is about five miles; and the distance of Montachique from the sea, taken in the like manner, is about fifteen miles; and whether we suppose the point of departure for these two places to be Vimeiro or Torres Vedras, the two roads *diverge* more or less from each other during their whole length. Where the coast-road from Vimeiro to Maffra

* Narrative of Sir Arthur Wellesley, p. 44, and evidence of Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens, p. 195, of the Proceedings of the Court of Inquiry at Chelsea.

crosses the Zisambre, on which rivulet Torres Vedras is situated, the distance between the two roads is about six miles. That distance increases as the roads advance, until within about six miles of Maffra, when the coast-road gradually receding from the sea, it comes to be, on reaching Maffra, within about ten miles of Montachique. The distance from Vimeiro to Maffra, by the road proposed to be taken by the British, is about twenty miles; that from Torres Vedras to Maffra is about twelve miles. The distance from Vimeiro to Montachique, through Torres Vedras, which is the direct road, is about twenty-four miles; the distance from Torres Vedras to Montachique is about fifteen miles; and, finally, the distance from Vimeiro to Montachique, going round *by Maffra*, is upwards of thirty miles. It is obviously impossible, therefore, that the British could have cut off the French from either Maffra or Montachique. But, says Colonel Napier, the march of the British to Maffra would have turned the French position at Torres Vedras. True, it would have turned Torres Vedras itself; but that post was not occupied by Junot as a permanent position in which it was of importance to him to remain, but merely as a position of convenience, whence he could move, either in advance to Vimeiro, should the British continue stationary there—or to attack them upon the march—or to be beforehand in occupying the strong defiles leading to Maffra—or to fall back from it to the position at Montachique, as circumstances might require.

Colonel Napier talks of making a forced march. What! with an army encumbered with a train of four hundred bullock-carts, moving at the rate of two miles an hour, and whose marches could with difficulty be extended beyond twelve miles in a day! But it may be said a strong advanced guard might have been sent forward to seize the passes, or a strong rear-guard might have been left behind to protect the bullock-carts, containing the reserve supplies, stores, and ammunition; thus dividing the British force into two parts, one of which, according to *Colonel Napier's* plan, was to gain Maffra, whilst the other was to cut off the French army from Montachique. And all this in presence of an enemy having such a superior cavalry that it covered the whole country, shrouded Junot's positions and his movements, and had its patrols at all times close to the British!

By this analysis of the above passage of Colonel Napier's book, we believe we have shown—1st, that our author is mistaken in his facts; 2dly, that he is deficient in knowledge of the country; and, 3dly, that his reasoning is at variance, both with his own data, and with the principles of the art of which he has undertaken to treat.

Colonel Napier introduces his account of the battle of Vimeiro with

with a description of the ground occupied by the British, which commences as follows :—

‘ The ground occupied by the army, although very extensive, and not very clearly defined, as a position was by no means weak. The village of Vimeiro, situated in a valley, through which the little river of Maceira flows, contained the park and commissariat stores.* The cavalry and the Portuguese were on a small plain close behind the village, and immediately in its front a rugged isolated height, with a flat top, commanded all the ground to the southward and eastward for a considerable distance. Upon this height Fane’s and Anstruther’s brigades of infantry, with six guns, were posted ; the left of Anstruther’s occupied a churchyard which blocked a road leading over the extremity of the height of the village ; the right of Fane’s rested on the edge of the other extremity of the hill, the base of which was washed by the Maceira.’—vol. i. p. 208.

The height here described could hardly be said to be rugged, as troops could be moved without difficulty over any part of its surface ; neither is it an isolated hill, being connected on the left by a neck of land with the more elevated country over which the French left wing approached to attack ; which neck of land, although lower than the ground at both its extremities, distinctly marks, however, that the height in front of Vimeiro is the continuation of the other. It was along that connecting neck of land that the most vigorous efforts of the French left were made, and there, their chief loss was sustained. It was also by the same neck that the very gallant but imprudent sally of the British cavalry took place. But these inaccuracies in Colonel Napier’s description of the ground are much less extraordinary than the error he has fallen into respecting the arrangement of the troops by which it was occupied ; and in consequence of which error General Fane’s and General Anstruther’s brigades are transposed, both in the account of the action and in the plan which is annexed to it. We think we cannot rectify these errors in a better manner than by giving, from General Anstruther’s Journal, his own account of the matter ; and we are persuaded that our readers will feel little less obliged than we acknowledge ourselves to be to those who have kindly allowed us to avail ourselves of the manuscripts of that very able and very gallant officer :—

‘ 21st August.—All quiet in the morning. Rode over the right and centre of the principal position with Sir Arthur ; he thought the right flank rather thin of troops, and ordered Acland’s brigade, which had landed in the night, to be placed there in second

* The author intends, we believe, to express, that the park and commissariat stores were in the valley, although, from the construction of the sentence, it would be inferred that they were in the village.

line; returned to head-quarters about eight; towards nine report received that a patrol of the enemy had appeared on the left, and we saw them drive in the piquet in front of the 40th. Other patrols were soon afterwards seen along the front of the centre. Went out in front of a small wood, about three-quarters of a mile from the left of Fane's brigade, from whence I saw distinctly the advance of the enemy. His force appeared to consist of a large corps of cavalry, and six or seven brigades of infantry, marching on a wide front, and advancing rapidly towards our centre. A large column seemed also pointing towards our left—but being distant, and partly concealed by the heights, could not see them distinctly. Sent Gordon [his aide-de-camp] to report to Sir Arthur these particulars, and that there was every appearance of a general attack. On returning to my brigade, received orders to march to the left; but the enemy by this time was so close that there was no possibility of leaving my ground. Drew up my brigade [viz., second battalion 9th, 43d, 52d, 97th], amounting to two thousand four hundred men, as follows: 97th in front, in prolongation of the front of General Fane's brigade; 52d in line, in *echelon* to the left flank of 97th; 9th in open column behind, on the left flank of the 52d; 43d in open column behind right flank 97th. The enemy came down rapidly along the road, directly in front of the 50th (belonging to General Fane's brigade), and when within about nine hundred yards deployed to their left, so as to bring their front parallel to ours; heavy cannonade from our guns, which caused the enemy much loss but did not check his advance. Brigadier-General Fane sent out nearly all the 60th and companies 95th to skirmish with their sharpshooters; after a good deal of firing our people were driven in. Sent the light company 97th and three companies 52d to cover their retreat; the latter made a gallant stand, but were at length driven in almost to the position, and the enemy advanced to the edge of the copse, about one hundred and fifty yards from us. Ordered the 97th, who were concealed behind a dip of the ground, to rise and fire; after two or three rounds, they (the 97th) began to advance from the position, and finding it impossible to stop them without great risk, ordered the 52d to support them on their right, and, if possible, to turn the left of the enemy. This they did very dexterously; whilst the 97th made a vigorous attack in front. The enemy soon gave way, and was pursued to the skirts of the wood, beyond which his superiority in cavalry made it imprudent to advance. Rallied the 97th and 52d, and leaving strong piquets in the wood, brought them back to the position: the 9th remained in reserve and was but little engaged. In the mean time, Brigadier-General Fane, *on my left*,* was very warmly engaged.

* We have been unable to trace the source of the mistake made by Colonel Napier, with respect to the relative situation of General Fane's and General Anstruther's brigades. In the despatch giving an account of the battle, Sir Arthur Wellesley, after explaining the nature of the position in front of the village of Vimieiro, says, 'On the right of the position they (the French) were repulsed by the bayonets of the 97th regiment, which corps was successfully supported by the 2nd battalion 52nd regiment,'

engaged. The enemy advanced with great boldness against the front of the 50th, whilst another column tried to penetrate into the village of Vimeiro on his (Fane's) left, along a deep hollow road which partly concealed them. Sent the 43d and all the cavalry to Fane's assistance—the former being obliged to put two companies in the front houses of the village, the enemy being very near it. The 50th regiment, however, by a very bold attack, defeated the enemy opposed to them, taking all their guns, tumbrils, &c. ; and the 43d, with equal gallantry, came to the bayonet with the corps on the left, and drove them completely back. The rifle corps and 20th dragoons then went out in pursuit, but the latter advancing too far, and getting near a wood filled with the enemy's infantry, suffered very much. The attack of the enemy on our left [left of the British army], owing to some fault of combination, did not commence until that on the advanced corps [the centre of the British] had nearly terminated.'—*MS. Journal*.

These details clearly prove that Colonel Napier's account of that part of the battle, and the plan which accompanies it, are incorrect. The numerous movements of troops, also, both infantry and cavalry, which are mentioned, without any impediment to the execution of these movements being ever alluded to, show pretty clearly that the ground is not of so *rugged* a nature as Colonel Napier's description has represented it to be ; as also that the position of the British troops in that quarter was not upon an *isolated* hill.

The enemy's attack upon the left of the British was met exactly in the manner which Sir Arthur Wellesley had stated the night before that he contemplated, and Sir Harry Burrard, entirely approving of it on his arrival in that part of the position from the village of Vimeiro, requested Sir Arthur to proceed in carrying it into execution. According to this arrangement, the brigade under Major-General Ferguson, and Brigadier-Generals Nightingale, Bowes, and Acland, ascending a very gradual slope, advanced in the direction of Lourinham until they encountered the enemy in movement towards them along the same height. The Portuguese troops under Colonel Trant, supported by Brigadier-General Catlin Crawford's brigade, moved in the meantime along a height parallel to that just mentioned, but more to the British left, and, consequently, nearer to the sea. The march of this column was calculated to alarm the French for their right flank, whilst they should be engaged in front with the four British brigades which formed the other column. The decided superiority of the British force on the left, and the nature of the country, which admitted of their following up their successes, gave a character of offensive warfare to this part of the battle, which could not be the case in

regiment, which by an advance in column took the enemy in flank,'—agreeing exactly with General Anstruther's account of that part of the action.

the

the centre, and the French being repeatedly driven from their ground with a very considerable loss of men, and that also of several guns, were forced to retreat towards their reserve, which was posted on the opposite side of the valley over which their right wing had advanced in the morning. A part of their cavalry came boldly forward to cover the retreat. The most advanced battalion of the British left had at this time nearly reached the village of Perenza, about three miles from the right of the original position.

It was now that the question arose respecting the expediency of marching immediately to Torres Vedras—by the left wing of the British continuing its movement in the direction taken by the enemy's right wing in its retreat—and by the British right moving forward from the village of Vimeiro. The victory just achieved by the repulse of all General Junot's attacks seemed to warrant the forward movement proposed, but there were other points to be considered. First, whether the proposed mode of advance was the most proper one; for the two wings of the British army were at this time about three miles asunder, whilst the enemy, although weakened and discouraged by his defeat, had, however, re-united his forces upon the high grounds which formed the left of the valley of Toledo:—to move forward, therefore, from two distant points was to fall into an error similar to that which General Junot had committed, in making two separate and distant attacks, in doing which there is always the risk of a failure of exact combination. Secondly, whether the victory obtained rendered it wise to depart from the two principles previously laid down: first, that of advancing always by the line of march nearest to the coast, keeping up a connexion with the shipping; and secondly, that of not precipitating the issue of the enterprise with a part only of the British force, the remaining part being so near, and having been the night before ordered forward for the purpose of uniting the whole. We shall content ourselves with stating these questions, without entering into any discussion upon them, observing only that a movement to Torres Vedras would have been but the commencement of a new plan of operations, for there was reason to suppose that the enemy would not attach any importance to that point, but that he would fall back upon the position of Cabeça de Montachique, which is one of the strongest in the second line in that chain of posts since rendered so famous by the effectual barrier they opposed to Massena's march upon Lisbon in the year 1810. Sir Harry Burrard decided against the immediate advance of the army towards Torres Vedras.*

On

* We think it right to take this opportunity of stating, that a very mistaken degree

On the morning of the 22d of March, a salute being heard from a man-of-war in Maceira roads, General Burrard immediately conjectured that it announced the arrival and landing of the future commander-in-chief, Sir Hew Dalrymple, and he accordingly directed the adjutant-general and the quarter-master-general to proceed to the beach to receive him. On their way to the landing place, the unprecedented circumstance of such a rapid change of commanders was adverted to as unfavourable to uniformity in the proceedings of the army, and a suggestion was thrown out that the only way to avert every evil consequence likely to result from it would be by Sir Hew Dalrymple allotting the whole of the force then at Vimeiro to Sir Arthur Wellesley as his *corps d'armée*; and the whole of that which was expected, in like manner, to Sir John Moore; this being considered as a temporary arrangement until the enemy should be expelled from Lisbon;—that by this means justice would be done to the ability, zeal, and success of Sir Arthur Wellesley since his landing—the public service would be promoted in the most advantageous manner—and no one could have the smallest ground for dissatisfaction or complaint. The adjutant-general feared that the plan would not be palatable to Sir Hew Dalrymple, nor to Sir Harry Burrard, as it might be viewed as taking the executive part very much out of their hands; but, approving of the plan in other respects, he agreed to its being proposed. The quarter-master-general undertook to communicate the suggestion to Sir Hew Dalrymple: he did so accordingly on the way to Sir Harry Burrard's quarters, and Sir Hew gave his assent to it. As soon, therefore, as the mutual salutations were over after Sir Hew Dalrymple's arrival at General Burrard's quarters, he took the quarter-master-general aside to hear once more the exact terms of the proposition which had been submitted to him on the way from the beach, and he then proceeded to announce his intentions in conformity with it. A report came then suddenly in that the enemy was advancing towards the position. Sir Arthur Wellesley, accompanied by the quarter-master-general and some of his staff officers, galloped off immediately to ascertain the cause of this very unlooked for intimation. On reaching the high grounds occupied by the left wing of the army, and where General Spencer was, Sir Arthur Wellesley learnt that the alarm had been occasioned by the approach of General Kellerman with a flag of truce, having an escort of two

gree of importance has been attached to the name of Torres Vedras. The weakest part, *naturally*, in the whole extent of the Lines prepared by order of Lord Wellington to cover Lisbon, was that between Torres Vedras and the sea. Alluding to this part, Colonel Jones says, (Memoranda on the Lines, p. 26)—‘That portion of the front which in summer had been the weakest, became during the winter (by the rains) in some degree secure from attack.’

squadrons

squadrons of cavalry with him. Sir Arthur immediately rode down towards the village of Vimeiro, and meeting at the entrance Sir Hew Dalrymple, Sir Harry Burrard, the adjutant-general, and other staff-officers, he offered to Sir Hew Dalrymple to go out to meet Kellerman and conduct him to headquarters, but Sir Hew, thanking Sir Arthur with an appearance of coldness and reserve, said he should not trouble him, but would send a staff-officer to bring in General Kellerman. The change in Sir Hew Dalrymple's manner from that which it had been at General Burrard's quarters but a very short time before, was very observable to some of those who were with Sir Arthur Wellesley, although to them, at least, the cause of it was unknown.

The discussion with General Kellerman took place at Sir Arthur Wellesley's quarters, as the most convenient for it. There were present Sir Hew Dalrymple, Sir Harry Burrard, and Sir Arthur Wellesley; and along with General Kellerman was Colonel Cambize, and, we believe, another French officer. After the conference had lasted a considerable time, the British generals left the French officers to themselves, and calling the adjutant-general and quarter-master-general into another apartment, made them acquainted with the object of M. Kellerman's mission, and with the substance of the articles which had been under discussion. Some observations were made upon these: first, as to the propriety of admitting Buonaparte's title of emperor; secondly, on the stipulation that the French were, in no case, to be prisoners of war; thirdly, on the impolicy of permitting the French to negotiate for the Russians. It seemed to be understood, that an alteration in this last point would be again contended for with Kellerman. The generals then returned to the room in which they had left Kellerman, and some time afterwards the preliminary articles were signed. It was then settled that the quarter-master-general should go with Kellerman to the French head-quarters, to learn whether Junot accepted the articles, and that he should thence proceed to the British admiral off the Tagus, to ascertain his sentiments also respecting them. It being late before General Kellerman left Vimeiro, Lieutenant-Colonel Murray arranged that he should join him early next morning at Torres Vedras. After M. Kellerman's departure, the quarter-master-general asked the British generals who had been present at the discussion, whether he was to have any instructions for his guidance, and whether he was to deem it an object of importance that time should be gained for the arrival of Sir John Moore's corps before anything definitive should be settled. He was told that no particular instructions
seemed

seemed to be requisite, his mission being only to ascertain whether the preliminaries were assented to or not by General Junot, and by the British admiral; and that, as to his other question, the intention was to abide strictly by the preliminary articles, and not to interpose any unnecessary delay in the negotiation which was to be founded upon them.

Lieutenant-Colonel Murray joined General Kellerman at Torres Vedras on the morning of the 23rd, and proceeded to Lisbon, stopping for a short time with General Laborde at Cabeça de Montachique. General Junot having signified his concurrence in the preliminaries, Colonel Murray set out immediately, accompanied by one of Junot's aides-de-camp (Captain Thomasin), for Cascaes, which place they reached late at night, and remained at the quarters of the commandant Bagneres. Next morning Colonel Murray and Captain Thomasin went on board the admiral's ship, and the former, leaving Captain Thomasin with the officers of the ship, was shown into the admiral's cabin. He then communicated to Sir C. Cotton the preliminary articles signed at Vimeiro on the 22nd, and made the admiral fully acquainted with the observations which had then been made upon them, and in particular with those respecting the Russian fleet. The admiral said he had some instructions in his possession which he thought might serve to guide him in negotiating separately with the Russians, which he hoped Admiral Smiavan would not be found indisposed to do. It was, therefore, agreed that the admiral should reject the seventh article, which determination Colonel Murray requested should be kept secret, that he might be able to make Sir Hew Dalrymple aware of it before it became known at Lisbon. Colonel Murray then adverted to the second article, informed the admiral that Maffra was proposed, and had been assented to both by Sir Hew Dalrymple and by General Junot, as the place of meeting for the commanders-in-chief to arrange the terms of the intended convention; but Sir Charles Cotton objected decidedly to Maffra, as he could not take upon himself the responsibility of going to such a distance from his fleet, especially at so advanced a season of the year. Upon this Captain Thomasin was called in and informed of the admiral's sentiments upon that point, when he immediately stated that General Junot had instructed him to propose Cascaes, in the event of Maffra not being acceptable to the British admiral. Sir Charles Cotton agreed to go to Cascaes, but Colonel Murray observed that the British general-in-chief might very possibly have the like objection to Cascaes that the admiral had to Maffra, and that he could therefore only give a conditional assent to the proposed change of the place of conference. It followed as a matter of course, therefore, that Colonel Murray

Murray should immediately return to the British head-quarters for the adjustment of this point. On leaving the admiral's cabin, Captain Thomasin asked Colonel Murray whether anything had passed on the part of the admiral to break off the negotiation which had been commenced, that he might inform the Duc d'Abrantes if that were the case. Colonel Murray replied, that nothing had occurred which, in his opinion, need prevent the continuance of the negotiations.

Immediately upon landing, Lieut.-Colonel Murray set out for Maffra, and having stopped there for a short time with General Loison, he proceeded through Torres Vedras to the British head-quarters, which had been removed from Vimeiro to Rumalhal during his absence. The soldier whom he took as a guide at the out-posts of the encampment conducted him to the quarters of Sir Arthur Wellesley, where he staid a few minutes with Sir Arthur, and where he found also the Honourable Brigadier-General Charles Stewart, who had just arrived from England. He then waited upon Sir Hew Dalrymple, and made his report of what had passed. Colonel Murray was again despatched to Lisbon, in the afternoon of the 25th, to inform General Junot of the rejection, by the British admiral, of the seventh article of the preliminaries; and to obviate the difficulty respecting Maffra and Cascaes, he was furnished also with full powers to negotiate a definitive convention, should circumstances admit of doing so. He reached Lisbon on the morning of the 26th. The Duc d'Abrantes blustered a little at first about French honour, and his determination on no account to separate himself from the Russians, but after some time General Kellerman suggested sending to the Russian admiral to know *his* sentiments upon that point, as with *him* the question must ultimately rest. This was accordingly done, and the officer of the staff who went upon that mission soon returned, and stated that Admiral Siniavan was willing to treat separately with the English admiral. General Junot then indulged in a little more rodomontade, talked of the battle of Vimiero having been a *reconnoissance* only, and expressed his determination rather to have buried himself under the ruins of Lisbon than abandon the Russians if they would have stood by him. To these observations Lieut.-Colonel Murray replied, that the destruction of Lisbon could not be in any manner beneficial to the French interests, neither could it be desirable to the British to bring so great a calamity upon their allies, if it could with propriety be avoided.

In place of entering into any details respecting the negotiation of this celebrated convention, we think it may not be unacceptable to our readers, nor unserviceable to the cause of truth, if we offer here a few observations with respect to the merits and the demerits

of

of that transaction. In the first place, it was of the utmost importance to the cause of the Peninsula politically, that Portugal should be cleared as speedily as possible of French troops; and be rendered, by the prompt reconstruction of a Portuguese government, an efficient ally in the war. The importance, in a military point of view, of establishing such a basis for future military operations in the Peninsula, was not less, and could, indeed, hardly be overrated.

We think it must be admitted, therefore, that there were sufficient grounds for entering into negotiations with General Junot for the evacuation of Portugal, more especially when it is considered that neither did there exist with the British army the means requisite for undertaking the sieges of Elvas and of Almeida, nor, if there had been means, would it have been wise to engage the troops in such harassing enterprises at the then season of the year, and when the prospect of a renewal of Napoleon's efforts against the Peninsula was neither uncertain nor remote. On the other hand, however, we are not prepared to deny that the negotiations were unnecessarily precipitate; for, after it had been determined upon not to take immediate advantage of the impression made by the victory of Vimero, but to wait for the arrival of Sir John Moore and his troops, we do not see why articles should have been suddenly assented to which were to render the presence of these troops of no weight in the subsequent negotiations. And we must also admit, that the same precipitation, by excluding the Portuguese from all share, and even all semblance of a share, in an important transaction affecting their own country, was calculated to excite generally very strong feelings of jealousy and discontent amongst them, and especially in the breasts of those persons whom circumstances had placed at the head of the civil and military affairs in those parts of the kingdom which had begun the struggle, and had in some degree rescued themselves from the French. A little less precipitancy might have obviated all these evils without the risk, we think, of substituting others of equal magnitude in their place. But if there was a blameable degree of precipitancy in fixing the basis of the treaty with the French general by the preliminary articles acceded to on the 22nd of August, there was, on the other hand, a most culpable degree of dilatoriness on the part of the British general-in-chief, in omitting to make any communication whatsoever to his own government upon a subject of such great importance until the 3rd of September; an omission which could not fail to be productive of difficulties and evil consequences both in England and in Portugal.

Having brought to a conclusion the transactions immediately connected

connected with the convention, the thread of which we were unwilling to interrupt, we shall now advert to the observations made by Colonel Napier under the head of '*General plan of the campaign*.' We believe, indeed, that such speculations are rarely of much value, being built, for the most part, upon an inadequate knowledge of facts, and the facts which are known being moulded, frequently, to suit the particular impressions and views of the speculator; but as Colonel Napier seems disposed to deal pretty largely in this line, and appears to be tolerably confident of his own competency to discharge the office of a military censor, we must not pass his speculations by unnoticed. He says—

'Although double lines of operation are generally disadvantageous and opposed to sound principles, the expediency of landing Sir John Moore's troops at the mouth of the Mondego, and pushing them forward to Santarem, was *unquestionable*.'—vol. i. p. 256.

And again :—

'If Sir John Moore, disembarking at the Mondego, had marched first to *Santarem* and then to *Saccavem*, he would have turned the positions of *Torres Vedras* and *Montachique*; and Sir Arthur, on the other side, would have turned the heights of *Bellas* by the road of *Quelus*, and Junot's central situation could not have availed him, *because* the distance between the British corps would be *more than a day's march*, and their near approach to *Lisbon* would have caused an insurrection of the populace.'

Colonel Napier begins by truly stating, that double lines of operation are generally disadvantageous; and we believe one of their chief disadvantages to be, that an army which separates into two parts, to act on two different lines of operation, becomes liable to have the whole force of the enemy brought against one of these parts, without its being able to derive any support from the other. This objection seems, in an especial manner, to apply when distance and intervening obstacles prevent or obstruct the co-operation of the separate corps, and when circumstances are such as to admit of the enemy keeping his force concentrated, and when he can with facility move against either part of his opponent's army that may be the weakest, or from some other consideration, may be the least advantageously circumstanced to resist an attack. Now, in the case here alluded to, the French general *could* keep his force concentrated, and *could* march against either of the British columns he pleased; whilst, on the other hand, the two British corps *could not* afford each other any kind of mutual support until both should have arrived nearly at the point of junction of their double lines of operation, viz. at *Lisbon*. Yet we find Colonel Napier, towards the close of his
second

second paragraph, representing the greatness of the distance between the two British corps as advantageous to them and disadvantageous to the enemy. We are at a loss therefore to reconcile his reasoning with what we have been hitherto accustomed to hear represented as sound military principles. But as Colonel Napier himself partly admits that his project is inconsistent with sound principles, we will now inquire into its practicability.*

On this head, the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry held at Chelsea (November and December, 1808) afford the following information:—1st. No dependence could be placed on the resources of the country for provisioning the army; all the cattle which served to supply meat to the troops commanded by Sir Arthur Wellesley were brought from the north of Portugal, under a contract made by Sir Arthur at Oporto for that purpose, and the supply of bread (biscuit) came from the ships. 2nd. A sufficient number of draught mules even for the corps of Sir Arthur Wellesley had not been obtained; the country had been drained of mules for carriage; bullock-carts were difficult to be had; it was hardly possible to induce the owners to go to any considerable distance from home, and the rate of travelling of their carts is about twelve miles a day. Sir Arthur Wellesley says, in his letter (Leyria, 10th of August) to Sir Harry Burrard—

‘If you should determine to march upon Santarem, you should in the first instance form a magazine of ten days’ bread and five days’ meat at Leyria.’

And he further states, in his Narrative to the Court of Inquiry—

‘Sir John Moore’s corps could have supported itself at Santarem, as proposed, only by keeping up its communication with the Mondego.’

These statements render, as it appears to us, the practicability of the military movement proposed by Colonel Napier extremely *questionable*. But let us now take the *facts* of the case, and show what would have been the actual result of Colonel Napier’s plan, supposing it to have been practicable.

* It may be proper to notice here, the very great difference which there is between the movement planned for Sir John Moore’s corps by our author *after the event*, and that suggested by Sir Arthur Wellesley in his letters of the 9th, 10th, and 11th of August to Sir Harry Burrard. Sir Arthur Wellesley deemed his own force quite sufficient to defeat the force under Junot, and the battle of Vimero proved that it was so. His objects, therefore, in suggesting that the troops under Sir John Moore should be placed at Santarem were—1st, to prevent succours arriving to Junot from Spain, the probability of which had been intimated to him by letters from Mr. Stuart and from Lieutenant-Colonel Doyle; 2nd, to cut off Junot’s retreat, if it should be attempted, by the north of the Tagus; 3rd, to pass over into the Alemtejo, for the like purpose, in the event of Junot moving from Lisbon into that province. But Colonel Napier’s plan is at variance with all these objects.

The corps under Sir John Moore's command arrived at the Mondego on the 20th of August, and began to disembark. On the 22nd Sir Harry Burrard's order, despatched from Maceira on the night of the 20th, was received; and Sir John Moore, in compliance with it, re-embarked the troops that had landed and proceeded to Maceira, where he arrived on the 24th. The landing of the corps was effected, and the whole had joined the army by the 30th of August. Had there been no delay at the Mondego, the junction of Sir John Moore's corps would probably have been effected on the 27th. But suppose Colonel Napier's project to have been followed:—the disembarkation in the Mondego could not have been completed in less than five days—viz., by the 26th—to collect means of transport, establish a magazine at Leyria, and make other preparations for the movement, would have required at least five days—viz., to the 31st.—

The march to Santarem, five days . . . 5th of Sept.

Halt at Santarem, two days . . . 7th „

March from Santarem to Saccavem . . . 11th „

So that, without any greater delay than every military man of experience will admit, we believe, to have been unavoidable, the co-operation of the left column in turning the position of Montachique, according to Colonel Napier's plan, could not have commenced before the 12th of September.

When Sir John Moore was at Stockholm, certain military projects of the Swedish monarch were submitted to him, and his quarter-master-general, by the quarter-master-general of his Majesty; and the discussion upon them was closed by the latter remarking to Sir John Moore, 'Je crois, Monsieur le Général, qu'à présent nous avons assez fait honneur aux projets de sa Majesté.' The hint which the Swedish quarter-master-general seems to hold out for imitation is not uninviting to us, but there is yet one other military speculation in this part of Colonel Napier's History of which we must not defraud our readers. After telling us that 'Sir Arthur Wellesley's project of seizing Maffra, by a rapid march on the morning of the 21st, was exceedingly bold,' the Colonel gives his own method of carrying such an enterprise into execution:—

'Sir Arthur might have pushed a select corps of light troops, his cavalry,' [which we have been told just before, amounted to a small escort] 'the marines of the fleet,' [there being none on shore] 'the Portuguese auxiliaries,' [a few hundred very inefficient troops] 'and a few field-pieces, to the entrance of the defile of Torres Vedras, before day-break, with orders to engage the French outposts briskly, and to make demonstrations as for a general attack.'—vol. i. p. 260.

Colonel

Colonel Napier seems to have here forgotten that the whole of Junot's force was actually in march early on the morning of the 21st, to attack the British; and that, consequently, the above '*demonstration for a general attack*' would have actually met a real general attack coming towards it. But the important part of Colonel Napier's scheme is yet to come:—

'There is no doubt that such a movement' [the "*demonstration*,"] 'if skilfully conducted, would have completely occupied the enemy's attention, while the main body of the army, *marching in great coats, and hiding the glitter of their arms*, might have profited from the woods and hollows through which the bye-road to Maffra led, and gained such a start as would have insured the success of the enterprise.'—vol. i. p. 260.

This is certainly the first time we have ever heard, that putting on *great coats*, and hiding the *glitter of their arms*, could conceal the march of an army from an enemy whose cavalry had for two days been patrolling close up to the camp in all directions; and this was to be done too, after the army which was to make the concealed march had sent away all its cavalry and its select light troops to make a *demonstration*. When the heathen gods or goddesses wished a friend to make a concealed march, they lent him a cloud for the purpose. But the only thing we can remember in modern times quite analogous to Colonel Napier's project is that warlike host in the '*Rehearsal*,' which marched from Knightsbridge to Brentford in profound incognito:—

'1st Herald.—The army's at the door, and in disguise.

'2nd Herald.—Having from Knightsbridge hither *marched*' by *stealth*.

'Smith.—How, Mr. Bayes, the army in disguise!

'Bayes.—Ay, Sir, for fear THE USURPERS might discover them.'

But what was to become of the four hundred ox-carts which were with the British army? How were these to move in profound incognito? As every one who has ever been in Portugal knows, the axletrees of these carts being of wood, and turning together with the wheels, which are solid circles of the same material, and no grease being ever used, the noise they make is audible at the distance of several miles. Again, Colonel Napier, in addition to the concealment by means of the great coats, seems to expect much from that to be afforded by the woods and hollows through which the bye-road to Maffra led; but, unfortunately, there is a considerable part of that bye-road which affords no such shelter, particularly near the river Zizendra, where the country is both open and level;* and the

* 'The greater part of the ravine from Ribamar to Maffra is very strong, whereas

the place where the e-road passes that stream is nearer to Torres Vedras than to meiro, and quite as accessible from the former as from the latter. Colonel Napier says that the British army would have gained a start by the aid of his project. But, in the first place, taking the case as it actually was, of the French army being already in-arch to attack the British on the morning of the 21st, the start would only have occasioned the collision of the two armies to begin on the flank and rear, in place of on the front and flank of the British column of march; and, secondly, taking the suppositious case of the French not having moved from Torres Vedras, till they learnt from their patrols that the British army was in motion, they could either have attacked the column of march, or have reached the position of Maffra before the British, being much nearer it, and having a more direct and a better road to march by, and no incumbrances.*

Believing that our readers must be by this time somewhat more than satiated with military speculations, we shall proceed to remark upon those parts of Colonel Napier's book which relate to the re-establishment of the Portuguese government. But as that topic will draw our attention particularly to the Bishop of Oporto, we have thought it better to reserve for this place also our notice of a charge brought against that prelate by Colonel Napier, in giving an account of the state of the British army at the time when Sir Hew Dalrymple assumed the command of it.

'The Bishop of Oporto had failed in his promise of assisting the British troops with draught cattle, as indeed he did in all his promises.'—vol. i. p. 220.

We do not at all know upon what authorities Colonel Napier relies for the authenticity of these statements which he advances as if they were unquestionable. Neither do we know what Colonel Napier expected from our Portuguese or our Spanish allies. Surely all that there could be any right whatever to look for was, that the authorities should do their best to facilitate the purchase, or the hire, of whatever the country could produce, and the British army might stand in need of. An allied army has no claim to more than that in any country, and least of all could it expect more from nations whose governments had been wholly broken up, and whose territories had been overrun and themselves plundered by a rapacious invader. The charge brought by Colonel Napier against the bishop of Oporto would be a heavy charge

no portion of the banks of the Zizendra below Torres Vedras is otherwise than tame.'—Colonel Jones's *Observations on the Lines covering Lisbon*, ch. ii.

* General Foy says of the coast-road from Vimieiro to Maffra, that it is narrow and rocky, and passes through a succession of defiles; and adds that the English army, extended in a single column, would have been everywhere liable to attack in flank and rear, without finding anywhere a good position to form in order of battle.—vol. iv. p. 324.

against

against any man, and it is still more so against a bishop. But where are the proofs to support the accusation? The best witness in this case,—as in that of the charges brought by our author against the Junta of Galicia,—is most certainly Sir Arthur Wellesley; to him the promises were made by the Bishop of Oporto, and he was the person most cognizant of, as well as most immediately interested in, their accomplishment. We find nowhere, however, a single word of complaint from Sir Arthur Wellesley respecting a breach of any promise made by the bishop, but, on the contrary, everywhere commendations of his conduct. But what was the promise made by the bishop? It was not to supply the wants of the British army out of his own pocket, nor out of the pockets of the people of Portugal, plundered and oppressed by the French. The British general asked for nothing more, could expect to obtain nothing more, than that facilities should be afforded for the purchase of what his army wanted and the country could produce. And accordingly evidence is furnished to that effect in a letter from Sir Arthur Wellesley to Colonel Brown,* dated at Lavaos, on the 4th of August, in which he speaks of 500 draught mules which he expected Mr. Walsh would have *purchased* for him, and adds, ‘are there no draught mules left in the country?’ This was probably the case, as we find Sir Arthur Wellesley highly commending Mr. Walsh for his exactness in fulfilling all his contracts, in a letter to Lieut.-Colonel Murray, of the 15th of September.† And in writing to the bishop himself, on the 6th of September, respecting the omission which there had been in appizing him of the Convention, Sir A. Wellesley uses the following words:—

‘But as I consider myself, and the army I commanded, to be *particularly obliged* to your Lordship, such an omission would have been unpardonable in me.’—*Gurwood*, vol. iv. p. 135.

And in writing subsequently to General Beresford, on the 19th of September, Sir A. Wellesley says, when recommending Senhor Fernandez Thomas, that he had received more assistance and service from that gentleman, than from all the other subjects of the Portuguese Crown, with the *exception only of the Bishop of Oporto*.—*Gurwood*, vol. iv. p. 146.

General Foy also speaks of the Bishop of Oporto in very different terms from those used by Colonel Napier, and esteems it an evidence of the Junta of Oporto having acted with wisdom in the beginning that they had chosen such a man to be their president. But a bishop has no quarter to expect from Colonel Napier, whether in Spain or in Portugal.

* *Gurwood*, vol. iv. p. 49.

† *Ibid.*, vol. iv. p. 140.

We come now to the accusations brought against the Bishop and others, in the business of the formation of the Regency.

'The Bishop of Oporto,' (says Colonel Napier,) 'a meddling and ambitious priest, had early conceived the project of placing himself at the head of the insurrectional authorities, and transferring the seat of government from Lisbon to Oporto.'—vol. i. p. 237.

After stating that the English general was convinced 'that the bishop and his coadjutors, however incapable of conducting great affairs, were experienced plotters,' Colonel Napier proceeds:—

'It would appear that the bishop had other than Portuguese coadjutors. The Baron Von Decken, a Hanoverian officer, was appointed one of the military agents at Oporto; he was subject to Sir Hew Dalrymple's orders, but, as his mission was of a detached nature, he was also to communicate directly with the Secretary of State in England. Von Decken arrived at Oporto upon the 17th of August, and the same evening, in concert with the bishop, concocted a project admirably adapted to forward the views of the latter; they agreed that the prelate was the fittest person to be at the head of the government, and that as he could not, or pretended he could not, quit Oporto, the seat of government ought to be transferred to that city.'—vol. i. p. 240. . . 'On the 3rd of September Sir Hew Dalrymple received instructions from home relative to the formation of a new Regency, which were completely at variance with the plan arranged between the bishop and General Von Decken, yet no difficulty attended the execution; and here we are arrested by the singularity of the transaction. General Charles Stewart, brother of Lord Castlereagh, was the bearer of Von Decken's first letter; he would not knowingly have lent himself to an intrigue subversive of his brother's views, as explained in the official instructions sent to Sir Hew; neither is it likely that Von Decken should plunge into such a delicate and important affair in one hour after his arrival at Oporto, if he had not been secretly authorised by some member of the English cabinet. Are we, then, to seek for a clue to these mysteries in that shameful Machiavelian policy that soon afterwards forced Lord Castlereagh to defend his public measures by a duel?'—vol. i. p. 242.

We do not think Colonel Napier has shown much good taste by forcing, very unnecessarily, into the above passage, an allusion to the quarrel between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, which manifested itself a year after the time of which he is treating. Colonel Napier's observations seem intended to convey an impression that General Decken had received, in an underhand manner, from one of Lord Castlereagh's colleagues, instructions of a different nature from those which had been officially communicated to him by his lordship; and the insinuation is pointed against Mr. Canning. Fortunately, however, there is a circumstance mentioned

tioned in Sir Hew Dalrymple's Memoir which affords, as our trans-Atlantic friends would say, a pretty considerable refutation of this charitable theory. The circumstance to which we allude is, that 'General Decken and General Sontag embarked on the 11th of August at Plymouth for the *Asturias*, but on the same day received notice from Lord Castlereagh that their destination was changed, and that they were to proceed to *Oporto*, where they arrived on the 17th.* This does not tally very well with Colonel Napier's insinuation of underhand instructions being given to Decken by another minister, respecting an intrigue to be carried on with the bishop of Oporto. The truth is, that no one, in the slightest degree acquainted with Baron Decken's character, will need any other clue to the labyrinth of the Oporto intrigue. General Decken, like some others of his countrymen, was a recluse speculator. The minds of such men are continually brooding over some scheme or other, and the less the scheme follows that direct and even road of common sense which men of plain understandings seek to adhere to, the more captivating it appears always to their imaginations. The Oporto intrigue, we are therefore quite satisfied, was the child of Baron Decken's brain, but, unlike the child of Jupiter's brain, it had none of the attributes of wisdom.† General Decken thus describes his first interview with the bishop in a letter to Sir Hew Dalrymple, of the 18th of August:—

'The bishop told me he had taken the government of Portugal in his hands, to satisfy the wish of the people, but with the intention to re-establish the government of his lawful sovereign, and he hoped that his Majesty the King of Great Britain had no other point of view in sending troops to this country. After having given him all possible assurances on that head, the bishop continued, that as the Prince Regent, on leaving Portugal, had established a regency for the government of this country during his absence, he considered it his duty to resign the government into the hands of that regency as soon as possible. My answer was, that I had no instructions from my government on that head, but that I begged him to consider whether the cause of his sovereign would not be hurt in resigning the government into the hands of a regency, which, from its having acted under the influence of the French, had lost the confidence of the nation; and whether it would not be more advisable for him to keep the government until the pleasure of the Prince Regent was known.'‡

* See Sir Hew Dalrymple's Memoir, page 87; and likewise Lord Castlereagh's Letter to Brigadiers-General Decken and Sontag, dated August, 1808, in papers presented to Parliament, 1809.

† Colonel Napier himself (page 319, vol. i.) says that Germans, 'regular and plodding even to a proverb in their actions, possess the most extravagant imaginations of any people on the face of the earth.'

‡ Sir Hew Dalrymple's Memoir, page 285, and following pages.

Here is a very explicit avowal, under General Decken's own hand, that the scheme of the government being retained by the bishop, and the arguments in support of that scheme, proceeded entirely from Baron Decken himself, and without any instructions on the subject from home. In his next letter, dated on the 22nd, Baron Decken says to Sir Hew Dalrymple—

'The Bishop has this day desired me to make your Excellency aware, in case it might be wished that he should keep the government in his hands, until the pleasure of the Prince Regent may be known, that he could not leave Oporto, and the seat of government must, in that case, necessarily remain in this town. His Excellency, the Bishop, thinks it his duty to inform you of this circumstance as soon as possible, as he foresees that the city of Lisbon will be preferred for the seat of government as soon as the British army have got possession of it.*'

Here the bishop very properly desires that the British Commander-in-Chief may be made aware of the objections which would arise to transferring the seat of government to Oporto. Again General Decken writes to Sir Hew Dalrymple, on the 28th of August,—

'The bishop is convinced that the inhabitants of Lisbon will refuse to submit to the temporary government of Oporto, in which they will be strongly supported by the members of the former regency established by the Prince Regent, who, of course, will be very anxious to resume their former power. The bishop, on assuming the temporary government, complied only with the wishes of the people; he was sure that it was the only means of saving the country; but having had no interests of his own in view, he is willing to resign the authority which he has accepted with reluctance, as soon as he is convinced that it can be done without hurting the cause of his sovereign, and throwing the country into confusion.*'

In all these letters we find Baron Decken urging his *unauthorised* schemes upon the bishop of Oporto. No sooner, however, does the Baron learn, on the 31st of August, by Sir Hew Dalrymple's reply to his letter of the 18th, that his schemes were not relished at head-quarters, than he immediately imputes, in his letter of the 1st of September, the whole affair to the Bishop and the Bishop's secretary. But to ascertain the real value of this imputation cast by General Decken upon the Bishop, we must call in other witnesses besides the Baron himself. In the first place, General Anstruther, in his journal on the 5th of September, after noticing Sir Hew Dalrymple's having received on the 3rd instructions from home about the reconstruction of a Portuguese government, proceeds thus :—

* Sir Hew Dalrymple's Memoir, p. 285, and following pages.

'Received orders to go by Oporto to Almelda, and confer with the Bishop; endeavour to prevail on him to come to Lisbon, and place himself at the head of the government.'

General Anstruther reached Oporto at five in the afternoon of the 15th, and having intimated his arrival, eight o'clock the same evening was the time appointed for his waiting on the Bishop. General Anstruther states,—

'The Bishop met me in the outer room, and after some time we retired to the inner. I then told him the purport of my visit, and urged many reasons—patriotism—finishing the work he had begun—confirmation of all that had been done in Oporto, &c.—to induce him to accept the situation of president of the regency: was a good deal surprised, after all I had heard, (more especially from Decken, whom I was careful to see before I went to the Bishop,) to hear him declare at once that he would accept. The only reservation was in regard to the manner of his appointment, which he said must be by the election of the members originally named by the prince. All this appeared very reasonable, and is exactly what Wellesley said should be done. Very little conversation on other topics. Wrote an account of my interview with the Bishop to Sir Hew Dalrymple; also private letters to him, and to Murray—gave my opinion that the Bishop's proposed mode of election is reasonable, but that he would accept on any terms.'

We see here how immediately all shadow of the Oporto intrigue vanishes, upon the arrival there, and communication with the Bishop, of an able and upright man, who had no schemes of his own in his head, nor any other motive of action than the desire to execute with diligence and fidelity the public service entrusted to his management. At Lisbon, happily, a man of like ability, and of a similar character, had been charged by Sir Hew Dalrymple with the task of arranging the reconstruction of the Portuguese government. General Hope, who was called upon to undertake this duty, stipulated that the quarter-master-general should be associated with him in it; but as Lieutenant-Colonel Murray soon perceived that, independently of the inconvenience with respect to his other duties which would result from his absence from head-quarters, he could also better contribute to assist General Hope's labours by remaining there, he did not go to Lisbon, and General Hope communicated by letter with him for Sir Hew Dalrymple's information. Two of the letters which passed on this subject will be sufficient to show that at the very same time when all trace of Colonel Napier's mysterious and widely-spread but imaginary intrigues, involving *Machiavelian ministers* in Britain, a *meddling ambitious priest*, and *generals, both Portuguese and Spanish*, in the Peninsula, had vanished before General Anstruther at Oporto, the same happy result

result had been effected by General Hope's presence for a few days in Lisbon.

Lieut.-Col. Murray to Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. John Hope.

' Ayras, 12th September, 1808.

' My dear Hope,—I submitted to the General, this afternoon, your letter containing the result of the inquiries you have hitherto been able to make into matters relating to the proposed government of this country, and the opinions you had been led to form in consequence. Sir Hew is strongly inclined to agree with you in the opinion that it would be most acceptable to the country, that the vacancies in the regency should be filled up in the constitutional manner, care being taken, however, to ascertain previously how far the members of the late regency are inclined to coincide with the General respecting the proper persons to be chosen.

' There seems to be no reason for deviating from the principle of exclusion towards those members of the late regency who accepted office from the French. It may, however, be given to be understood by the other members, that this exclusion does not proceed so much from any mistrust of those persons on our part, provided they themselves are satisfied with them, as from the actual temper of the public, both in Portugal and in other countries, where the private character of these persons, even if favourably known to their former colleagues, can of course have less weight than it might have here. The General approves entirely, therefore, of your bringing together the members of the late regency (with the above exclusions), and of your communicating confidentially with them in the view of ascertaining their sentiments, and learning what line they can be brought to adopt.

' It is right you should be informed, that the Monteiro Mor has written a letter to the Admiral, inclosing a protest against every part of the Convention, drawn up in strong language. The letter, Sir Hew tells me, goes to point out what ought to have been our conduct. This appears to me to be a part of the same system adopted by General Freire, and to have its origin partly in disappointment that more striking vengeance was not taken against the French, partly that they themselves were not called upon to take a share in the negotiations, and partly from a desire to shift off all present odium and after-responsibility in the transaction from their own shoulders.

' Sir Hew desires me also to mention to you, that in one of the publications by the junta of Seville, it is stated that they have taken the provinces of Alemtejo and Algarve under their protection, and that deputies from these provinces had waited upon them with instructions to make proposals to that effect. Whether this fact should have any weight in regard to our conduct towards the Monteiro Mor or not, I leave you to judge. Perhaps it might be used to alarm the Portuguese for the independence and integrity of the kingdom. The connexion which the people in the north formed, I believe, with Gallicia

licia puts all parts, however, very much upon the same footing in this respect.

‘Major Pinto dined to-day at head-quarters. He appeared less pettish than formerly about the Convention, and seemed disposed to communicate cordially respecting the military arrangements both for General Freire’s army and for the British. In the course of conversation he expressed a decided opinion against either De Castro or Mello being replaced in the regency.

(Signed)

‘G. MURRAY.’

General Hope to Lieutenant-Colonel Murray.

‘Lisbon, 16th September, 1808.

‘My dear Murray,—You will be so good as to inform the General that I have had, this forenoon, another conference with the members of the former regency. We were this time joined by Don Miguel Forgas, the secretary named in the act of regency to replace the Count de Sampaio. I submitted to him, with the permission of the other persons present, the substance of what had passed at the former conference, of which he declared his approbation. I then informed them that it was the General’s intention to address, in the first instance, a proclamation to the people of Portugal, in which he would call upon those members of the regency, who had not disqualified themselves in the opinion of the public, to resume their functions. I imparted the substance of the proclamation, having no translation; and with a very few additions which they suggested with some earnestness, and which I thought it of no moment to reject, it obtained their entire approbation. These additions tend solely to give some degree of importance to the efforts made by the provincial governments, and to flatter the national feeling by attributing, but in very general terms, some part of the success to the Portuguese army. I trust, therefore, the General will not disapprove of my adopting them.

‘A reference was then made to what had passed on the 13th; and it was agreed that, immediately after the proclamation, the regency would assemble, and proceed according to what was then fixed.

‘I lastly proposed the measure of electing the Bishop of Oporto into the regency, and re-stated the grounds on which that appeared to be a politic and desirable step. To this a ready assent was given; and it was agreed that the regency, as soon as installed, should write him a letter, highly expressive of their esteem, and press his coming to Lisbon to take his place in council. I find that the regency has no president, but that the members rank according to their precedence in the state; and that the Marquess of Abrantes was only first member in virtue of his possessing a more elevated title than any other member. A small verbal alteration has therefore been made in that part of the proclamation which regards him.

‘A note of our proceedings was made out, a copy of which I send for the General’s information; and I remain, my dear Murray,

‘Yours very faithfully,

(Signed)

‘JOHN HOPE.’

We

We have not room, in our present Number, to carry further our remarks upon Colonel Napier's work; but we propose to ourselves to continue them in a future publication—which, though not in accordance with our custom, we think justified in a case of this grave description. Neither shall we pause now to make any remarks on the style in which the book is written; except to say of it, generally, that it is not the style which we should deem most suitable to history. It is quaint without being natural, and unequal without the grace of variety. We must add one word, however, on Colonel Napier's dedication:—

‘To Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

‘This History I dedicate to your Grace, because I have served long enough under your command to know why the soldiers of the Tenth Legion were attached to Cæsar.’

This dedication is short, which is good. It is addressed to the Duke of Wellington, which no one can deem a fault. But, on the other hand, we think it is affected; and we further think, that it suggests a parallelism between Cæsar and the Duke of Wellington, where no parallelism can be found in the characters or in the conduct of the two men. Let it be remembered that Cæsar, from the earliest time when we have any knowledge of him, was always occupied in seeking after inordinate power by irregular means. He was actively factious in the city, and sought to attach to himself as many followers there as he could of the same description. Nor did he omit in the camp to play a similar game. That the tenth legion consisted of excellent soldiers there can be no doubt; but by the general's treatment of them he made them the soldiers of Cæsar and not of Rome. The Duke of Wellington esteemed valour and other military virtues in the troops under his command as much as Cæsar did; but he did not select any particular division as an object of his marked favour, and lay the foundation, by that means, in his army of an emulous attachment to his own person, with the view of rendering that army an instrument afterwards in advancing projects of personal ambition.

Our readers will have seen that we have a graver charge, however, than any defect of style or error of judgment, to bring against Colonel Napier as an historian. We mean the propensity, which is throughout discernible, to accommodate everything to the bias of his own opinions, and the bent of his own prejudices. In some articles of manufacture a single flaw, in but one piece, reduces the price of the whole set; how great an abatement then must there be made from the value of an historical work, in which such a defect as we impute, we believe not unjustly, to our author, is to be found, not in one book, nor in one chapter, nor connected with one particular branch only of the subject treated of, but interwoven

terwoven in an inseparable manner with the whole tissue of the work; and which the labour of a lengthened commentary upon every page could hardly separate from the thread of genuine history? The necessity of showing that we have not made such a charge lightly, must be our excuse for having so far exceeded the limits which, in ordinary circumstances, we should have assigned to the examination of a small portion only of so voluminous a work. That our opinion of the work is not singular, the following observation upon it from Mr. Coleridge's *Table Talk* will sufficiently show:—

'I have been exceedingly impressed with the evil precedent of Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War. It is a specimen of the true French military school: not a thought for the justice of the war—not a consideration of the damnable and damning iniquity of the French invasion. All is looked at as a mere game of exquisite skill, and the praise is regularly awarded to the most successful player. How perfectly ridiculous is the prostration of Napier's mind, apparently a powerful one, before the name of Buonaparte! I declare I know no book more likely to undermine the national sense of right and wrong in matters of foreign interference than this work of Napier's.'—p. 119.

ART. V.—1. *First and Second Reports of the Commissioners of Public Instruction for Ireland*. 2 vols. fol. 1835. Printed by Order of the Houses of Parliament.

2. *Second Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland*. 1835. Printed by Order of the House of Commons.

3. *A Tour round Ireland in the Summer of 1835*. By John Barrow, jun., Esq. Post 8vo. London. 1836.

SIX centuries and a half have rolled away since the connexion between Ireland and England began, yet, to most of the English people, Ireland to this day remains an unknown country. Though the subject of more frequent discussion than all other parts of the empire combined, the notions which are generally formed of it are vague and unsettled. Its very name is associated with recollections of violence, agitation, and bloodshed, of which few perhaps comprehend the cause—still fewer expect to see the issue. An impression thus comes to pervade the public mind, that it is a country different from every other on the face of the globe: that the elements of society are there destined to remain at perpetual strife: and that it is a region where general tranquillity, industry, and order, can neither be expected to prevail nor continue. To lend what assistance our limited space will permit,

permit, in dispelling an error equally prejudicial to Ireland, and the realm of which it forms a part,—to advert briefly to the aspect which the country and people present,—to trace the historical events which are at once the cause and consequence of defects which we see existing,—and to direct the special attention of the reader to the measures which at the present crisis have been, or probably will be proposed, for its future benefit,—are the purposes we have in view in the following observations.

It does not seem to us, that Ireland is upon the whole superior to England either in beauty or fertility, although it has sometimes been so represented. The resources of a neglected country, like the charms of a secluded beauty, are sometimes estimated too highly. We may refer, in support of this opinion, to the scenery which the direct road from Dublin to London offers. Beginning at the Menai bridge, and proceeding onwards by Capel Cerig, Llangollen, and Shrewsbury, through the midland counties, the traveller is presented with a succession of prospects, which, in point of magnificence, richness, and variety, no part of Ireland of the same extent can be found to equal. Transverse lines might be taken, passing through parts of Devonshire, Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, and Warwickshire, to which nearly the same observation would be applicable. But it would be invidious to pursue the comparison. We have said so much, only because we conceived it right to correct the extravagant encomiums which Irish demagogues are accustomed to pass on the soil and scenery of their native land, in order to gratify the vanity of their hearers at home, and convey an exaggerated notion of its consequence to ignorant people in England and in other quarters.

At the same time, no visiter, however transient, can fail to perceive that it is an eminently favoured land; and we hope it will soon have as much reason to be proud of all classes of its people, as its people have to be proud of it. Its surface is neither low nor lofty; its streams are clear and lively; the soil fertile, but not deep; not so intermixed with clay as in England, and lying upon limestone throughout a large proportion of the country. The climate is preeminently moist and temperate; and owing perhaps to this circumstance, to the nature of the substratum, and insufficiency of the draining, the land is everywhere gushing with water. Timber of all sorts grows freely and luxuriantly; but, from want of depth of soil, does not seem, except in particular tracts, to become large or lofty. Stone for building is found almost everywhere, of much beauty and variety, and in great abundance. The country still looks somewhat unfurnished, from the scarcity of trees and hedges. Where hedges are found they are made of furze, planted on the top of a wall, according to the custom

custom of Devonshire and Cornwall. The immense number and peculiar effect of the bogs, though so material a part of Irish scenery, cannot well be imagined by those who have not seen them. Their dark appearance, and the groups of turf stacks with which they are studded, give a singular tone to the landscape which is not easily forgotten. The excellence of the harbours in Ireland, especially of those in the west and south, is universally known and acknowledged. The principal mountains and mountainous ridges do not run from north to south, as they do along the western side of England, but are dispersed singly and in groups all round its shores, as if to defend them, like towers and battlements, against the fury of its stormy waters.

The coal hitherto found in Ireland is neither good nor plentiful; and as water-power is daily becoming less able to compete with steam, this defect is likely to prove an insurmountable obstacle to that advancement in arts and manufactures which the country might otherwise have attained. Ireland has considerable mines of copper and other metals, which, notwithstanding the inducements offered by them, have never yet been worked with sufficient skill and energy. The remains of its ecclesiastical architecture are neither remarkable for extent nor beauty. Its principal antiquities consist of the round towers, which have been the subject of so much examination and controversy, and the usual number of feudal castles found in other countries, now forming picturesque remains, but once the strongholds of robbers and oppressors, which in Ireland continued much too long to be their actual destination.

With respect to the people, the high and the low are still the only classes into which they can be appropriately divided. The intermediate ranks are rapidly springing up in the towns, but as Ireland is almost wholly agricultural, the want of them will in most parts of the country continue to be felt for some time longer. Of the character of the higher classes who are possessed of rank and property, we shall here attempt no delineation. To do this with correctness and impartiality is, invariably, one of the most difficult of all tasks, and ought never to be undertaken except by those who have had the advantage of extensive private intercourse. Many of the aristocracy are known to the world to be as accomplished and valuable members of society as those of whom any country can boast. If the rest of the body differ from persons of the same rank or fortune at home or abroad, the shades of distinction can only be judged with fairness after long and familiar acquaintance.

Of the common people a traveller may speak with less hesitation, because every particular relating to their manners, customs,

or

or circumstances, is more easily seen, and marked more strongly. It is undeniable that, with respect to food, habitation, and clothing, the farmers and labourers of Ireland, who, in most cases, may be classed together, are in a state which cannot be contemplated without emotion. Professor von Raumer, whose Letters on these kingdoms have just been published, says emphatically that, though he had spent much of his life in travelling, he never knew what *poverty* meant until he landed in Ireland. If such be the feeling of a German, it is almost needless to say that the impression is even stronger on an Englishman. Some parts, especially Ulster, are greatly in advance of others; but speaking of the country generally, the peasantry of Ireland, so far as the comforts of life are concerned, are nearly at the bottom of the scale of European civilization. Their dress is ragged in the extreme; their cabins mean and dirty; and their diet always poor in quality, and in quantity not seldom insufficient. Yet they are not always in reality in that abject plight in which hasty observers naturally enough suppose them. Unless when suffering from absolute hunger and want of shelter, the body continues strong and the mind undepressed. Under the most patched accoutrements in which he may walk about, or within the most miserable hovel in which he may rest his limbs at night, there still lies concealed the man, not torpid and wasted, but with all his faculties full and fresh about him, and showing, by his inquisitive and communicative disposition, that they are ready at the first favourable moment to be called into active operation. That they are sprung from the same stock with the Celtic inhabitants of Scotland is now universally admitted. Even though history did not attest the fact, their appearance, language, and a thousand nameless peculiarities, obvious to the eye, but almost impossible to be communicated by description, incontestably evince them to bear a much closer affinity to their Scottish than their English neighbours. How then has it happened, that two races, once in all respects so germane, should, in process of time, have come to present a national character and frame of society so strongly contrasted to each other? A recapitulation of the chief points in Irish history may throw some light on this very interesting question.

We begin this summary at the commencement of the connexion between Ireland and England under Henry II. It is useless to go farther back. The legendary tales of the arrival of Phœnician and Spanish colonies, the endless quarrels of petty kings or chiefs, and the traditions about the early learning and sanctity of the island, may amuse the idle and attract the credulous, but can contribute little to refine the taste or enlarge the understanding.

understanding. The little we know with certainty of ancient Irish laws and customs only shows more clearly, how deep the foundations were laid of those broils and divisions by which, from time immemorial, the country has been distracted. The Brehon law, or law of tanistry, bestowed the vacant chieftainry of a sept, not on the eldest son, but on the person who might be elected by the whole sept as most worthy; and the lands of the sept, not conferred upon the chief, were, upon the death of any of the sept, thrown together, and divided anew among the whole of its then existing members. So impolitic a law never could have been generally observed; but, had it been contrived for the express purpose of perpetuating discord, it could not have been more effectual. Fostering and gossiping, those bonds which in Ireland attached foster-brothers and godsons and godfathers to one another, and so invariably induced them to adopt each other's feuds and friendships, greatly aggravated the preceding evil.

It was the blind and implacable fury with which one of these quarrels was prosecuted, which led to the arrival of the English in the reign of Henry. That crafty and ambitious prince obtained a bull from Pope Adrian II., in 1159, fully authorizing him 'to enter that island, and execute therein whatever should pertain to the honour of God and welfare of the land;' and commanding 'that the people of that land should receive him honourably and reverence him as their lord.*' Henry was subsequently solicited for assistance by Dermot Macmuragh, prince of Leinster, in 1167; but being then fully occupied in France, he gave Dermot a letter, inviting all his subjects to give him encouragement and assistance.

In 1170, Fitzstephen, Fitzgerald, (the founder of the family of Desmond with its numerous branches,) and the other Welsh auxiliaries, to the number of three hundred, with little or no aid from Henry, first established at Wexford that authority which afterwards extended over all the island. Unwarrantable as this intrusion of Henry was, it is puerile to try to distinguish it, at this day, from any other successful conquest or usurpation which history has recorded. The right was in substance the same with that by which William I. overthrew the Saxon dynasty in England about a hundred years before; and by which the Anglo-Saxons, at an earlier period, had dispossessed the preceding rulers of that country. Subsequently to his invasion, Henry's title received all the additional confirmation which the case allowed; for the Irish people solemnly and successively submitted to Henry, John, Richard II., and to Sir Anthony St. Leger, the deputy of Henry VII.† A circumstance far more prejudicial to Ireland than the

* Leland's Hist. of Ireland, vol. i. p. 9.

† Davies's Reasons why Ireland was never subdued, p. 103.

English invasion, was the enormous extent of the grants made by the English princes to their favourites and partizans, from the time of Henry to the end of the reign of Elizabeth. Henry granted nearly the whole of the island to ten men:—viz. Earl Strongbow, Fitzstephen, Cogan, Bruce, De Lacy, De Courcy, De Burg or Burke, Clare, Grandison, and Le Poer,* all of them well known in the succeeding troubles of the country. The same system was continued by succeeding princes, as forfeiture or failure of children afforded the means, and in the huge tracts of land thus bestowed upon a few powerful absentee nobles, originated an evil from which Ireland has not to this day been completely delivered.

It would be tedious to trace the vicissitudes which the English settlement underwent, during the three centuries and a half which elapsed from this period to the time of the Reformation. It was an incessant and doubtful struggle for existence. On various emergencies it was only saved from destruction by that want of counsel and combination on the one hand, and that incurable proneness to discord on the other, which have in all ages so unaccountably characterized the Irish people. The clans and their chiefs were either secretly at variance or in open war with one another. The obedience of the septs to their leaders was imperfect, and the subordination of the leaders among each other was never regularly defined. To increase this confusion still further, Ireland never possessed any permanent or recognised royal race, whose power or influence could have settled those disputes which prevailed between different clans or confederacies, or repressed the depredations which were their necessary consequence.

Though the English power was thus saved from destruction, little was done for its consolidation. Several able deputies were appointed, but they either died or were recalled shortly. The force employed was invariably inadequate, and forced contributions under the names of coyne and livery, coshering, cessings, and cuttings, all of them of native origin, and all burdensome and illegal, never ceased to be exacted.† The extension of the English law to the native inhabitants, though repeatedly requested, was injuriously and unjustly withheld. The duties of allegiance and protection are reciprocal, and when the kings of England added the title of lords of Ireland to their other honours, it behoved them to labour diligently and faithfully to promote the security and prosperity of their new subjects. This obligation was shamefully neglected or forgotten. During upwards of four centuries, Ireland was visited by only three sovereigns, Henry II., John, and Richard II., and neither in their days, nor in those of any of the intermediate or succeeding monarchs, did its complete reduction and settlement

* Davies, p. 180.

† Ibid., p. 134.

engage the serious and steady attention of the English government. The consequences of this mistaken policy naturally followed. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the English power continued gradually to decline. It reached its lowest ebb in the time of Henry VII., when, with the exception of a few seaport towns, it was confined to the English pale, by which name the four counties of Dublin, Kildare, Louth, and Meath, were then designated. How much more exalted renown might our Henrys and Edwards have earned, if, instead of wasting the blood and treasure of their country in the acquisition of continental possessions, which they ought to have foreseen it would become impracticable or inexpedient to retain, they had devoted all their faculties, in an age when uncontrolled and energetic princes could accomplish so much, to a personal examination of the state and resources of Ireland, and to the preparation and superintendence of such plans as would have terminated in its spontaneous and cordial incorporation with England.

We must not quit this long and dreary period without taking notice of Poyning's law, which was passed in 1495, and is to this day so frequently alluded to in discussions on Irish affairs. This important law was passed by Deputy Poynings, and declared, that no act should be propounded in any parliament of Ireland, but such as had first been transmitted into England, and after being approved by the king and council there, returned to Ireland under the English Great Seal.* For three centuries it constituted the grand connecting link between the two countries, and remained in force until it was repealed in 1783.

The Reformation under Henry VIII. took place in 1536, and is in all respects the most remarkable era which occurs in Irish history. Like many other measures of that monarch, it was adopted rashly, and little prosecuted afterwards. Ireland, as has often been lamented, had no reformer, and was wholly unprepared for the benefits of the Reformation.† It was purely an act of the legislature. Neither the English settlers nor native inhabitants understood or cared about it. During Henry's time little change was required or enforced. Some conformed, others did not. Gradually the people, ignorant though they were, came to have an indistinct perception of the consequences of the alteration. From that moment the animosities of the great parties into which Ireland was divided took an entirely new direction. Although distinctions had occasionally been made in preceding times, between the old and new English, the Englishmen generally ranged themselves on the one side, and the natives on the other. Henceforward the distinctions between old and new English were for-

* Irish Stat. vol. i. p. 44.

† Leland, vol. ii. p. 158.

gotten, and all attempts to expel them were abandoned. All other differences were merged in that of religion. The far greater part of the English became Protestants; most of the natives remained Catholics; and it is painful to reflect, that, throughout the three centuries which have since elapsed, religion has continued to be the main-spring of all the troubles and atrocities which have disgraced and afflicted Ireland.

As the Reformation was left under Henry, so it remained during the life of Edward VI. The short reign of that youthful prince was fully occupied by the religious and civil affairs of England. When his sister Mary ascended the throne, all ecclesiastical changes which had been made in Ireland disappeared, and as in that country they had never been complete, matters easily reverted to their former channel. The principal events affecting Ireland, which happened under Elizabeth, were the re-establishment of the Protestant religion by act of parliament, in 1566; the rebellion of Shane O'Neil, in Ulster, in 1567; that of the Fitzgeralds in Munster, which lasted from 1569 to 1582; and that of Tyrone, in 1595. No doubt can be entertained that hatred of the English, and his own preposterous ambition, were the original causes of O'Neil's rebellion in 1567. But it is equally true that, to secure the attachment of his followers, he thought it necessary to denounce the new religion, entered into immediate communication with Fitzgerald in Munster, and sent ambassadors to Rome and Spain to procure assistance against the common enemy.* When the rebellion broke out in Munster in 1569, James Fitzgerald's proclamation touching the causes of it ran thus:—

‘ Si ut bellum aliquod juste geratur tria requiruntur; causa justa; potestas legitima; et legitimus belli administrandi modus; hæc tria hoc bello concurrere jam planum fiet. Causa enim hujus belli, est Dei Gloria, cui externum sacrificii cultum, et visibilem sancti altaris honorem ab hereticis impie ablatum, nos restituendum curamus: Gloria item Christi, cujus sacramenta gratiam conferre, cum heretici blasphemæ negent, Christi evangelium ejusdem infirmitatis accusant, ob quam lex reprobata fuit:—Gloria item ecclesiæ Catholicæ, quam contra Scripturarum veritatem heretici aliquot sæculis obscuram et mundo ignotam fuisse mentiuntur; at in Dei nomine, per Christi sacramenta sanctificando, et in Ecclesiæ unitate servandâ, omnium nostrûm salus potissimum consistit.†

This is the whole of Fitzgerald's alleged ground for taking up arms, and if so, religion alone could have actuated those who were inclined to join his standard. The manifesto issued by Tyrone, in 1599, during the rebellion raised by him in 1595, runs partly in the words following:—

* Leland's, vol. ii. p. 234.

† Appendix to Borlase's *A Account of the Irish Rebellion*, p. 8.

Contrariwise

‘Contrariwise whosoever you shall be, that shall join with me, upon my conscience, and as to the contrary I shall answer before God, I will employ myself to the utmost of my power in their defence, and for the extirpation of heresy. And seeing these are motives most laudable before any man of consideration, and before the Almighty most meritorious, which is chiefly to be respected, I thought myself in conscience bound, seeing God hath given me some power, to use all means for the reduction of this our poor afflicted country into the Catholic faith: hereby protesting that I neither seek your land nor goods, nor do I purpose to plant any in your places, if you will adjourn with me, but will extend what liberties and privileges that heretofore ye have had, if it shall stand in my power: giving you to understand upon my salvation, that chiefly and principally I fight for the Catholic faith to be planted throughout all our poor country, as well cities as elsewhere.’*

Tyrone here explicitly announces himself as the champion of the Catholic faith, and the assistance he received from Rome and Spain shows him to have been so regarded. This rebellion pervaded all Ireland, was not suppressed till 1603, and terminated in the confiscation of nearly six entire counties in the province of Ulster. The disposal made by James of the lands then forfeited was the most successful measure of his reign. The grants were smaller than they had ever been under similar circumstances, and the settlers, who were almost all brought from England and Scotland, were well selected. The project of the settlement; the orders and conditions to be observed by the settlers or undertakers; the commission of inquiry previous to the settlement; the instructions to the commissioners, and Captain Pynnar's report of the manner in which the settlement was actually made, are all before the public.† To this settlement the order, industry, and civilization of the north of Ireland have been universally attributed, and the descendants of the Ulster settlers are to this day among the most attached subjects and firmest supporters of Protestantism in the empire. The loss of people and property sustained by the Catholics in this insurrection was irreparable. The country was then for the first time brought under English dominion. Stone houses or villages, previously rare, were now generally built, and the whole of Ireland enjoyed a degree of tranquillity and prosperity to which it had hitherto been a stranger.‡

In the midst of all this the Protestants were thrown into consternation by the rebellion and massacre of 1641. The cause of the unparalleled cruelties which were then perpetrated, and in

* Leland, vol. ii. p. 365. From MS. in Trin. Coll. Dublin.

† Harris's *Hibernica*, part I. p. 105—241.

‡ Davies, p. 170.

which, according to the most candid and judicious investigator of this transaction, upwards of twelve thousand peaceable and unsuspecting Protestants lost their lives,* is ascribed by the Protestants to the Catholics, and by them retorted on the Protestants. Lord Castlehaven, himself a Catholic, and deeply implicated in the transactions of the time, admits that 'The Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, and the councils of Spain and Rome, and the Irish monasteries and seminaries in so many countries, and very many of the churchmen returning home out of them, and chiefly the titular bishops, together with the superiors of regular orders, took an effectual course, under the specious colour of religion, to add continually new fuel to the burning coals, and prepare them for a flame on the first opportunity.'† Sir Henry Vane in a letter to the Lords Justices, dated in 1640, advises them, 'That his Majesty had received intimation from his ministers in Spain and elsewhere, that there had lately passed from Spain an unspeakable number of Irish churchmen for England and Ireland, and some good old soldiers, under pretence of asking leave to raise men for the king of Spain; and that a whisper ran among the Irish friars there, that they expected a rebellion in Ireland, and particularly in Connaught.'‡ Looking at these statements; coupling Sir Harry Vane's letter with the dispatches of Sir Arthur Hopeton in 1639, who was then English minister at Madrid, to Secretary Windebank;§ and after perusing Lord Maguire's confession—|| the causes assigned by the Catholic confederates for taking arms—¶ and the dull but convincing narratives of Temple and Borlase—it is impossible to doubt that this insurrection was the result of a deliberate and extended Catholic conspiracy, having for its grand object the complete re-establishment of their religion.

The suspicions growing out of the doubtful policy of Charles I., his instructions to Glamorgan, and the belief entertained by the Catholics to the last, that he was favourable to their cause, kept alive the flames of war until they were quenched by Cromwell in the blood of those by whom it had been contrived and abetted. That remarkable man, penetrating the character and views of the opponents with whom he had to deal, far better than many of those who have since detailed and criticised his conduct, disclaiming the military and diplomatic forms, to which persons of inefficient minds and with insufficient means invariably resort, saw at once what he ought to do, and did it. He landed at Dublin on the 15th August, 1649,

* Warner's Hist. of the Reb. p. 297.

† Castlehaven's Memoirs, 1684, p. 24. ‡ Borlase's Massacre of 1641, p. 7.

§ Clarendon's State Papers, vol. ii. pp. 69, 70, 80.

|| Borlase's App. p. 9. ¶ Desiderata Cur. Hib. vol. ii. p. 78.

effectually reduced the country by his unerring and unrelenting energy within the nine months of his Irish command, and before his departure had so overawed the people by the terror of his name, that to this day whatever is wonderful or mighty is ascribed to him or the devil.

From the time of Cromwell, the utter extinction of the power of the feudal chiefs may be most appropriately dated. They had proved themselves at all times restless, faithless, cruel, and oppressive, and the disappearance of them, and of the bards whom they maintained and cherished, was a decided step in the progress of improvement. 'Whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life,' says Spenser, speaking of the bards, 'most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all points of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they set up and glorify in their rhymes, him they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow.' If such were the strains to which in former days the harp resounded through Tara's halls, the fondest lovers of harmony and numbers cannot lament that the halls themselves have long been silent, and the harp now hangs neglected.

The prospects of the Catholics became brighter as the policy and principles of Charles II. became clearer, until his successor honestly avowed himself a papist. Throughout the short contest which James II. maintained for his crown and religion, the Catholics of Ireland naturally made his cause their own, and maintained it while they had strength to keep the field. When again subdued by the steady and efficient operations of William, who united to Cromwell's might that right which Cromwell had not, we need not wonder that the Protestants by confiscation and penal laws endeavoured to secure themselves against the recurrence of those dangers to which they had been exposed so long, and from which they had escaped so narrowly. One of the first acts of William after the settlement of Ireland, was to grant an annual allowance to the Protestant dissenting clergy of Ulster, to whom he had been so materially indebted. This grant has ever since been continued, and though the parliamentary papers of 1826 are the last to which we can at this moment refer, we believe the amount is now, as it was then, about 14,000*l.* per annum.

The chief disabilities imposed upon Catholics during the reigns of William and Anne are the following. They could not hold leases for more than thirty-one years; could neither purchase lands, teach publicly in schools, have a horse of more than 5*l.* value; vote for members of parliament; nor become barristers, six-clerks, or attornies, without taking the oaths of allegiance and supremacy;

supremacy; hold any office under the crown, or become magistrates in any town, without taking the Sacrament, as prescribed by the English Test Act, according to the usage of the Church of England; nor take property from a Protestant by descent, bequest, or devise. Upon death, their inheritances were divided equally among their children; and all regular clergy, friars, jesuits, and Catholic bishops were enjoined to quit the kingdom. Catholics were in still more general terms deprived of the elective franchise by an act passed in 1727.

To whatever it might be really owing, whether to the operation of the penal laws just mentioned, to preceding exhaustion, growing forbearance and good-will between Protestants and Catholics, and increasing national prosperity, or all these causes united, Ireland enjoyed almost uninterrupted tranquillity from the close of the reign of William till towards the conclusion of the American war. The Catholics were free from all actual participation in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. Whether they were disposed to rise in case of opportunity, as Lord Clare in one of his speeches distinctly alleges, there is probably no sufficient evidence now existing to determine. The succeeding local insurrections which disturbed the country:—that of the White Boys in Munster in 1759, the real cause of which is involved in considerable uncertainty; that of the Hearts of Oak Boys, which spread through Armagh, Tyrone, and Derry, in 1763, on account of the excessive amount of county rates; and the Hearts of Steel, who sprang up in Antrim and Derry to obtain relief from some alleged overcharges made on the Donegal estates,—are too inconsiderable to receive more particular notice.

In 1779, a French naval force threatened a descent upon the coast. The island being nearly stripped of regular troops, the *Irish Volunteers*, who started up all over the country, were permitted to embody themselves for its defence. This ill-advised association may justly be regarded as the parent of the whole of the political clubs and societies which have never since ceased to endanger the peace and embarrass the government of Ireland. With new times new prospects opened. Though the only ostensible purpose of the volunteers was to defend the country, their proper province and duties never were defined, and, like all bodies of men coalescing under similar circumstances, this soon degenerated into a political engine. They consisted always principally, and at last exclusively, of Catholics. Through their activity and influence Poyning's law was repealed in 1783, and by that important concession the Irish parliament was at once invested with complete independence, which it was not slow to exercise.

In 1785, a brawl which arose in the county of Armagh, so insignificant

significant in itself, that the real cause of it is already involved in obscurity, led the Presbyterians of the district to combine under the name of Peep of Day Boys. The Catholics did the same under the name of Defenders. The Protestants, for their own protection, as they allege, enlarged their numbers and assumed the name of Orangemen. This association became regularly organized about 1795, has continued to the present time, and at the moment of its recent dissolution embraced so large a proportion of the Protestants of rank, property, and intelligence in Ireland, that it must be again brought under consideration.

The White Boys, under the name of Right Boys, reappeared in Munster in 1786. In 1791 the Society of United Irishmen was formed in Dublin; and its objects were evidently commotion and revolution from the outset. The Catholic Convention followed in 1792, and the treasonable views of a considerable portion of its members are manifested by the documents which have since been published.* The convention has undergone a variety of transformations, but in some shape or other is said to be still existing. In 1793 an act passed which removed various Catholic disabilities, and among others virtually restored to Catholics the elective franchise, by empowering them to vote for members of parliament and corporations, without taking the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. Another measure which, about this period, received the sanction of the legislature, though it attracted far less notice than the concession of the elective franchise, has probably been of much more real utility. This was the act which appointed an assistant barrister to sit and decide on certain civil and criminal cases in each county. The first act is that of 27 Geo. III. c. 40, s. 15 (1787), which was passed as an experiment. It was afterwards continued by an act in 1795, and the office was made permanent by 39 Geo. III. c. 16, in 1799. The year 1795 was also remarkable for the establishment of the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth. In order to remedy the slight inconvenience which was felt in procuring a foreign education for Catholic ecclesiastics during the war which was then raging, but chiefly to secure the gratitude and attachment of the Catholic clergy and laity of Ireland, which it was assumed would follow this act of Protestant liberality, Maynooth College was founded by the Irish Parliament for 400 Catholic priests, who have ever since been there educated and maintained. The act establishing the college was amended by 40 Geo. III. c. 85, and by 48 Geo. III. c. 145, of the local acts of that year. The annual parliamentary grant for this institution is now about 9000*l*.

The rebellion which broke out in 1798 can be viewed in

* Gordon's Hist. of Reb. p. 15.

no other light than as the natural and almost inevitable consequence of the endless speeches, associations, and projects, by which, for twenty years preceding, the public mind had been stimulated and perverted. The objects of the *leaders* in this wicked and ill-concerted enterprise were at first chiefly, perhaps entirely, political; but, as had always happened on previous occasions of the like sort, Protestants and Catholics were soon arrayed on opposite sides, and the insurrection maintained a religious character from its commencement to its termination.* The suppression of the rebellion was quickly succeeded by the union between Great Britain and Ireland, which was carried through the English and Irish legislatures in 1800. Though pertinaciously opposed at the time by various parties on both sides of the channel, no enlightened and impartial observer could ever have entertained the slightest doubt of the expedience of the measure. The terms of the agreement afford intrinsic evidence of the equitable and comprehensive spirit in which it had been drawn up. Public business and private convenience rendered it equally beneficial for Ireland and Great Britain that the intercourse of the two countries should become more frequent and unrestrained, and the slightest acquaintance with the temper which had begun to prevail in Ireland, and the anomalous position in which the legislatures of Great Britain and Ireland stood to one another, conclusively demonstrate that an entire union of the kingdoms was a measure no longer depending upon the will of the minister who proposed it, but forced upon him by urgent and indispensable necessity.

Though the union changed the legislature, it had no immediate effect on the social state of Ireland. The restlessness and violence to which the people were habituated still continued. In 1806 the Threshers rose in Sligo, Mayo, Leitrim, Longford, and Cavan, to resist tithes and the exorbitant demands of the priests. In 1808 bands of Ribbonmen appeared for the first time in Down, Armagh, Antrim, Tyrone, and Fermanagh. Their avowed object was to oppose Orangemen, tithe-proctors, and canters of farms. In 1809 the Carders extended their ferocious association into the two Meaths, Roscommon, and Mayo—and the Shanavats and Caravats, who figured for a short time in 1810-11, carried it into Tipperary, Kilkenny, Limerick, and part of the county of Cork. But it was no longer a time for partial risings, and mere fighting parties. Acts of barbarous or deadly outrage have perhaps not diminished, but they are seldom casual or unconnected. Partisan warfare has ceased. The stragglers have come in. Every individual instinctively, or by arrangement, acts in combination with the great party to which he belongs. The machinery of agitation has

* Gordon's Hist. of Reb. p. 214.

attained a perfect and systematic form. By a cloud of itinerant orators of every degree, by the indefatigable activity of the press, and by the awful and revolting sort of intimidation now exercised by the Catholic priests over their flocks, Ireland has been worked up to such a pitch of effervescence, that the fire must be quenched, and that quickly, or the caldron will boil over.

The Act for Catholic Emancipation, which is the last important historical event relating to Ireland we shall notice, was passed in 1829. By it Roman Catholics were enabled to sit in either House of Parliament, and to hold all civil and military offices under the Crown, those of Regent, Lord Chancellor of England or Ireland, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland excepted. No single question, in our times, has been the subject of such prolonged and fierce discussion, as the expedience of this concession. Whether it may hereafter be pronounced to have been wise or unwise, the Catholics will never deny it to have been a *large instalment of justice*. In what way any *instalments of gratitude* have yet been paid by Archbishop Murray, Bishop McHale, and their clergy, we leave it to our readers to be themselves the judges. The return made by them and their leaders to the Duke of Wellington, by whom the measure was proposed and carried, is precisely similar to what was experienced by the Duke of Ormond, from their predecessors, nearly two hundred years ago. In Walsh's ponderous but valuable Vindication of the Irish Remonstrance, that honest Catholic assures us the Duke of Ormond declared to himself—

*'These twenty years I had to do with these Catholic bishops, I never found any of them either to speak the truth, or perform their promise to me: laying his hand, at the same time, on his breast with great emotion, and adding, as I am a Christian. Of which action and asseveration I took indeed the more special notice there, and now again do take here, that I never observed him before or after, on any occasion whatsoever, to have averred or denied anything in that manner.'**

We make no apology for the length to which this summary has run. The whole state and circumstances of Ireland are so peculiar, that whoever would qualify himself to form a sound opinion respecting any line of policy which may be pursued respecting it, must keep the whole thread of its history constantly in view, and the details now presented to the reader are intended to prepare him, for forming his own judgment on the observations which are to follow. These observations will be confined to three topics,—the state of the owners and occupiers of the land; the preservation

* Walsh's Vindication, p. 743.

of the peace and dispensation of justice; and the education and religion of the people.

1. Throughout all the changes which Ireland has undergone, obvious and powerful causes have always retarded its advancement. To some of these allusion has been made already. The old Brehon law which made the chieftainry of the sept elective, and the repartition of lands on the death of the head of every family of which the sept consisted, were eminently calculated, under any modification, to keep the people rude and unsettled. On the arrival of the English the improvident grants successively made to the favourites and military servants of the English crown, divided the land into portions as much too large as they had before been too small. Most of these grantees possessed still more valuable estates in England, and either never resided at all, or only for a short period. When the English settlement was struggling for existence, these absentees were regarded as deserters. A tax of two-thirds of the annual value of the grant was frequently imposed upon them, and the number of ordinances or acts of parliament on the subject show the weight of the grievance and inefficiency of the remedy*. When the English authority had become strong, other evil consequences of absenteeism were discovered, and debates about the reimposition of an absentee-tax took place at intervals in the Irish parliament down to its termination†. Absenteeism will for ever remain odious, notwithstanding the subtlety with which it is occasionally defended. Independently of the loss arising from the constant transmission of rents to a distance from the spot where they are collected, the absentee deprives his neighbours and dependents of that assistance, protection, and fellowship, which, in the intercourse and business of life, they have a right to expect at his hands. He neither participates in their wealth nor want, feels with them the winter's frost nor the summer's heat, nor sees how the young grow up or the old decay. Of all beings who are supported by the sweat of others, those absentees who abandon their proper sphere of duty to revel in the luxuries of a foreign capital, or dream away their hours in the recesses of the Alps or on the shores of the Mediterranean, are the most useless and contemptible. It will be their wisdom to beware in time. Those classes of society who live merely for their own gratification have had ample sway, and they know not how soon, or from what quarter, the storm may burst upon them.

To the other evils felt from absenteeism in Ireland that of middlemen may be added. The actual cultivators of the soil being

* 3 Ric. II. Davies, 167; 1 Hen. IV. Rym. Feod. v. iii. p. 2. 173; Irish Stat. 28 Hen. VIII. c. iii.; Irish Stat. 10 Ch. I. c. xxi.; Irish Stat. 2 Geo. II. c. iii.

† Plowd. 422.

numerous and poor, the absentee, not knowing whom he could trust, looked as naturally for a middleman, or undertaker, possessing money or influence, as the middleman looked for him. Large tracts were thus let at an easy rate to an adventurer, who guaranteed the rent of the whole, and afterwards subdivided it among the actual occupants, from whom he squeezed the last farthing. These middlemen encouraged absenteeism to the utmost of their power, by feeding needy landowners abroad with anticipated supplies, and exaggerating the dangers and inconvenience of residence. Increasing knowledge, and change of circumstances, have now much reduced their numbers. Landlords have now learnt how to convey from the occupant, directly to their own pockets, the utmost he can afford to give: and were it not for the perpetually renewable or extremely extended leases, of which so many still exist in Ireland, middlemen would disappear altogether. Long leases are said to have been little known previous to 1690.* They divide the beneficial interest between the nominal owner and the tenant, in a manner frequently injurious to both, as well as to the nation at large. Neither of the parties can prudently execute improvements which would well repay the cost, and each is tempted to square his expenditure as if he were the unlimited owner of an estate which belongs to the one only for the present, and will revert in all likelihood only to the posterity of the other.

In defence of absenteeism, it has been urged that every gentleman who owns property at a distance from the place at which he resides, becomes, in a certain sense, an absentee. Refinements of this sort may perplex, but seldom settle any general question. In England, for instance, if rents are drawn out of any particular county by one person, they are restored either to it, or one immediately adjoining, in the shape of rent or interest of money, and the balance struck between the different parts of the country becomes in the end tolerably even. Of this reciprocity Ireland has hitherto enjoyed little. Most of its landowners who are absentees, carry their whole rents away, and to a considerable distance; and those among them who reside have seldom derived much of their income from beyond the island. But though it seems clear that Ireland has suffered severely from absenteeism, it is difficult to ascertain its extent, or suggest means which could prevent it. Any tax which restrains personal liberty is so obnoxious, and the ways of evading it are so numerous, that, except under an absolute government, we believe it to be impracticable. Lists of Irish absentees, and estimates of the annual amount of their property, have been from time to time prepared and published.

* 'Detail of Facts relative to Ireland,' 1822, p. 101.

The most exact of these is said to have appeared in 1782, and according to it the annual value of estates belonging to absentees then amounted to 1,227,480*l.* It is also said that a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the subject in 1804, and that it was then ascertained that the annual amount of absentee property exceeded 2,000,000*l.** If such a Committee ever was appointed, which seems somewhat doubtful, and made any report, that report has not been printed, and without minute returns any conjecture formed on the subject must be exceedingly uncertain. Our own impression is, that the number of non-residents has always been over-rated, and that at present the number of residents is gradually increasing. It is exceedingly desirable that it should, for there never was a crisis in which, on account of the religious and political excitement which prevails, their presence was more urgently demanded.

Turn we now from the owners to the occupants of the soil. The extent of holdings varies in Ireland from two acres to fifty, which amount, especially in the south, they rarely reach, and still more rarely exceed. A few estates under very different management do not affect the general rule. A farmer in Ireland is in reality a cottager, or little more, and in no degree possesses that character which, in all other parts of Europe, a farmer is understood to sustain. The slips of ground which these farmers occupy are smaller than any of the tenements to be found in the most crowded valleys of the Alps or Apennines, and to which in Kerry and parts of Cork they bear so close a resemblance. The consequence is, that a farmer never has sufficient force at his command. His chief reliance is on manual labour. Even the spade, which is in universal use, is bad; it is used too much, and used badly. The manner in which all agricultural operations are carried on is slovenly and imperfect. Speculators and philanthropists may descant as they please on lowness of wages in Ireland, and the value of spade labour, but the face of a whole country, and especially in a northern climate, can never be made smiling and productive, except by farmers who have stock and capital, and can make vigorous use of the plough and the harrow.

There can be no doubt that the gradual conversion of small farms into larger would therefore be one of the greatest benefits that could be conferred upon Ireland. But desirable as this object is, serious impediments present themselves in many districts to its accomplishment. They are enhanced if there are middlemen in the way, but sufficiently great without them. The Irish tenantry have a strong attachment to the soil. They marry early, and the poverty in which they are born and grow up, aggravated, as it

* 'Ireland's Grievances,' Dublin, 1824, pp. 11 and 35.

usually is, by the incumbrance of a family, disables them from removing; while the influence of the priest, whose chief means of subsistence are the dues paid on births, deaths, and marriages, and whose interest it therefore is to keep the numbers of the population as high as possible, is almost certain to be used in persuading them not to attempt it. Hence people everywhere swarm,—hence the competition among them to secure a spot on which they can live and breathe,—and hence their general inability to discharge the extravagant rents they have promised. They are neither provided with means to go, nor permitted to remain. It is such deep distress as this which has too often goaded the unhappy peasantry of Ireland to those outrages on property and on life with which that country has become so familiar, that they are hardly considered as infractions of the usual tenour of social existence.

Still it admits of no question, that if a landlord is willing to stud his fields with small tenants, and wring from them all he can, he will draw more from the land than he would under a better system. Larger farms would require better farm-houses, buildings, and fences, and the larger farmer would not be content to give the landlord so great a share of the net produce as the smaller now does. This is a powerful motive with all owners;—what must it be if they are grasping or embarrassed? It is true the disgraceful traffic which some landlords formerly carried on in the votes of their forty-shilling tenants, and which proved in the end so injurious to all parties, has now ceased; but even if they were disposed to sacrifice their own profit for the public good, it is difficult in many districts to procure tenants with sufficient capital and intelligence to supply the want of those whom they would displace; it is ungracious and hard-hearted to remove a crowd of small tenants to make way for a few large ones, while the former continue to pay a reasonable rent; and besides this there is always more or less danger in tampering with the settled maxims and usages of a bold and unreflecting people.

Though it is easy to perceive how landlords and tenants have concurred in allowing this method of farming to continue, there is the strongest reason, for the sake of both parties, why it should be altered. It may be true, that the peasantry are reluctant to exchange their slovenly and thoughtless habits for others that require more severe and regular exertion; but we cannot believe they are so indissolubly attached to them as is sometimes represented. They have never been fairly tried. The means have neither been given, nor the example set, of doing better. Life, with them, is a perpetual struggle with misery from the cradle to the grave. They open their eyes in a cabin where all is sordid,—sordidness becomes

becomes familiar,—and *the rent*, which never ceases to haunt them, drives away all thought of personal cleanliness or domestic accommodation. A single day's travelling in Ireland is enough to satisfy any man of ordinary penetration that the peasantry have been a great deal too much exhausted and neglected. On this head all travellers are as one: we may refer our readers to the shrewd and lively little volume of Mr. Barrow, just published. He is a writer of few pretensions—but his eyes are sharp, and what he sees he never fails to place in a clear and entertaining manner before us.

But it is to emigration that Ireland must mainly look for the amelioration of its social condition. At this very time we are persuaded that a large proportion of its agricultural population ought to be removed either to our own colonies or elsewhere, and that this removal would be highly beneficial both to them and the landlords. That it would be beneficial to the small farmers and labourers themselves, we think admits of no dispute. In every one of our colonies, in the United States, and in various parts of South America, if they acted with ordinary diligence and prudence, they would soon find that their removal had both improved their own condition and that of the connexions they had left behind them. There is no reason to suppose they would be averse to go, if pains were taken to give them due information. A great change has occurred within a few years. People care less than they did to what part of the world they go, provided they can do well. This is the point towards which the eyes of labourers, in Ireland as elsewhere, are turned with more and more anxiety. Letters are sent home from those who are already settled, and being generally favourable, are read and circulated with avidity. All events concur in facilitating emigration, and it becomes the imperative duty of the landowners to lend all the aid they can, both in money and personal exertion, in encouraging, superintending, and perfecting the arrangements of the emigrants.

Some persons view the subject differently. They insist that no redundancy of population now does, or will for many years exist. What number of people under some yet undiscovered method of culture might be made to draw a comfortable subsistence from a given spot of earth, must be admitted to be beyond the reach of calculation;—but no person who has ever witnessed the multitudes of people in Ireland everywhere seen loitering about, dawdling in the fields, or sweeping in swarms along the roads in search of employment, can for a moment doubt that there is an excess of population at this very instant—that when a better system of agriculture is introduced, which it finally must be, this excess will be nearly doubled—and that if no adequate remedy should
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in the meanwhile be applied, its amount must, at no distant date, become alarming. Look at the ratio in which the population has advanced within the last 150 years. In 1672, Sir William Petty calculated it at 1,200,000.* In 1800, Mr. Gordon, from his own observations and documents furnished to him by Mr. Bushe, supposed it to be nearer five than four millions.† Subsequent enumerations lead us to suppose that this was very near the truth. By the return made to Parliament in 1821 it had risen to 6,801,827; by the last return in 1831, to 7,767,401; and by the Appendix to the First Report of the Commissioners of Public Instruction it amounted, in 1834, to 7,954,000. It is impossible that this progressive augmentation can continue. A large proportion of the country must always remain in pasture, for which it is so peculiarly fitted. The other parts are already under the spade or the plough; and although cultivation will for many years steal slowly up the hills and along the bogs, it will gradually slacken, and there are nowhere to be found large tracts of unreclaimed land on which any considerable number of idle hands may be profitably set to work, as so many visionaries have imagined. The mass of the people are reduced to the lowest scale of subsistence; extreme destitution has been proved‡; and yet the multiplication of numbers has not ceased to advance in the before-mentioned rapid ratio. That Ireland ought to have *Poor-laws*, we have often, and very recently, expressed our opinion in detail; but it is obvious that the wisest system of poor-laws which could be framed cannot be safely relied on as the sole remedy for such an evil as this. There are other rights besides those of property—but those of property demand their fair share of attention. An extensive, considerate, and continued system of emigration appears to be the necessary accompaniment of a legislative measure for the relief of the infirm and destitute in Ireland. We recommend no precipitate, sweeping, or unkind expulsion. No such steps are necessary or expedient. A tear may trickle down the cheek, and the blood gather round the heart of the children of Cork and of Kerry, when taking a last look of the streams which sparkle in the glens, and heath which blooms upon the rocks, of their native mountains; but these emotions are more akin to resignation than resistance, and if those in whom they are awakened are gently and considerately dealt with, we are satisfied they will submit to an expatriation, which has become inevitable. There is no time to be lost. Those whom it concerns should set about the work now, before time has made their numbers formidable, and their condition desperate.

* Tracts, p: 378.

† Gen. Hist. of the Reb. p. 225.

‡ Poor-Law Inquiry, *passim*.

2. The next branch of the subject is, that which relates to the administration of justice, and preservation of public order.

With respect to the administration of justice in Ireland, in matters of importance, all that requires to be adverted to is, that the advantage of a general registry was conferred upon Ireland by the establishment of an office for that purpose upwards of a hundred years ago; and that civil and criminal business is at present conducted in the whole of the superior common law and equity courts, with as much integrity and ability, both on the bench and at the bar, as it is in this country. If there be in any instance a want of that technical exactness, to which so much attention is paid in England, which we are not sure there is, it is perhaps compensated by the presence of more valuable qualifications. Whatever merits or demerits, therefore, attach to the system of law and equity as at present administered in the two countries, belong alike to both. But it does not fall within the scope of these observations to touch at all upon the administration of justice, further than as it directly and materially affects the good order and contentment of the body of the people. In this point of view, the assistant-barrister's court may be considered as of all others unquestionably the most important.

Mr. Croker, in his vigorous sketch of Ireland, written thirty years ago, expresses himself with respect to the administration of the law in the following terms:—

‘The law has never thoroughly mingled itself with Ireland. The blame is not easily apportioned: much is in the pride and folly of the gentry: much in the native perverseness of the people: much in the indifference of the government: something in an indiscreet nomination of magistrates: more, and most of all, in the exorbitant taxation of legal proceedings, by which the law has become, not a refuge to the poor, but a luxury to the rich. The courts are open to the indigent only as spectators. The peasant, oppressed or defrauded to the amount of 10*l.*, cannot buy even a chance of success in the lottery of the law for less than 60*l.* By victory or defeat, he is equally and irretrievably ruined. The system must be amended—abandoned.’ *

It was to remedy these glaring defects that the assistant-barrister's court was tried as an experiment in 1795. Being found useful, it was first continued, and afterwards made permanent by subsequent enactments. The assistant-barrister is the sole judge in civil cases, and is usually called by his brother magistrates to preside in criminal matters at quarter sessions. There is a power of appeal given to the next assize court, whose decision is final. In damages for trespass, the jurisdiction extends to 6*l.*; in actions on bills and promissory notes to 20*l.*; in ejectment for nonpayment of rent to

* Croker's State of Ireland, p. 48. Ed. 1808.

the amount of 50*l.* of yearly rent; and in case of abandoned possession, its jurisdiction is unlimited. It becomes in a peculiar sense, therefore, the poor man's court, and where so large a portion of the population is poor, and so many of that portion are quarrelsome and disorderly, it is of prime importance that it should possess their confidence and respect. This the selection of the assistant-barristers heretofore made has enabled it to acquire, and—if the same vigilance and discretion should be hereafter exercised—it will prove an effective instrument in promoting the peace and satisfaction of the country. But it must not be tampered with as it has lately been. The assistant-barristers must not be moved about, as the political game requires, like pieces on a chess-board. Both integrity and capacity should be indispensably required, and they ought to be as far removed from party bias as possible. Make them political judges in one class of cases, they will soon become corrupt or careless in others, and the whole system will become unpopular and suspected.

The police force, or constabulary, is an establishment equally excellent in its kind. It was instituted by Sir Robert Peel during the time he was Secretary for Ireland, and has been continued ever since. Part of it is mounted, but the greater part is not. Its amount varies as the exigency of the time requires. One half of the expense is paid by the government, and the other by the county by which it is employed. Its whole numbers throughout the country now amount to about 7,000. The men have the dress and appearance of soldiers, must be of good character, and are possessed of considerable local knowledge. The selection of men may not always have been the most happy, or they may have been exposed to temptations which they were unable to resist, but the species of force is in itself admirably adapted to the country, and its utility must be measured, not by the actual tranquillity which it has produced, but by the crimes and disorders which would have prevailed, had the constabulary not existed. Like the establishment of the barristers' court, it was an experiment. The experiment having so fully succeeded, every principle of good government points out the urgent expedience of strengthening and extending it, until peace and order reign everywhere triumphant. Had this course been pursued, Ireland would have assumed a different aspect. Ribbonism and priestly intimidation would have been effectually repressed, and Orangeism, in the opinion of the members of the association themselves, would have become unnecessary.

Though the Orange Association may be considered as dissolved by the proceedings which took place in the House of Commons on the 25th of February, 1836, and those which have been since adopted by its ostensible chiefs, it has occupied too prominent

a part in the history of Irish affairs for the last thirty years to be passed over without special notice. The reader will recollect that the association was established in 1783. From that date it rapidly extended. Its numbers were still further augmented by the proceedings taken against it in the House of Commons in 1835, and they were never so great as at the very period of its dissolution. It then comprised the majority of the adult male population among the Protestants, and consequently a very large preponderance of the intelligence, rank, and property of the whole of Ireland. In consequence of the hostility manifested by Mr. O'Connell and his party against the association during last summer, the Grand Lodge of Ireland drew up a report of the proceedings of its meetings, which took place in Dublin, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of November, 1835, and printed it on a single sheet, for circulation among their fellow-subjects throughout the empire. This report is well worthy of perusal, and we regret that want of room prevents us from presenting the most material part of it to our readers, in order that the association might be judged by its own plain and manly avowal of its principles and objects.

In this address the association complain that a majority of the committee appointed to inquire into the constitution and proceedings of their body, neither felt the same attachment to Protestantism nor to the Union with Great Britain, by which the members of the association were and had ever been actuated. They assert that the province of Ulster, in which Orangeism prevails to the greatest extent, and which, previous to its establishment, had been extremely disturbed, has ever since been singularly contrasted with other parts of Ireland for its order and tranquillity;—that many individuals had personated Orangemen to bring obloquy upon that body;—and that in most cases where acts of violence had been committed by Orangemen, they had been done in self-defence, or upon grievous provocation. They deny that their spirit was either persecuting or intolerant, and defy their enemies to prove the contrary. They state that they were fully prepared to establish before the committee the existence of the abominable system of Ribbonism—its dreadful oaths—the malignity of its denunciations—that it is not confined to the lower orders, but extends to persons holding a respectable station in society, and even claims connexion with Members of Parliament—that Ribbonism influences elections, and that leading Ribbonmen boast of their connexion with well-known political characters, in order to consolidate their system throughout the whole of Ireland. Last of all, they declare that their association was instituted and continued with reluctance, and merely in self-defence, and they strongly complain that their opponents by wasting the whole time of the committee
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in the investigation of frivolous or irrelevant matter, utterly deprived them of the means of establishing any of these points in their own justification.

Such is the substance of the statement made by the heads of the Irish Grand Orange Lodge themselves. We are no Orangemen, and entertain the strongest objection to the existence of secret societies of every description. It is clear that the institution of English and Scotch Orange Lodges was very ill-advised, and even with respect to those of Ireland, whoever examines the returns of the chief constables of police in Ireland, printed by the House of Commons, will be satisfied that some of the processions and proceedings of the common class of Orangemen have, to say the least of them, been occasionally very injudicious. At the same time, it is impossible to read an account of what passed in the House of Commons on the night when the association was virtually extinguished, without perceiving that not one of those who stood up in its behalf made a plain and unshrinking disclosure of the real state of Ireland, which could alone have set the body right with the public, and done it that justice which in a British House of Commons it was so well entitled to demand. For one or two years previously it had ceased to administer any oath: its rules were patent to all the world; and not a whisper was breathed by its most inveterate opponents against the loyalty and constitutional principles of its members.* When their rank and property are taken into consideration, it is preposterous to suppose that a body of men comprising so large a portion of the aristocracy of the country could dream of undermining or overturning an order of things which they were bound by every tie to maintain and perpetuate. Knowing themselves to be thus invulnerable, and being perfectly conscious that they are the only part of the population of Ireland on whose attachment, in times of peril, Great Britain can confidently depend, they ought not to have been singled out by name as objects of parliamentary reprehension, while not the slightest allusion was made to the existence of Ribbon and other secret and illegal Popish confederacies, whose attacks upon the persons and property of Protestants have always been urged by Orangemen, not only as an apology for their association, but as conclusive proof of such a union being indispensably necessary for their own protection.

Of the prevalence of Ribbonism there can be no doubt. It is frequently alluded to in the extracts from the returns of the inspectors of police, printed by the House of Commons, as *notorious*; and if further evidence were requisite, the following ex-

* The puny underlings who have been labouring to insinuate such things out of doors, appear to us scarcely deserving of even an allusion.

tract from a speech delivered by Mr. O'Connell, at Manchester, last Autumn, and reported in the 'Morning Chronicle' of 15th September, copying from the 'Manchester Guardian' of the preceding Saturday, abundantly supplies it:—

'Mr. O'Connell, as soon as the cheers had subsided, addressed the multitude, described as comprising 6,000 or 7,000 persons, nearly as follows:—... 'Why do I mention that case?' (alluding to that of the Dorchester labourers) 'To put you on your guard, as I am inviting you to constitutional exertions, by showing you that no man can be safe who belongs to a secret society. I may be told, perhaps, that Orangemen are safe. I tell you they won't be so long. (Cheers.) I tell you that they will be prosecuted and put down by the law. Only one thing would enable them to continue, and that would be by any counteracting illegal society. I have told the people this in Ireland; and in the county of Meath, in one speech I put down forty-three Ribbon societies, and made the men give them up because they were illegal, and only encouraged and gave excuse to Orangemen. That is always the effect of illegal societies. In the county of Tipperary I stopped it; in Kerry, I got the men who were swearing in Ribbonmen dismissed from the county in disgrace.'

Forty-three Ribbon societies put down by one speech in a single county! They must have been very abundant, and Mr. O'Connell is a most unexceptionable witness to prove their existence. We cannot say quite so much with respect to their dissolution. Great as the sincerity and earnestness of his address may have been, we think it possible he may have overrated the effects of his own persuasiveness. It also occurs to us, that it would have been more appropriate in Mr. O'Connell to have detailed these particulars to the House of Commons a few weeks before, when Mr. Hume made his speech against the Orange Lodges, rather than to have reserved them for the ear of the mechanics of Manchester, for whom they could have had no particular utility. Supposing us to be mistaken in this, however, it would have been an act of justice towards the Orange Association, and also towards the House, if Mr. O'Connell, in the course of his speech delivered during the late debate on Orange Lodges, had given some account of the objects, numbers, and station in life of the Ribbonmen, with whom, by his own admission, he has happened to have some degree of intercourse. An inquiry into these matters ought in fairness still to be instituted. Indeed it ought to go a great deal farther. It should embrace all the points which the Orange Association declared themselves ready to prove before last year's committee, and ought, besides, to extend to every kind and degree of violence now practised by priests and agitators in Ireland. Unless every parliamentary paper, printed book, and private communication touching

touching such subjects are to be wholly disbelieved—intimidation and persecution, both religious and political, at this moment prevails to an extent, of which no country with the slightest pretensions to regular government has hitherto afforded an example. There is no task which it is more incumbent on the House of Lords or House of Commons to undertake, nor any topic upon which it is more expedient that the public should be furnished with authentic and complete information. Whether the state of disorder and lawlessness which it might disclose would justify Orangemen in asserting, as they have done, that their association had become indispensably necessary for the protection of the life and property of its members, we do not presume to determine. This much, we are certain, it would establish beyond contradiction—either that they ought to have full permission to defend themselves; or, what would be far better, that the state should, in good earnest, become their defenders. If, instead of the useless and bulky extracts from the returns of police inspectors, now printed by the House of Commons, a half-yearly or yearly summary were printed of the crimes and misdemeanours committed in each county in Ireland, it would present a picture of that country to the people of Great Britain which would be exceedingly instructive. We read of fifty-nine cases of murder to be tried at this Spring's Assizes, for the county of Tipperary alone. How successive administrations have hitherto used so little steady exertion to coerce the turbulent and vicious, is to us astonishing. If a constabulary force of 7,000 men is not enough, let them be augmented till their number proves sufficient. Whatever sum might be spent in this way would be well bestowed, if it enabled the peaceable part of the community at all times and in all places to attend to their sacred and secular concerns, without fear and without interruption.

3. We come now to the third and last class of subjects connected with the state of Ireland, viz. Education and Religion. These two subjects are indissolubly connected. Experience has by this time sufficiently demonstrated, on the one hand, that the general education of youth seldom proves a blessing either to themselves or their country, unless when controlled and directed by religion; and on the other, that it is hard to implant religion in minds which have not been prepared for its reception by early education. After all the care that can be taken, the one will be found to run unavoidably more or less into the other. We shall endeavour to preserve the distinction as far as we can—taking education first.

The following acts of the Irish Parliament—28 Henry VIII., c. 15; 12 Elizabeth, c. 1; 14 and 15 Charles II., c. 10; and

17 and 18 Charles II., c. 6; 7 William III., c. 4; 8 George I., c. 12; 12 George I., c. 9; 5 George II., c. 4; all relate to the establishment or further support of charter, parochial, or local schools. The *Charter Schools* had only 2143 scholars in 1825; the *Parochial Schools*, according to the Commissioners of Education, amounted in 1824 to 782. These and the various *Local* schools scattered throughout the country were of no great general utility. The business of education in Ireland really began towards the close of the last century. The *Association for discountenancing Vice* was formed in 1792. Their scholars in 1824 amounted to 15,922, of whom 9578 were Protestants, and 6344 Catholics. By the first Report of the Irish Commissioners of Public Instruction, printed in 1835, their schools then amounted to 203. The *Society for promoting Christian Knowledge*, in a letter printed in the present year, states the number of its schools to be now 232, and the number of children educated 13,000. *Erasmus Smith's Fund* was established in 1669. By the second Report of the Instruction Commissioners, this fund supports 118 schools. Calculating the number of scholars in each school to be between sixty-five and sixty-six, as the Commissioners of Public Instruction have done in other cases, the total number of scholars will be 6670. The *London Hibernian Society* began in 1806. The Commissioners of Public Instruction state the number of its schools in 1834-5 to have been 618. The Society itself, in its twenty-ninth report for the year ending in 1835, claims 994 day-schools, and 77,141 scholars, of whom 29,629 are Catholics, and 47,512 Protestants. The *Sunday School Society* was founded in 1810, and notwithstanding its very limited income, which, within the year ending 8th April, 1835, amounted only to 3238*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*, it then had 2813 schools in connexion with it, 20,596 teachers, and 214,462 scholars. Of these 37,486 were above the age of fifteen, and about one-half of the whole scholars do not receive instruction in daily schools.* The *Kildare Place Society* was instituted in 1812, and by the private encouragement and large parliamentary grants it received, the scholars increased from 557, which was their number in 1816, to 137,630, at which they stood at the period of its greatest prosperity in 1831, when parliamentary aid was withdrawn. The number of schools ascribed to this society, in the second Report of the Commissioners of Instruction for 1834, is 235.† According to the Report of the committee of the society itself, for the year ending the 26th May, 1835, their schools, as far as can be ascertained, amounted to no less than 1000. The committee add, that though for the last three years no exact census had been taken, they can say with

* Report of Sunday School Society, p. 18.

† Introd. p. 13.

great confidence, so far as their means of information extend, the schools were never more fully attended.* As 1621 schools contained 137,630 scholars, in 1831, this would, at the same rate of calculation, leave about 84,000 scholars for the schools which still remain in operation. *The Irish Society* for the education of the native Irish through their own language, was established in Dublin in 1818, and extended to London in 1822. This most meritorious society, which ought to have been established centuries ago, is gradually and decidedly advancing, though it is far from having yet received that liberal and extended support to which it is so peculiarly entitled. By the last quarterly extracts printed by the society, and dated 20th January, 1836, they appear to have at present 588 teachers, and 16,950 scholars, of whom 330 are upwards of fifty years of age. How so striking an inconsistency as that which exists between the second Report of the Instruction Commissioners and the Reports of the committees of two or three of the societies above named has arisen, we are totally unable to explain. Neither of the two Reports of the Instruction Commissioners bears any date; but as the commission issued only in August, 1834, they must have been contemporaneous with the reports of the societies, with which we have compared them. Should the number of scholars set down in the reports of the societies at all approximate to the truth, and the schools belonging to Presbyterians and other dissenters and private persons be added to the account, it may be safely concluded that out of the 633,946 persons in Ireland described by the Instruction Commissioners as now taught to read, nearly 400,000 are taught out of Protestant funds, and under Protestant superintendence.

The growing activity with respect to teachers and teaching, which has pervaded Ireland for the last forty years, never was viewed by the Catholic Clergy with an eye of favour. But for a considerable time it does not appear to have raised any serious alarm, and the flame had spread too far before they were aware of their danger. To the plan of education pursued by the Kildare Place Society they decidedly objected. The chief ground of objection was, that the Kildare Place Society used the Bible as a school-book too much; while a large proportion of Protestants thought the society had yielded to the Catholics too much, by using it too little. On the formation of Lord Grey's administration, the Roman Catholic clergy finding it was too late to arrest the progress of education altogether, directed their efforts to the establishment of a system of national education, wherein their apparent concessions should be so great on the one hand, that Protestants, by abating somewhat of their scruples on the other, should

* Report for 1835, p. 11.

have no plausible ground to refuse to meet them. The government acceded to their wishes. In 1831 the government grant to the Kildare Place Society was withdrawn, and the National Board of Education was appointed. There are seven commissioners, of whom the Duke of Leinster is the first, the Archbishop of Dublin the second, and the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin the third. It appears that the sums issued on its account, from 1st December, 1831, to 31st March, 1835, amounted to 89,460*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.*;—* and the commissioners propose in this report that the present system of education shall be rendered perpetual, the annual cost of it amounting, after school-houses have been built and the system has come into full operation, to the yearly sum of 200,000*l.* The expediency of the plan adopted by the National Board has always been keenly agitated in Ireland, and now that it is proposed to be conducted on so large a scale, the question becomes far more important. The difference of opinion turns, as it always will in such cases, on the extent to which the Scriptures are used as a school-book for the scholars. To remove the objections which many Protestants urged against the national plan, the Commissioners, in their first Report to the Lord Lieutenant, introduced the following observations:—

* Besides these works on the ordinary subjects of education, we have compiled and printed two numbers of a series of lessons from the Holy Scriptures—one from the Old, the other from the New Testament; and we propose to go on adding to them, until we complete a copious abstract of the narrative parts of the sacred volume, interspersed with suitable passages from the poetical and didactic parts of it. *We proceed on the undertaking with perfect unanimity, and anticipate, from the general circulation of the work, the best results.* It having been imputed to us that we intended to substitute these extracts from the Scriptures for the Scriptures themselves, we deemed it necessary to guard against such misrepresentation by annexing to the first number of them the following preface:—"These selections are offered, not as a substitute for the sacred volume itself, but as an introduction to it, in the hope of their leading to a more profitable perusal of the Word of God. The passages introduced have been chosen, not as being of more importance than the rest of Scripture, but merely as being more level to the understandings of children and youth at school, and also best fitted to be read under the direction of teachers not necessarily qualified, and certainly not recognised, as teachers of religion. No passage has either been introduced or omitted, under the influence of any particular view of Christianity, doctrinal or practical." It has been further imputed to us that we denied to children the benefits of religious instruction, and kept the Word of God from them. To guard against this extraordinary misrepresenta-

* Second Report of Education Board, Appendix, No. 5.

tion, we have introduced the following notes into our regulations:—

1. The ordinary school business, during which all the children, of whatever denomination they be, are required to attend, is to consist exclusively of instruction in those branches of knowledge which belong to literary and moral education. Such extracts from the Scriptures as are prepared under the sanction of the board *may be used*, and are earnestly recommended by the board to be used, during the hours allotted to this ordinary school business. 2. One day in each week is to be set apart for religious instruction of the children, on which day such pastors or other persons as are approved of by the parents or guardians of the children shall have access to them, for that purpose, whether those pastors have signed the original application or not. 3. The managers of schools *are also expected*, should the parents of any of the children desire it, to afford convenient opportunity for the same purpose, either before or after the ordinary school business, on the other days of the week. 4. Any arrangement of this description that may be made is to be publicly notified in the schools, that those children only may be present at the religious instruction, whose parents or guardians approve their being so. 5. *The reading of the Scriptures, either in the authorised or Douay version, is regarded as a religious exercise, and as such to be confined to those hours which are set apart for religious instruction.* The same regulation is also to be observed respecting prayer.’

Such are the rules according to which the national plan of education professes to be conducted. Admitting the intentions both of Dr. Whately and Dr. Murray to have been perfectly fair and candid, we at the same time frankly avow our conviction, that when two archbishops, the one a Protestant and the other a Catholic, sit down at the same council board to devise a common plan of education for the youth of their respective persuasions, the Protestant would require all the wisdom of the serpent, as well as innocence of the dove, to preserve him from giving his sanction to very unwary resolutions. We may be charged with bigotry and uncharitableness in making this declaration, but it is not done rashly. He must have little historical knowledge of the maxims justified by the Church of Rome, and conduct practically pursued by it at all times and on all occasions where its interests are at stake, who can place much reliance on the integrity with which it will fulfil any engagement into which it may enter. From facts and documents which have come under our own observation, but which it would be tedious to set forth here at large, we are inclined to think that the regulations of the board, such as they are, have, to a considerable extent, been virtually set aside already. Subterfuges are easily found for that purpose, especially as the priests, in consequence of the alienation of the Protestant clergy, have got the schools nearly under their exclusive management. How the Education Commissioners can conscientiously talk of the

the efficiency and popularity of their system in the terms they have done, if they mean them to apply to Protestants as well as Catholics, has very much perplexed us. The board state that at the end of 1854 they had 1106 schools in operation, attended by 145,521 children. The Commissioners of Public Instruction, whose enumeration was made in the same year, give them credit for only 892 schools, being 214 less than they thus claimed.* Which of the two boards is right we possess no means of ascertaining. Indeed, the discrepancies between the reports of one public board and another, and between the reports of the public boards and private societies, is so great—the private education societies are so intermixed with one another—and the Education Board and the Instruction Board so easily allow children to pass muster as scholars, provided they be *upon the roll*, without any inquiry being made about the amount of attendance—that great uncertainty is thrown over the actual state of education in Ireland altogether. The Education Board in their Report then proceed to say :—

‘ That of the signatures to the applications made to us for aid, 140 are those of clergymen of the Established Church ; 180 of Presbyterian clergymen ; and 1397 of Roman Catholic clergymen. It thus appears that the system has been already very generally adopted under the auspices both of Protestant and Roman Catholic clergymen, of Protestant and Roman Catholic laymen. It may be said that the Protestant clerical signatures are much fewer than the Roman Catholic, but we understand that, according to the late census taken by the Commissioners of Public Instruction, the number of Protestants of the Established Church in Ireland is about 852,000 ; Presbyterians about 635,000 ; Protestant Dissenters about 22,000 ; and Roman Catholics about 6,423,000. Therefore, it appears that the Protestant clerical signatures to the applications to us bear to the Roman Catholic clerical signatures about the same proportion that the number of Protestants bears to that of Roman Catholics.†

We presume that such men as the Duke of Leinster and Archbishop of Dublin were placed at the Education Board, in order that the public might place implicit reliance on the fulness and fairness of their representations. Yet it so happens that the whole of their second Report, and particularly that part of it which has just been quoted, would lead an unwary reader to form a notion of the Board’s success, by no means supported by the fact. As there are only 1385 Protestant benefices in Ireland,† and as there is usually at least one Roman Catholic priest to every Protestant benefice, the 1397 Roman Catholic signatures may be regarded

* Second Report of Commissioners of Public Instruction, 1835, p. 13.

† Second Report, p. 3.

as a general adhesion of the Roman Catholic clergy to the 'National plan.' It is otherwise with the clergy of the Established Church. The phrase, 'Protestant clerical signatures to the applications,' is so remarkable, that we paused when we first read it. From the explanation given of the matter by the Bishop of Exeter in the House of Lords, on March 15, 1836, it appears that some of these 'Protestant clergy' signed two or three times over; that their actual number did not exceed 80; and that if the applications made by them were properly examined, they would be reduced to 40. According to this statement, therefore, the applications of the Catholics appear, on the most moderate calculation, to have been between ten and fifteen times as numerous as those from the Established Church; and from all we can understand, this disproportion is likely, in future, to be increased rather than diminished.

The majority of the Presbyterian clergy are also decidedly unfavourable to the present plan. The exact proportion of dissenters in Ireland, who, though set down in the parliamentary returns as Presbyterians, are, in reality, Independents, we are unable to specify; but it is, we believe, indisputed and indisputable, that by far the largest part of the 635,000 persons, who are classed as Presbyterians in the enumeration, are Presbyterians in reality. The Presbyterians, again, are composed of the Synod of Ulster, Seceders, and Remonstrants. The Synod of Ulster comprises about 230 ministers, 39 of whom now receive assistance from the Board for Schools. The Seceders reckon 123 ministers, of whom 7 receive similar assistance. The Seceders, including Arians, Presbytery of Antrim, and Ministers' Synod, have 39 ministers, of whom 24 receive assistance. Taking, then, the Synod of Ulster and the Seceders together, only between a sixth and seventh part of the ministers of these two bodies receive assistance; and considering how desirable it would be for such clergymen to draw some aid from the national fund, their reluctance to apply affords, perhaps, the strongest evidence which it is possible to produce, of their disapprobation of the plan of education which the board is now following. The Synod of Ulster, which will be perceived to be more numerous than all the other Protestant dissenters together, and the distinguished character of some of whose ministers is well known to the public, has taken a step still more decided. The Rev. Mr. Finlay, the moderator of the Synod, terminated a correspondence with the board, by a letter dated February 18, 1834, of which the conclusion is as follows:—

'The Committee of Synod, feeling that it is more than time that this correspondence should close, intreat most respectfully that the board

board will be pleased to favour them with a categorical reply to the following queries:—Will the board patronize a school, where the committee at the request of parents, with the approbation of the master and convenience of the whole school, so direct, that Scripture reading and other lessons may as hitherto be made alternate?—Will the board recognize the express will of the parents of the children, as to the measure of time sufficient for Scripture reading?—Will the board continue every use of school-rooms, exclusively as hitherto, in the local committee?—A plain and explicit answer to each of these queries will, it is hoped, enable the Committee of Synod to close this correspondence, and make a report of their determination to the several Presbyteries.*

The secretary to the Board, by a letter dated February 21, 1834, declines all further correspondence on the subject. The views of the Synod not only remain unaltered, but we have been informed, on authority in which we place the most implicit confidence, that it is proposed at their next meeting to renew their avowal of opposition, and to recommend to all their members, lay and clerical, to decline every form of connexion with the Board. When so preponderating a majority of the established and dissenting Protestant clergy of Ireland have positively, as well as negatively, testified their opposition to the system of national education now pursued, cold and languid as, in the opinion of superficial observers, the spirit of Protestantism has become, we do not think the countrymen of Wickliff, Cranmer, and Knox are yet prepared to submit to the perpetual appropriation of 200,000*l.* for the erection and maintenance of schools, sometimes taught in or adjoining the Popish chapel, frequently near it, and almost invariably under the superintendence of priests, nuns, or friars. We address ourselves not to the prejudices but the understandings of our readers. Judging of the future by the past, we cannot conceive that such a scheme of national education could have any other effect than to perpetuate in Ireland that spiritual thralldom and ignorance from which it cost our forefathers so much blood and suffering to be delivered. Rather than consent to the plans of the Education Board, it would be far better that government should withdraw all grants whatsoever. No truly Protestant parent can be satisfied with any plan of education, which does not teach the primary doctrines of Christianity, not only in name but in substance; and how this can be done unless the Bible be made one of the chief school-books, we confess ourselves unable to discover. This the Catholic priesthood, we are satisfied, will never permit to be

* Papers relative to National Education in Ireland, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 1835. No. 390.

done while they have power to prevent it. They will either refuse to allow the children to be sent to school at all, or will evade or disregard the rules according to which the schools ought to be conducted. It becomes therefore the bounden duty of Protestants of all denominations indefatigably to persevere and co-operate in promoting that system of education they have hitherto upheld. If the Protestant population of Ireland be hearty in the cause, possessing as they do nineteen-twentieths of the landed property of the country, funds cannot be wanting. Let them therefore hold on their course with uncompromising energy—let their schools be open to Catholic as well as Protestant scholars—let the teachers be unexceptionable in character, and superior to their Catholic competitors in capacity—and let all points of doubtful disputation, while the business of education is going on, be strictly and invariably avoided—let all these things be done with calmness and constancy, and either an education equally good must be given to Catholic children by the priests, or the children will go to the Protestants to get it. The priests well know the dilemma in which they are placed, and it is upon the impossibility of their escaping from it that our chief hopes of the spread of good education in Ireland now rest.

From *education* we pass on to *religion*, a subject from its nature of all others the most important, but to which various circumstances have at this time caused the eyes of all classes to be turned with unprecedented anxiety.

There is a tradition that Christianity was early planted in Ireland, and that the Irish Church preserved its simplicity and independence, until Henry II. corrupted its doctrine and discipline, and completed its subjection to the See of Rome. We have no full or certain information on the subject. It may be that Henry's invasion was injurious to the Irish church, but the spiritual influence of the English could not be great, where their temporal power was so limited, and the rapine and bloodshed with which all historians concur in representing the natives to have been familiar, are utterly incompatible with a high standard either of faith or practice. On the state of religion between the arrival of the English and the time of the Reformation, it is not necessary to dwell. The inhabitants were all nominally Catholics, and the Catholic church had the same endowments as in other countries. At the time of the Reformation these endowments were transferred to the clergy of the Protestant church, by whom—with one brief exception—they have ever since been held.

It would have been reasonable to expect, that as Ireland had no reformer, and as the mass of the people were wholly unprepared either to comprehend the grounds or perceive the benefits of the Reformation,

Reformation, the sovereigns of the country would make strenuous efforts to qualify their subjects to form their own judgment of a measure in which they were so deeply interested. It is painful to observe, that until a recent period scarcely any trace is to be found of a sense of such responsibility. During the ten years which Henry VIII. lived after 1536, he paid little attention to the Reformation, which was carried into very imperfect execution. His youthful son was fully occupied during the few years of his reign with the Reformation in England. Yet, even in his days, a chancellor of Ireland candidly observed, 'Hard it is that men should know their duty to God and the king, when they shall not hear teaching or preaching throughout the year.*' Mary's time was spent in undoing that which her father and brother had done. Notwithstanding the anxious representations known to have been made to Elizabeth on the state of the Church in her reign, her thoughts could not have been much employed upon it. Sir H. Sydney, towards the conclusion of a long letter addressed to her in 1576 on this very subject, observes—

'If I should write to your Majesty what spoil hath been and is of the archbishoprics, whereof there are four, and of bishoprics, whereof there are above thirty, partly by the prelates themselves, partly by the potentates their noisome neighbours, I should make too long a libel of this my letter. But your Majesty may believe it, that upon the face of the earth where Christ is professed, there is not a church in so miserable a case. The misery of which consisteth in these three particulars: the ruin of the very temples themselves; the want of good ministers to serve in them when they shall be re-edified; competent living for the ministers being well chosen.† . . .

Spencer, who was in Ireland a few years afterwards, remarks in his 'State of Ireland,' that in his time

'many more Roman Catholics might have been converted if the English government had done their part, and have supplied the country with learned, pious, and faithful preachers, that would have outpreached and outlived the Irish priests in holy and godly conversation.'

He afterwards adds :—

'Thus* much is necessary to be observed, that it be not sought forcibly to be impressed into them with terrors and sharp penalties, as now is the manner, but rather delivered and intimated with mildness and gentleness, so as it may not be hated before it is understood, and its professors despised and rejected; and therefore it is expedient that some discreet ministers of their own countrymen be first sent over amongst them, which by their meek persuasions and in-

* Cusack's Let. to D. of North. MS. in Tr. C. Dublin, quoted 2 Let. 193.

† Sydney Papers, vol. i. p. 109.

structions, as also by their sober lives and conversations, may draw them first to understand, and afterwards to embrace the doctrines of their salvation ;—for if the ancient godly fathers which first converted them, when they were infidels, to the faith, were able to pull them from idolatry and paganism to the true belief in Christ, how much more easily shall godly teachers bring them to the true understanding of that which they already possess ? Wherein it is a great wonder to see the odds which is between the zeal of popish priests and the ministers of the Gospel. For they spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome, and from Rheims, by long toil and dangerous travelling, hither, where they know peril of death awaiteth them, and no reward or riches is to be found, only to draw the people into the Church of Rome. Whereas some of our idle ministers, having a way for credit and estimation opened to them, and having the livings of the country offered to them without pains and without peril, will neither for the same, nor any love of God nor zeal of religion, nor for all the good they may do by winning souls to Christ, be drawn forth from their warm nests ; which is even ready for the sickle, and all the fields yellow long ago.’

In the Ulster plantation made by James I., the teachers were principally supplied from Scotland.* Respecting the clergy of the Established Church during the reign of Charles I., Lord Strafford uses language which too closely resembles that previously quoted from Sir H. Sydney :—

‘ It being, therefore, most certain,’ he says, ‘ that this to-be-wished-for reformation must first work from ourselves, I am bold to transmit to your Grace these few propositions for the better ordering this poor church, which has thus long lain in the silent dark ; I therefore crave your counsel, and that his Majesty will be pleased to order further herein. The best entrance to the cure will be, clearly to discover the state of the patient, which I find many ways distempered ; an unlearned clergy, which hath not so much as the outward form of churchmen to cover themselves with, nor their persons any ways revered or protected—the churches unbuilt—the parsonage and vicarage houses utterly ruined—the people untaught through the non-residence of the clergy, occasioned by the unlimited shameful numbers of spiritual promotions with cure of souls which they hold by *commendams*—the rites of the church run over without all decency of habit, order, or gravity in the course of the service—the possessions of the church to a great proportion in lay hands—the bishops aliening their very principal houses and demesnes to their children and strangers—farming out their jurisdictions to mean and unworthy persons—the popish titulars the whilst obeying a foreign jurisdiction much greater than theirs.’†

Burnet, in his life of Bishop Bedell, one of the most apostolic men who ever belonged to any church, and whose memory ought

* 2 Let. 482.

† Anderson, p. 143-149.

in Ireland to be kept in everlasting remembrance, confirms Strafford's account:—

‘Bedell, then Bishop of Kilmore,’ says Burnet, ‘had fifteen Protestant clergy, all English, unable to speak the tongue of the people, or converse with them, which is no small cause of the continuance of the people in popery still. The bishop observed with much regret, that the English had all along neglected the Irish, as a nation not only conquered but indisciplinable, and that the clergy had scarce considered them as a part of their charge, but had left them wholly in the hands of their own priests, without taking any other care of them but the making them pay their tithes. Bedell took the pains himself to learn the Irish language, and though he could not speak it, composed the first grammar ever made of it; had the Common Prayer read every Sunday in Irish, circulated catechisms, engaged the clergy to set up schools, and even undertook a translation of the Old Testament, which he would have published but for the opposition of Laud and Strafford’—

that very Strafford whose lamentations on the state of the Irish church we have just been quoting.

Such was the state of the Protestant Church Establishment in Ireland during the time of Charles I. Considerably greater activity was shown during the Protectorate, both by preaching and printing, in order to make known the principles of the Reformation, than for many years either before or afterwards.† Though the Established Church was replaced at the Restoration, it acquired no additional strength, either in a political or religious point of view, during the ambiguous reign of Charles II., the adverse one of James II., or the busy administration of William III., which closed the seventeenth century. Almost the whole of the century which elapsed between 1700 and 1800, during which the exertions of the Church ought to have been so strenuous, and might have proved so effectual for instructing and correcting the people for whose benefit it was established, appears to have passed away in deep and uninterrupted slumber. In so extensive a country there were no doubt many of the parochial clergy, and some of their superiors, who lived and died in the zealous discharge of their duties; but such men were exceptions to the general rule, and insufficiently esteemed or supported. It was the age, generally speaking, of non-residence and non-efficiency. Such of the rectors and vicars as resided, appear to have been contented with living respectably as private gentlemen whose incomes arose from tithes, and the thoughts of the dignified clergy were engrossed by everything but religion. Archbishops Boulter and Stone successively directed the government of Ireland between twenty and thirty

* Strafford's Letters, p. 187.

years together, as Ximenes, Richelieu, Mazarin, Fleury, Alberoni, and others have done in Roman Catholic countries. To search narrowly into this portion of the history of the Irish Church, and to inquire upon whom, and for what real purpose, its dignities and emoluments were almost invariably conferred, would be a useful but dishcartening occupation. With the exception of Usher, Bedell, Jeremy Taylor, and a few other men of extraordinary endowments and devotedness, it is with grief and reluctance one is compelled to acknowledge, that from the time of the Reformation to the commencement of the present century, however amiable and accomplished the Irish clergy may have been as gentlemen and scholars, they were not men of God in the sense in which they ought to have been, devoting the whole energies of mind and body to the service of religion.

Throughout the two volumes of Archbishop Boulter's Letters, not more than two or three passages at all refer to his ecclesiastical functions, and those few are perfect specimens of that assumed regard and real indifference, with which mere politicians, who possess neither the genuine spirit of Christianity nor the grasp of statesmen, are accustomed to express themselves on such a subject. In a letter to the Bishop of London, in 1730, he tells him, 'I can assure you the papists are here so numerous, that it highly concerns us in point of interest, as well as out of concern for the salvation of these poor creatures, who are our fellow-subjects, to try all possible means to bring over them and theirs to the knowledge of the true religion.'* In the very next letter, he says, the ignorance and obstinacy of the adult papists is such, that there is not much prospect of converting them, but proposes schools for teaching the young papists English. The tenor of the whole letter shows that the archbishop considered the conversion of Papists into Protestants as an ordinary mechanical operation. Had he been truly anxious to convert the young, he would immediately have renounced his secular public employment, applied himself vigorously to that neglected work, and endeavoured to procure the co-operation of the whole Irish Church in his exalted undertaking. But while he thought that hopes might be entertained of the young Papists, why did he despair of the old? Ignorant they certainly were, and obstinate they might have proved, but what steps, it may be asked, did the Established Protestant Church take to remove their obstinacy? While the Catholic priests continued diligent in season and out of season in confirming the faith of their own flocks, and winning over others to it, in what way were the established clergy of former days employed? Did they take any one of the ordinary means, in public

* Boulter's Letters, v. ii. p. 10.

or private, for enlightening the minds or awakening the consciences of those Papists about whose salvation the archbishop assumes they were bound to be solicitous? The lower Irish are passionately attached to their native language. Instead of being a barbarous jargon, it is now allowed to be singularly graphic and poetical, and a few sentences delivered in its well-known sounds are said to have an almost irresistible effect on those who will listen to an address in English without the least emotion. There appear to be, certainly, a million and a half of people in Ireland at present, but probably a far greater number, who understand Irish only, at least well, and their numbers must have been at least great at any time within the last hundred and fifty years. Yet—will it be believed?—until the beginning of the present century, scarcely an effort was made to make them acquainted with the Scriptures or the doctrines of the Reformation, either by speech or printing. The first book printed in Irish was a catechism and primer, in 1571. A translation of the New Testament followed in 1603; the Book of Common Prayer in 1608; and another limited impression of the New Testament in 1681. The translation of the Bible, which that admirable man Bedell had laboured to finish many years before, was published in London only in 1685. Strange as it may seem, the Irish New Testament was not reprinted between 1681 and 1811, nor the Bible between 1685 and 1817.*

Oral instruction in Irish has been equally neglected. A lecture in the Irish language was given by Bedell for a short time while he was Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, but neither there nor anywhere else, down to the present time, has any professorship or institution for teaching the Irish language to ministers been established. Bedell, Dr. Jones, Bishop of Meath, the Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Sall, and some others during the seventeenth century; and Mr. Buren, Archbishop Marsh, Dr. Hickman, Bishop of Derry, and a few others in different parts of Ireland, have felt it their imperative duty either to preach themselves in Irish, or procure one or more ministers to do so,—but the Protestant Established Church has never taken a single active step towards preaching in Irish in those quarters where it is required, nor was there in 1830 a single building in all Ireland set apart for the purpose.† In 1834 there seem to have been about 1385 benefices in Ireland.‡ Of these 535 had in 1834 no glebe-house; in 339 the incumbent was non-resident; in 210 there was no church; and in 157 no service was performed by any person whatsoever, either incumbent or curate.§

* Anderson's Historical Sketches of the Native Irish, p. 52-101.

† Ibid. p. 147-166.

‡ Summary prefixed to 6th Report of Commissioners of Public Instruction for Ireland. Printed in 1835.

§ Page 45.

What is it possible for the Established Church to say to these things? The more we examine its history from the time of the Reformation to the end of the eighteenth century, the more irresistibly the painful conviction is forced upon us that it had grievously failed to do its duty. Throughout the whole of this lengthened period, a succession of men like Bedell is to be traced, who, far removed from each other in time and place, have each in their day shed a gracious light around them. But their brightness only makes the general darkness more palpable. So far as we know, neither the bishops in the House of Lords, nor the clergy in convocation, or in any other manner, separately or collectively, ever made a strenuous and persevering effort to impress on the legislature or the public the defects of the Irish Church, or apostolically laboured to correct them. In these circumstances the number of Protestants belonging to the Established Church could not reasonably be expected to increase; and had the church remained as indolent and indifferent now as it was then, in opening the minds of its own members and of their Catholic brethren, we should have wanted the most solid arguments that can now be urged against either its partial or complete suppression.

But the Church of Ireland has shaken off its sloth, and is proceeding in the discharge of its various duties, in a spirit, and with an earnestness and vigour, which has already given great satisfaction to its friends, and equally disconcerted its opponents. The change first became remarkable about the beginning of the present century, and has been regularly advancing ever since. Residence is now more strictly enforced: the duties of the pastoral office are discharged more exemplarily; the Scriptures and other books of religious instruction are becoming more widely circulated; and the clergy, sometimes alone, and sometimes in conjunction with their Protestant dissenting brethren, are endeavouring to the utmost of their power to impress the truths of the gospel upon their own flocks, and also to make them known to their Catholic fellow-subjects. Of the means so employed, there are some of which we may positively disapprove, and others on which it may be difficult to form a judgment. Of the public discussions which have lately taken place in various parts of the country, we may be permitted to say, that they ought always to be conducted with peculiar caution, and the individuals who take a prominent part in them ought carefully to avoid the appearance of regular professed disputants. But it ought also to be recollected, that extraordinary cases cannot be dealt with according to ordinary rules. The countenance or assistance which is given to any cause, by persons who manifest extreme solicitude to intrench themselves on

all occasions within the strictest etiquette as to time, place, and circumstance, is not likely to be very sincere, and in these times will certainly be unavailing. With respect to some of these discussions, we are able personally to assert, that instead of the speakers deserving the contumelious epithets applied to them by Mr. O'Connell and his coadjutors, the subjects announced were brought forward and discussed with powers of reasoning and eloquence which we have never heard exceeded in any public assembly. The effect has corresponded with the exertion. The exposure of Dens's Theology, which took place last summer in Exeter Hall, has made the religious and political tenets still current among Catholic ecclesiastics far better known in England than they were before, and probably carried the discussion into some of the remotest corners of Ireland.

We are firmly persuaded that the effects which the issue of the present contest must have upon the future prospects of Ireland and other parts of the empire have not yet become sufficiently understood. In matters of religion, governments are usually influenced by mere state-policy, but seasons now and then arrive, when state-policy must be directed by religion. The emperor Charles V., who undertook more journeys and expended more sense to less purpose than any potentate that ever lived, imagined at first that by a mere formal exercise of his authority, he could suppress that reformation, which at last compelled him, at a moment's notice, in sickness, darkness, and tempest, to fly from Inspruck, through the wildest ranges of the Alps, and overturned the whole of the arrangements it had been the business of his life to organise. The struggle now going on between Protestantism and Catholicism, especially in Ireland, is assuming an aspect resembling what it presented during the Reformation. While we deprecate all unbecoming or intemperate public or literary disputation on sacred or secular concerns, we feel ourselves bound as Protestants, wholly to dissent from those, who think it either right or prudent to discourage all interference with Catholics on subjects of religion. There is no sincere Roman Catholic who does not believe himself bound to use his utmost endeavours to bring back Protestants to what he holds to be the one true faith. On the other hand, he cannot with ordinary candour deny to Protestants the right of endeavouring to withdraw him from a church which they conscientiously believe to be grossly corrupt and superstitious. So far from blaming either Catholics or Protestants for their desire of proselytism, we apprehend such attempts to be of paramount obligation, and entertain no apprehension but that in the struggle which takes place between them truth will eventually prevail. We hold it, therefore,

therefore, to be the duty of the Established Church to press the conversion of Catholics with all their might, and to neglect no opportunity of inducing them to read, converse, and reflect on matters of religion. This the Church is now diligently doing, and it is incumbent on every one who wishes well to our civil and ecclesiastical institutions to cheer and assist it in its labours. As a body, the established clergy are more exemplary in the whole of their conduct than they ever were before: their various duties, on Sundays and other days of the week, are performed with greater efficiency and from higher motives: and they are occupied in promoting education, in circulating the Bible and other godly works, and in instructing and admonishing from house to house, with a zeal and ability hitherto unexampled.

In this state of things, the House of Commons thought fit to pass a resolution, in the early part of 1835, that

‘any surplus which might remain, after fully providing for the spiritual instruction of the members of the Established Church in Ireland, ought to be applied locally to the general education of all classes of Christians.’

An abstract resolution on a peculiarly difficult subject, and founded on a mere assumption, does not afford much indication of wisdom or skill in actual business on the part of those that passed it. Coupling it, however, with the debate by which it was preceded, the discussions which have since followed, and the proposal contained in the Second Report of the Education Board, the resolution evidently expressed the sense of the majority of the House to be, that a certain portion of the funds of the Protestant Established Church ought to be withdrawn, and employed in some way or other for the purposes of general education. We also infer from the proposal contained in the Second Report of the Education Commissioners, and the refusal of the great body of the established and dissenting clergy to participate in the benefits of the plan of education now enjoined by them, that the first fruits of this resolution are intended to be the application of 200,000*l.* a-year of church property for the instruction of the youth of Ireland in reading and writing, and in the principles and practice of the Roman Catholic religion. There can be no doubt that this would be the real effect of the measure, for all the benefit that would be reaped by Arians, and the few children of other Protestant parents who might frequent the schools, is not worth the mentioning.

The more fully we consider the question, the more thoroughly we are persuaded, that no portion of the funds of the Established Church can be claimed by the Catholics in point of *right*, or conceded to them in point of *expedience*.

If

If the Catholics demand the whole or a part of the property of the Established Church in Ireland, as that to which they have a *legal right*, their claim is utterly incapable of being supported. If it be admitted that the minority ought to yield to the majority, which is the grand principle upon which all civil society rests, there is at once an end of the argument. Both when the Union between England and Ireland took place, and at the present day, the Protestants of the two countries outnumber the Catholics in the proportion of two to one. The instant the Union was concluded then, supposing the articles to have been wholly silent on the subject of religion, it is manifest that if an established religion be expedient, and none had then been set up, the established religion of Ireland, according to the settled usage of all regular governments, ought to have been the Protestant. But the point was not thus left at large. By the Act of Union, the Church of England, as it had remained established in Ireland for three hundred years, is declared in terms as express as language can supply, to continue thenceforward the Established Church of Ireland. So long as that article of the Union remains unrepealed, the question of *right* must be admitted to be solemnly concluded.

The Catholics and their supporters, feeling the irresistible force of this obvious argument, have of late years loudly insisted, that, as the Catholics form the majority of the people of Ireland, neither the establishment of the reformed religion by Henry VIII., the continuance of it for 300 years since, nor the confirmation of it by the articles of union, can deprive them of that to which, in justice and reason, they are inalienably entitled, and which Scotland and Canada actually enjoy. In questions of this sort, a disputant never alleges a *right* to be *inalienable* and *imprescriptible*, until he is reduced to extremity. If the most solemn acts and stipulations, confirmed by centuries of acquiescence and recognition, are to be totally disregarded, then *law* and *right* have ceased, and we have revolution in its most extended signification. Whether these acts and stipulations have been wise or unwise, the rights which are created by them remain in full force until they are abrogated by competent authority. Neither do the cases of Scotland and Lower Canada, in the slightest degree, strengthen the Catholic claims, so far as the question of *right* is concerned. Scotland, when an independent country, thought proper, on entering into an union with England, to stipulate, as it was fully entitled to do, for the preservation of its Presbyterian Church. Canada being ceded to this country by France at the peace of 1763, this country, whether judiciously or not we shall not here inquire, with a view to ensure its tranquillity and allegiance, guaranteed to it the continuance of the Catholic religion, which was then

then established. If a solemn and unequivocal compact is to determine the *right*, as it necessarily must, then that determination is as fatal to the claims of Catholicism in Ireland, as it is favourable to them in Canada, and to those of Presbyterianism in Scotland. Should the preceding reasoning be correct, the inference to be deduced from it is extremely material. The Catholics have now the full and free exercise of their religion, a privilege which they and many other Christians do not at this day sufficiently value. The Protestant religion has been confirmed as the religion of the state by every solemnity by which it can be sanctioned; and the Roman Catholics constitute little more than a fourth part of the entire population of Great Britain and Ireland. *Right*, therefore, in the strict sense of the word, to any part of the funds of the Established Church they have none. It remains to be seen whether the claims preferred on their behalf can be supported by *expedience*.

In the first place, if encroachment on the property of the Established Church be once begun, it will become impossible to tell where, when, or how to arrest it. If the Catholics, being only about one fourth of the population of Great Britain and Ireland, though upwards of two thirds of the population of Ireland alone, are to be allowed to interfere with church property in Ireland, are they to have the whole or a part? If the whole, let us pause for a moment, and see how the plan would operate. In 1835 the Conservative Society of Dublin printed and circulated returns which they had procured of the amount of real property held and tithes paid by Protestants and Catholics respectively. The returns were made from 23 parishes in the diocese of Kilmore; 73 in the diocese of Leighlin and Ferns; and 115 others in different dioceses in all parts of the country. These returns appear to have been chiefly made in 1834 and 1835. After stating the particulars of each return, they observe:—

‘Such are the five great and corresponding results to which we are clearly led. And now, by combining all these results together, we have a grand return for 241 parishes in Ireland, presenting the result exhibited in this simple statement:—

	Acres.		
Protestant landed property	2,023,257		
Roman Catholic	71,404		
<hr/>			
	£.	s.	d.
Protestant tithe composition	82,531	9	10
Roman Catholic	2,337	2	5

If these returns present any approximation to the truth, the Protestants possess more than nineteen twentieths of the whole real property of the country, and, we really believe, notwithstanding the lowness of their numbers, nearly the same proportion of every quality

quality which constitutes superiority among mankind. Under these circumstances, we cannot see that there is the slightest prospect of the Protestants quietly submitting to a transfer of the whole funds of the Established Church to the Catholics, whose uncivilized and ignorant condition they so well know, and of the irreconcilable hatred of whose priests to the Protestant faith and its adherents they are thoroughly persuaded.

If, instead of the whole, only a portion of these funds is proposed to be appropriated to the Catholics, whether it be ostensibly for the purposes of education, or openly for the support of their clergy, the difficulty, instead of being removed, will be felt ten times more severely. The annual sum claimed for education has already advanced from 20,000*l.* to 200,000*l.*, and if this be yielded, no limits can be set to the demands which will arise in future. Precisely the same course would be pursued, should any provision ever be made by government for the priests. It has been urged, that such a provision would render them quiet, grateful, loyal, and independent, and make it their interest to allay instead of fomenting the disorders of the country. Notwithstanding the plausibility of schemes of this sort, and the sanction they have received from names of the highest authority, they appear to us to be founded upon a complete misconception of the spirit of the Roman Catholic religion, and of the views and circumstances of its regular and secular clergy in Ireland.* Allow the Roman Catholics once to quarter themselves either on the property of the church or the public treasury, for the education of their youth and the maintenance of their clergy, and agitation will never cease, while a shilling remains in the exchequer, or an acre belonging to the church continues unsundered.

But this is not all. Can it reasonably be supposed, that while a partial or wholesale transference of church property to Catholics is going on, the Protestants of Ireland, whether churchmen or dissenters, would look on unconcerned? Such towns as Dublin, Cork, Belfast, and Bandon, and the compact Presbyterian

* M. Von Raumer, in his *Letters on England*, is one of the last persons who has given us his views on this and some other subjects connected with Ireland. See particularly vol. i. pp. 46, 47; vol. iii. pp. 111, 196, 254, 314. If M. Von Raumer's perspicacity at all correspond with the extent of his reading, writings, and personal acquaintance, he cannot have failed to observe how little probability there is of either our Protestantism or Popery being soon diluted to the philosophical Berlin standard. This circumstance might have led him to doubt whether Prussia was quite so much a case in point as he imagined, and a little further inquiry into the disposition of Protestants and Catholics towards each other in the Rhenish provinces, might have increased his hesitation. But as M. Von Raumer seriously proposes as another remedy for the grievances of Ireland, that all tenants at will in that country should at once be converted into proprietors (vol. iii. p. 198), some notion may be formed of the extreme composure with which a certain class of German gentlemen pursue their didactic dissertations.

population settled in the province of Ulster, would press their respective claims with irresistible force in the event of a new distribution. It would be impossible to discover any principle of law or equity by which we could settle the conflict of interests that would instantly and everywhere be displayed ; and the inevitable result of what is frequently assumed to be an easy and equitable adjustment, would end in dispersing the seeds of animosity and dissatisfaction over every parish in the country. It is by such considerations as these we are led to deprecate any encroachment on the property of the Church. Whatever defects or errors exist in the Church of Ireland ought to be supplied and corrected. Unnecessary unions should be dissolved, churches and glebe-houses should be built wherever they are wanting, insufficient livings adequately endowed, and ministers who can preach in Irish provided for every parish where their aid is requisite. Let every amendment be adopted which can raise the Church to the highest state of efficiency. But let the tithes be exclusively appropriated for the support of the present ecclesiastical establishment. Should the day ever arrive, however, when that can no longer be done, we are convinced it would be less prejudicial to the kingdom at large, that ecclesiastical property should be confiscated altogether, than transferred bit by bit for the support of the Roman Catholic religion and a Roman Catholic priesthood.

Another ground upon which we are compelled to disapprove of any permanent footing being given to the Roman Catholic religion is its unalterable tendency to cherish ignorance and intolerance. We should not willingly misrepresent the opinions or practice inculcated by the religion professed by any sect among us. At the same time, if it really be true that the Catholic Church has all along shown itself a friend to ignorance and a foe to toleration, the painful nature of the fact is no reason why it ought either to be concealed or extenuated. Unaccountable as it may appear, the very profusion of evidence which is furnished in every quarter of the ignorance and intolerance of the Romish Church has the effect with some of rendering the charge more incredible. Had any point in science or ordinary history been proved with a thousandth part of the testimony, no rational person would have been found to disbelieve it. Catholicism is one of those plants which shoot forth vigorously in the dark, and dwindle whenever the light breaks in upon them. Turn to any one *Index Expurgatorius* which has ever issued from the Vatican, and it will be found, so far as the reading and information of its compilers enabled them to go, to denounce the works of almost all the men who have most contributed to the improvement of human understanding and the advancement of civilization. Look to Maynooth College at this
very

very day. It can create no surprise that divinity should be there taught from Dens's Theology, when the work principally recommended by the professor of Ethics in that seminary, for making his pupils acquainted with Moral Philosophy, is the *Secunda Secundæ* of Thomas Aquinas.* To profane learning the Catholic religion offers no opposition, so long as it takes a direction which has no tendency to undermine the authority of the Church. It is *religious knowledge* which is the special object of its aversion. Above all, the Bible is regarded by it as its chief enemy—and against the Bible it has carried on an unceasing war for the last eight or nine centuries. Catholics may aver, explain, or distinguish as they may, but the fact transpires in every page of history, and both abroad and at home perpetually forces itself upon our observation. Fulgentius exclaimed in the course of one of his sermons at Venice upwards of two hundred years ago, '*What is truth, said Pilate? After much search I have at last found it. Here it is in my hand,*' holding out the Bible to the audience, and then putting it in his pocket, '*but the book is prohibited.*' Searches are still occasionally made in Catholic countries, and particularly in the Papal states, for the purpose of destroying it. Numerous instances are on record, in which it has by Catholic priests in Ireland been locked up, defaced, burnt, and buried; and *curses* have been pronounced by priests on those who read it themselves, or hear it read by others. Every one of the exhortations and admonitions of the Catholic clergy, and the whole of the Catholic catechisms we have ever seen, printed either for the use of the young or adult, are invariably directed to the enforcement of this grand object. No doubt Bibles, New Testaments, and other religious manuals, are now circulated by the priests in Ireland, but this is not done voluntarily, but by compulsion. Dr. Magee, the late admirable Archbishop of Dublin, in his examination before the House of Lords in 1825, declared it to be his opinion that 'the lowest class of Roman Catholics hardly knew before these discussions that there was such a book as the Bible.'† The activity of the Protestants in circulating the Scriptures and other theological works, reluctantly compelled them to adopt a course which they thought more advisable than doing nothing. Finding that the Bible could not be withheld from their flocks altogether, they have been reduced to the necessity of distributing it themselves, but they have done this as seldom as possible, or otherwise than in extracts, always in their own grossly erroneous version, and accompanied with their own notes and comments. Popular legends, amusing fables, and details of the pomp and ceremonies of the

* Eighth Report of the Commissioners on Irish Education. Ap. p. 141.

† Archbishop of Dublin's Evidence, 8vo. ed. p. 10.

Romish church, are industriously circulated along with it to divert the attention of the people from a sort of reading to which the dislike of their spiritual chiefs is so unconquerable. Had all this been temporary and accidental, or could it have been represented as the work of unconnected misguided partizans of Catholicism, it would have been unjust to have brought such things as a charge against the whole church. But its stoppage of all the channels through which religious information could be conveyed has been determined and systematic, and it denounces as vehemently as it ever did that exercise of private judgment in religious matters, which it was the main object of the Reformation to vindicate and establish. Nowhere have its exertions been more successful than among the Catholics of Ireland, and in no age or country have the effects of ignorance been displayed more deplorably.

Intolerance, next to *ignorance*, is the chief foundation on which the Catholic religion rests. Where people are Catholics only in form, as in France and parts of Germany; where they derive great gains from Protestants, as in Italy; where there are few Protestants, as in Spain and Portugal; or few Catholics, as in England and Scotland; the spirit of the Roman Catholic religion remains quiescent. But give it the power, and let it either hope to gain or fear to lose ascendancy, and it has never yet failed to exhibit itself in its genuine colours. It never was more intolerant than it is in Ireland at the present moment. We hope it will never dare again to perpetrate such massacres as occurred in Ulster in 1641, or in France on the day of St. Bartholomew in 1572, but it has for years been carrying on a steady persecution in detail, and the letters and harangues of such men as Dr. M'Hale and Father Kehoe assure us that it is not the forbearance of the priests which prevents it from being of a more sweeping and sanguinary character.

It is no favourable symptom of the times, that the Protestants of England and Scotland either doubt or disregard the sufferings to which many of their poorer brethren in Ireland are now subjected. We regret we have not space to lay before our readers even a selection of the instances of hardship and atrocity which have occurred. We refer them, among other sources of information, to the printed Reports of the Inspectors General of Police, and of the Intimidation Committee; to Seymour's Popery in Ireland; to the Reports of the Achill Mission; to those of the School and Bible Society; Irish Society—and to the present state of the parish of Kilneague, in the county of Kildare, where a Protestant population of six or seven persons has within the last seven-years swelled into a colony of 520 persons, who, instead of emigrating from Ireland, have flocked thither for safety from the neighbouring counties.

counties. The facts attested in these documents are so numerous and precise, and vouched by persons so remote and unconnected, that to suppose them to be generally the result of fabrication or conspiracy is utterly impossible.

This persecution, though not universal, appears to be extended in a greater or less degree to most places where it can be carried on with impunity, and is likely to prove effectual. Those against whom it is most directed are insulated Protestants, or Protestant families, and particularly such persons as have withdrawn, or seem likely to withdraw from the Roman Catholic Church. The Catholics will not work for such persons, sell to them, or buy from them. Their cattle and horses are houghed, maimed, and poisoned; and they themselves are hooted, pelted, beaten, waylaid, shot at, and murdered. It appears to us to be as completely proved as any charge ever was in a court of justice, that these unchristian proceedings are deliberately and systematically encouraged by the priests, through the instrumentality of a barbarous and ignorant multitude, whom they induce in this manner, by the terrors of ecclesiastical censure, to advance the interests of the Catholic cause. We should like to be distinctly informed, what useful purposes a Protestant government is likely to further either now or hereafter, by granting any kind of permanent establishment to a religion, whose people commit such deeds, and whose ministers are actuated by such a spirit.

Least of all is the present crisis an expedient opportunity to attempt it. Of the rapid and decided improvement which has lately taken place in the Established Church of Ireland, we have already taken notice. The Church of Rome we believe to be in a very different condition. At no period did the Catholics so far outnumber the Protestants as is commonly apprehended. The Catholics are in the habit of circulating representations on this and other topics, so totally devoid of truth, that it is desirable to make it known, so far as it can be ascertained, how the fact actually stands. Boulter calculated the proportion of Catholics to Protestants in his time to be as 5 to 1. By the first Report of the Commissioners of Public Instruction,* the whole population of Ireland amounted, in 1834, to 7,943,940.

Of these are Catholics . . .	6,427,712
Protestants, Members of the Estab-	
lished Church . . .	852,064
Presbyterians . . .	642,356
Other Protestant Dissenters . . .	21,808
	1,510,928
	<hr/> 7,943,940.

The general amount of population here given may be correct, but from particulars which have come to our knowledge, we are not disposed to place any reliance on the relative numbers of Catholics and Protestants. In the parish of Bray, in the county of Wicklow, for instance, the number of Protestants amounted in 1831, according to the Commissioners, to 874. In 1834, the vicar returned the number at 603, presenting thus a diminution in three years of 271. The explanation of this apparently unaccountable circumstance is, we understand, a very simple one:—Bray is a favourite summer retreat of the inhabitants of Dublin among the Wicklow mountains. The vicar's return of the population of Bray was delayed in 1834 until after that of Dublin had been made, so that the Protestant population sojourning at Bray in summer, and in Dublin in winter, has been wholly excluded from the census of that year! Kilmeague, in which we have said there is now a colony of 520 Protestant refugees, is said to be a parish by itself, and as no such parish appears in the Report of the Instruction Commissioners, we are inclined to suspect it has been omitted *altogether*. We have heard so much of other oversights, as well as of the anxiety of priests to swell the numbers of the Catholics, and the backwardness of Protestants to avow themselves as such, when it may expose them to danger, that we are inclined to think, that the real number of the Protestants comes nearer to two millions, and that of the Catholics to six millions, than the amount at which they are made to stand in the census taken by the Commissioners of Public Instruction. Whether we be mistaken in this point or not, we are satisfied the Catholics have been estimated as much too high as the Protestants have been too low, and that the disproportion between them is diminishing. Though the Romish Church be to all appearance nearly as strong as ever, we believe that at this moment it is shaken to its very foundation. Converts from it have already been made in considerable numbers, and many more, whenever they can do it with security, are prepared to follow. They would have withdrawn before now, as Romish ecclesiastics well know, if it were not for their foresight of that unrelenting persecution which would immediately be declared against them.

It is not from without alone the danger of the Romish Church proceeds. *Religious agitation* within, prevails as much as *political agitation* without. The priests feel the influence of the same light which is breaking in upon their flocks. Some of them have intimated that they saw no harm in reading the Bible; and others have gone so far as to tell their people, from the pulpit or the altar, that they expected to find in each house a New Testament

ment at their next visitation. The doubts and divisions which have arisen among the Catholic clergy are so remarkable that they have attracted no ordinary share of public attention. Thus the Rev. D. Croly says, in his *Essay on Ecclesiastical Finance* :—

‘The difference as to the exact nature of the Sacrament, or its invisible contents, turns principally on metaphysical questions relating to certain attributes of matter, called substance and accident. The dispute concerning Papal jurisdiction is more a question of Church discipline than of faith. The common notion people entertain of infallibility is, that whatever is taught and presented by the Church is conformable to truth and divine revelation. This notion cannot be correct, for the people are taught through the medium of individuals, who may and do inculcate many errors and superstitions. This infallibility should be supposed to extend to whatever is embodied in religion by Church authority. Yet this is not the case. To prove which, it is sufficient to refer to the Roman Breviary, the Office Book of the Secular Clergy, which contains old women’s tales in abundance.’—pp. 14-18.

‘The Rev. Michael Crotty, in a letter dated Birr, December, 1825, addressed to Dr. Murray, titular Archbishop of Dublin, addresses him in the following terms :—

‘My cousin and I have resisted and withstood the encroachments of prerogative. We have combated in support of the people’s rights ; we have battled in the cause of pure and genuine Christianity ; we have struggled against the inroads of opulent oppression, and opposed the exercise of popish tyranny and despotism. We have abolished the worship of saints and images, and the abominable superstitions of the scapular. We have put an end to the anti-Christian system of the clay-money, which was a gross imposition on the simplicity and credulity of the multitude—an absurd perversion of religion and common sense ; we have exploded a most nefarious custom, generated by clerical avarice, and perpetuated by the tyranny and despotism of the priests. We have scourged the clerical abominations of the diocese of Killaloe upon the vicarious back of a drivelling and incapable administration. We have kept our ground in Birr during ten years of the most unrelenting persecution recorded in the annals of either ancient or modern times, against the power and influence of the papal hierarchy—against the persecution of the Whig government. We have enlarged the views, liberalised the minds, expanded the ideas, and elevated the characters of the Roman Catholics of the town and parish of Birr, and rescued them from the dregs of popery and superstition. The times in which we live, my Lord, are big with portentous events. There is a spirit of inquiry abroad ;—another light is bursting upon the land ;—the march of intellect is progressive. The priests are beginning to see the errors of Popery, and are heartily sick and tired of the working of the system. Let the Church of Rome abandon the errors and superstitions she has ingrafted upon
pure

pure and genuine Christianity ;—let her cast away from her with a generous scorn and a holy indignation all those idolatrous trinkets, which are the pledges of her alienation from Christ and his Gospel, and the monuments of her shame. Then, and not till then, will she return once more into the bosom of the Catholic Church, and to the original purity and simplicity of faith which she preached when Paul addressed his epistle to her.*

Such language as this has not been heard within the Church of Rome since the beginning of the sixteenth century. It has been read with curiosity and surprise by Protestants and Catholics in every corner of the empire, and it cannot be believed, that it would have been adopted by Mr. Croly or Mr. Crotty, unless they had been sure that a certain portion of their brethren participated in their sentiments. The whole fabric of Popish superstition, though it still stands entire, from distrust and dissection within, and the multiplying assaults of its enemies from without, presents every day fresh symptoms of weakness and decay. In such a conjuncture as this, for a Protestant government to counteract the efforts which Protestants are now making to subdue ecclesiastical domination and intolerance, and to subsidise a permanent body of priests or preceptors of any kind, to train up the young and instruct the old, in ways in which they should not go, and doctrine they ought not to believe, is a line of policy as incompatible with political wisdom, as with the religious principles of the Reformation.

To those who are content to form their opinion upon historical evidence alone, the experience we have had of the concessions which have been already made to the Catholics ought to be sufficiently conclusive. Of these concessions there are three which are deserving of more than ordinary consideration : the grant of the elective franchise in 1793 ;—the establishment of the college at Maynooth in 1795 ;—and the admission of Catholics to seats in parliament, together with the removal of all other Catholic disabilities in 1829. The discussions which ended in the grant of the elective franchise to the Catholics by the Irish parliament in 1793, are upon record. It is necessary to advert here only to its practical effects. A freehold of the yearly value of forty shillings constituted the qualification in England, and for Protestants in Ireland. Our own impression is, that in England it had become much too low, for at least a century before 1829. But however that might be, to extend such a qualification to the Catholics of Ireland, who were in no one respect qualified for the privilege they were called upon to exercise, was one of the wildest legislative experiments ever attempted. We do not now object to such

* Times newspaper of January 12, 1836.

an overwhelming majority of those who were thus made electors being Catholics, but to persons of such condition being made electors at all. Country gentlemen covered their estates with freeholds, while they drove their tenants like cattle to the hustings, and it is confidently said, in many instances, sold their votes to the highest bidder in the market. They have now the mortification, in consequence of the influence of priests and intrigues of agitators, to find this brute electoral force which they had organized, regularly arrayed against them. The elective franchise was considerably raised by the Catholic Relief Act of 1829, and the Irish Reform Act of 1832; but these laws have already been denounced in principle, and are eluded in practice, and Mr. O'Connell and his thirty followers now ride into the House of Commons on the backs of an ignorant rabble, whose proceedings are already as ferocious as they formerly were abject, and sufficient of themselves to stamp disgrace on a whole system of representation. For certain purposes, the efficiency of this first great Catholic concession must have exceeded the expectations of its most sanguine admirers; but as to producing any solid advantages to Ireland, past or prospective, no decisive change was ever more signally unsuccessful.

The next remarkable concession made to the Catholics was the establishment of the Roman Catholic College at Maynooth. This establishment owes its foundation to the liberality of the Irish parliament, and the discussions of the time will testify the sanguine and confident expectations entertained by the promoters of the scheme, of the loyalty and attachment which its future sons would disseminate among the Catholic population of the country. As the college has now been in operation for nearly forty years, and almost the whole of the active Catholic priesthood stationed throughout Ireland has been educated within its walls, we ought now to be reaping the fruits, which such a seminary is calculated to yield. What they have proved to be, the following witnesses will bear testimony.

The Rev. Michael Crotty, part of whose letter to the titular Archbishop of Dublin has been already quoted, thus expresses himself with respect to the College of Maynooth:—

‘You have charged me with having opposed, when a student in Maynooth, the authorities of that house. Yes; I denounced in terms of honest indignation the vicious, narrow, and ruinous system of education pursued in that house, which is the hot-bed of bigotry, intolerance, and superstition, where hypocrisy is religion, and knavery morality. Yes; I joined issue with the “*Courier*” newspaper, and publicly and openly declared that the College of Maynooth has never yet produced a gentleman or a scholar, and that there never was an establishment

establishment that stands more in need of a speedy reformation than that house, where 400 Popish priests are fed and educated by the liberality of a Protestant government, and who are let loose upon the world to disseminate the unchristian and anti-social doctrines and principles of bigotry and intolerance which they are taught in that house. To these priests, who are the busy and active agents of Mr. O'Connell, may be imputed the pernicious system of agitation, and the other numberless calamities that now distract and afflict our unfortunate country. To these bigots may be imputed the calumnies that are every day heaped upon the Protestant establishment, and to whose violent and inflammatory language from their altars may be attributed the hatred and the murder of the Protestant clergy of Ireland.'

Mr. O'Beirne, in a pamphlet lately published by him on the state, studies, and discipline of the college, says—

'It has neither secured to the Roman Catholic priesthood a better education, nor a larger share of loyalty. I trust I shall be able amply to demonstrate both parts of this proposition. I shall endeavour to show, that while the education is by no means better in point of quality, the character of the priesthood has been lowered by the admission, in consequence of the facilities presented by government, of a less respectable class of persons into the college than those who formerly entered into the sacerdotal office. Of their increased loyalty I need scarcely become the eulogist, but I will demonstrate that a system of tyrannical misrule exists within the walls of the college, which, while it tends to degrade the minds of the students, and to render them in after life the ready tools of any agitator who chooses to put an unprincipled system of terrorism into practice, also sets the government of the country at defiance, and renders most of its measures nugatory, in spite of the hundreds of thousands of pounds which it has improvidently lavished upon that institution.'

After copious details on these subjects, the author ends thus:—

'And now I challenge inquiry into the truth of every particular which I have stated. I challenge any man who is acquainted with the College of Maynooth to contradict any one of my statements:—If he can prove me to have maligned the institution or its inmates in a single instance, I invite, nay, implore, that a new commission of inquiry be issued, and that the inquiry be directed to be held within the college. I invite such an inquiry, and pledge myself to an authentication of every statement which has been made in the previous part of this work.*

We shall conclude with the opinion delivered by Mr. Inglis, whose travels have within the last year or two been in very general circulation:—

'I had ample opportunities of forming comparisons between the priest of the olden time, and the priest of Maynooth; and with every

* Maynooth in 1834. Dublin, 1835. Pages 7 and 79.

disposition to deal by both fairly, I returned to Dublin with a perfect conviction of the justice of the opinions I had heard expressed. I found the old foreign-educated priest a gentleman of frank easy deportment, and good general information ; but by no means, in general, so good a Catholic as his brother of Maynooth. *Him* I found either a coarse, vulgar-minded man, or a stiff, close, very conceited man ; but in every instance popish to the backbone : learned, I dare say, in theology, but profoundly ignorant of all that liberalizes the mind ; a hot zealot in religion ; and fully impressed with, or professing to be impressed with, a sense of his consequence and influence. I entertain no doubt that the disorders which originate in hatred of Protestantism have been increased by the Maynooth education of the Catholic priesthood. It is the Maynooth priest who is the agitating priest, and if the foreign-educated priest chance to be a liberal-minded man, less a zealot and less a hater of Protestantism, than is consistent with the present spirit of Catholicism in Ireland, straightway an assistant red-hot from Maynooth is appointed to the parish, and, in fact, the old priest is virtually displaced. In no country in Europe, no, not even in Spain, is the spirit of Popery so intensely anti-protestant as in Ireland.*

Whether Mr. Crotty sustained any injury, real or supposed, during his continuance in college, or from any of its members afterwards, we cannot say. He by his own admission risks his character upon the statement he has made. Mr. O'Beirne suffered expulsion, and therefore his narrative ought to be received with caution ; but his statements are so circumstantial and consistent, and he so boldly challenges inquiry into their truth, that they cannot fail to produce a powerful impression, and we do not understand they have yet been publicly or privately contradicted. Mr. Inglis is a witness above all suspicion, for the whole cast of his opinions affords sufficient security that he has set down nothing against the college but what a regard to truth compelled him to mention. These authorities might be confirmed, if it were requisite, by collateral evidence to any extent, and of every description ; but the character which, by the tacit consent even of the Romanists themselves, has been universally stamped upon the college, renders them superfluous. What then has been the effect of this rare example of Protestant generosity ? That almost the whole of its pupils have there imbibed the most inveterate hatred to the Protestant religion, Protestant establishment, and Protestant connection ; and, on becoming intrusted with the cure of souls, have diligently laboured to imbue their flocks with the same sentiments.

* Inglis's Tour in Ireland, 1833. The same author's Travels in Spain appeared a few years earlier.

This brings us to the great concluding Act of Emancipation in 1829, which the Catholics had so often assured their Protestant fellow-subjects was the whole end and object of their warmest wishes. No incapacity can be named, to which any reasonable Catholic can now make any objection. He is eligible to all offices under the crown, civil and military, except those of Lord Chancellor, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland. The whole penal laws have been swept away, and all restrictions upon the trade of Ireland have been removed. The British market is open to every kind of Irish produce; there are no assessed taxes in Ireland—and articles of British or foreign produce consumed in Ireland, either pay no taxes at all, or taxes considerably lower than those to which they are subject in the sister island. No man, of whatever creed or party, will venture to say that any English interest in opposition to the Irish is now encouraged at the Castle:—more than two-thirds of the business of every session is devoted to the real or pretended business of Ireland; the most sincere and anxious desire is manifested by both English and Scottish members to promote its interests; and large sums of public money are annually voted for the improvement of its manufactures, harbours, roads, bridges, roads, and rivers.

In consequence of all these acts of kindness and consideration has agitation either ceased or slackened? Not for a moment. In defiance of one of the express provisions of the Act of 1829, several of the Catholic bishops have, in open published documents, to say nothing of social life and clerical functions, assumed and blazoned their titular dignity; and in contravention of the distinctly explained and avowed intent, if not of the letter of another of its enactments, Roman Catholic members of the House of Commons immediately asserted their right of voting upon all questions affecting the present Church establishment. The Act itself had scarcely received the royal assent, when the Romanists insultingly intimated that the favour had come too late; that no gratitude was due for what their power and position had extorted; and complaints of the misgovernment and oppression of England are still wafted on the wings of every gale that blows from Ireland. The House of Commons is year after year converted into a committee-room for the promotion of Romish discontent. Its tone is insensibly lowered, the character of the country injured abroad, and its business impeded at home, by a style of conversation and debate, to which until of late it had been wholly unaccustomed. Is there to be no end of this ceaseless and unmeaning clamour? Why has not Mr. O'Connell, who, like Hotspur's starling, speaking nothing but *Mortimer*, scarcely utters
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any sound in or out of parliament but *justice for Ireland*—why has he not been formally called upon to make out a specific list of the grievances he affects to be lamenting? The substantial justice which Ireland has long required was ten years' subjection to martial law under such an officer as Cromwell, whose strictness and impartiality would have thoroughly habituated the country to peace and good order. A course of discipline of this sort would put an end to the murders of Tipperary, and the turbulence of Fathers M'Hale, Kehoe, and Maher for ever. It has long been the misfortune of Ireland to have institutions forced upon it, in imitation of those of England, for which it was obviously unfit. The *justice* which Mr. O'Connell and his followers want is of a very different sort. The real purpose of the justice which they are invoking never was more truly or forcibly expressed than in the following words of one of the most distinguished statesmen of his age or country :—

'If government,' said Lord Clare, 'is to yield to the claims of the Popish subjects of this country, to be admitted to political power on the ground of *right*, I desire to know where we are to make a stand? Religion is the great bond of society, and, therefore, in every country *there must be a religion connected with the state*, and maintained by it against all attacks and encroachments; and therefore I deny the right of any man who dissents from the religion established by the state to demand admission into the state, upon which alone the established religion can rest for support. Should parliament once admit the claims of Irish Papists to political power on the ground of *right*, I desire to know where we are to draw a line? If Papists have a right to sit in parliament, they have a right to fill every office in the state—they have a right to pay tithes exclusively to their own clergy—they have a right to restore the pomp and splendour of their religion—they have a right to be governed exclusively by the laws of *their own church*—they have a right to seat their bishops in the House of Lords—they have a right to seat a Popish prince on the throne—they have a right to subvert the established government, and to make this a Popish country, *which I have little doubt is their ultimate object.*'

These remarkable words, which were uttered in the Irish House of Lords not very long before the rebellion broke out in 1798, are as characteristic of Romish agitators of every class and denomination in 1836, as they were of the Society of United Irishmen, to whom Lord Clare applied them. The commotion and excitement which has disturbed and perverted Ireland for almost the whole of the intervening period has at last acquired a degree of force and extension which must speedily either increase or diminish. In the latter case, the mass of the Roman Catholics tired with the length and violence of their own exertions, and calmed and enlightened by the spread of religious truth, will burst the

the bonds by which they have hitherto been enthralled, and priests and agitators will sink back into their proper place together. This is the course which all wise and good men would wish events to take, and such an alternative is by no means hopeless. On the other hand, let the agitation which now prevails be pushed but a little farther, and then that formidable conflict between the Reformed and Roman Churches will begin, for which so many concurrent circumstances have been making preparation. None but those who have closely attended to the subject can fully comprehend the irreconcilable differences which exist between them. Philosophers and statesmen may depend upon it, that every attempt to effect a compromise between them, and to make them co-operate in the work of education, or co-exist as national establishments, will finally prove abortive. Among those who are warmly attached to the principles of the Reformation, which we believe the great body of Protestants of all ranks and in all parts of the kingdom to be, every proposal made in favour of the Roman Catholic Church will create permanent distrust and dissatisfaction, as going too far; while it will with equal certainty fail to conciliate the Catholics, as not going far enough. It is our belief that concession has gone too far already. We well know the difficulties with which the whole of this subject is surrounded—but a stand must be made somewhere; and if parliament and the government were temperately to intimate their determination of being braved and brow-beaten no longer, we are persuaded the Roman Catholics would speedily be brought to reason. If this be not done, point after point will be given up to no purpose, and their demands will rise, as the means of concession become exhausted. At first their alleged rights were respectfully solicited: now they are extorted; and at last they will be proclaimed in the shout of rebellion. Whether the promoters of the movement ever have, or have not, taken a calm and comprehensive survey of the consequences which must attend the catastrophe they are urging forward—if that movement be prolonged but a few years longer, it will inevitably terminate in the entire extinction of the power and prospects of the Irish Catholics, or the dismemberment of the British empire.

ART. VI.—*Journal of the Arctic Land Expedition to the Mouth of the Great Fish River, and along the Shores of the Arctic Ocean, in the Years 1833, 1834, and 1835.* By Captain Back, R.N. Commander of the Expedition. 1 vol. 8vo. London, Murray. Paris, Galignani. Brussels, Pratt & Barry. Leipsig, Black & Armstrong. Frankfort, Jügel. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart. 1836.

THIS is an honest book—the production of a plain, straightforward, veracious traveller—and that is saying a great deal. If Captain Back be not known to the reading world as an author, his name, at least, is familiar to all who have taken any interest in the northern expeditions of Franklin and Richardson, of whose perilous adventures he was the constant sharer and unflinching companion. In the course of these enterprises he distinguished himself on two occasions, the object being that of extending the geography of the sea-coast of the arctic regions of North America, and of confirming the accounts given by Hearne and Mackenzie, the first travellers who had reached these shores; and at the same time to endeavour to ascertain the continuity or otherwise of a water-communication between Behring's Strait and Hudson's Bay. There is nothing perhaps on record more truly affecting than the simple and unadorned tale told by Sir John Franklin of the almost unparalleled sufferings which he and his companions were doomed to undergo from the fatigue of travelling hundreds of miles amidst frost and snow-storms, without shelter, without fire, and without food; so nearly at one time reduced to a state of absolute starvation, as to be driven to the last resource of devouring their own shoes and leather gun-cases, rendered somewhat perhaps more palatable by the addition of a miserably bitter lichen which they picked off the rocks. We advert to these adventures now to show that Captain Back, in voluntarily undertaking the one here recorded, was fully aware of the dangers, the privations, and the hardships which it was all but certain it would be his lot again to suffer. It was with such a prospect before his eyes, that on hearing, when in Italy, in the year 1832, that the fate of Ross and his companions still remained uncertain, he hastened to England, with the intention of offering his services to government to conduct an expedition in search of them. He arrived here at the moment when such an expedition was in preparation; and it is almost unnecessary to add that the volunteer services of Captain (then Commander) Back were joyfully accepted.

After the accounts we have formerly given of the expeditions under Sir John Franklin and Dr. Richardson in the northern regions

gions of America, it would be idle in us to enter into a particular description of the incidents in Captain Back's. In his own nervous and picturesque narrative, the details of even the first part of his travels are most interesting: the best analysis we could afford would seem a mere repetition.

Captain Back left London on the 17th February, 1833, accompanied by Mr. King, a surgeon, and three men, two of whom had gained experience under Sir John Franklin. At New York they received every possible attention and hospitality; and a steam-vessel was offered for their conveyance to Albany. Nothing could exceed the kindness and exertions of Governor Simpson and all the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. A sufficient number of *voyageurs* were procured at La Chine; and Captain Back was ready to leave Norway House on the 28th June with sixteen persons, consisting of steersmen, carpenters, artillery-men, fishermen, and *voyageurs*, to whom were afterwards added nine others.

'This,' says the Captain, 'was a happy day for me; and as the canoe pushed off from the bank, my heart swelled with hope and joy. Now, for the first time, I saw myself in a condition to verify the kind anticipations of my friends. The preliminary difficulties had been overcome: I was fairly on the way to the accomplishment of the benevolent errand on which I had been commissioned; and the contemplation of an object so worthy of all exertion, in which I thought myself at length free to indulge, raised my spirits to a more than ordinary pitch of excitement.'—p. 57.

At Pine Portage he met with Mr. M'Leod, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's servants, and though this gentleman was on his way to Canada for the re-establishment of his health, no sooner did he learn the humane object of the mission, than he determined at once to sacrifice his own plans to the pleasure of becoming the companion of Back; by which disinterested act, six persons—Mr. M'Leod, his wife, three children, and a servant—were added to the eight, who with their baggage had already pretty well filled the single canoe. This, however, it appears, was nothing unusual, and not to be compared with the compact way in which the Indians stow themselves. A whole fleet of their canoes was met on the Slave River descending from the Great Slave Lake: the description of one of them is as follows:—

'It was small even for a canoe; and how eight men, women, and children contrived to stow away their legs in a space not more than large enough for three Europeans, would have been a puzzling problem to one unacquainted with the suppleness of an Indian's unbanded limbs. There, however, they were, in a temperature of 66°, packed heads and tails, like Yarmouth herrings—half naked—their hair in elf-locks, long and matted—filthy beyond description—and all squalling together. To complete the picture, their dogs, scarce

one degree below them, formed a sort of body-guard on each side of the river, and as the canoe glided away with the current, all the animals together, human and canine, set up a shrill and horrible yell.'—p. 79.

From the chief of these people, who went by the name of 'Le Camarade de Mandeville,' Captain Back received important information, which he afterwards ascertained to be correct, of two great rivers beyond the Great Slave Lake, the Têh-lon and the Thlew-ee-choh, the latter of which he was destined to navigate to its source. On the 8th August the party reached Great Slave Lake, and were received at Fort Resolution, a station of the Hudson's Bay Company, by Mr. M'Donnell, the gentleman in charge. Determined to lose no time in search of the river that was to conduct him to the sea, Captain Back set out on the 11th, in an old canoe, with his servant, an Englishman, a Canadian, two half-breeds, and two Indians, on an exploring expedition. All was plain-sailing as far as the eastern portion of Great Slave Lake, into which fell an unknown river, with a steep and rocky bed, to which the name of *Hoar-frost* River was given. We have a beautiful print of Beverley's Fall, near the mouth of this river, which will convey an idea of what these falls, so very numerous in all the rivers of North America, are. Indeed, this particular river was so encumbered with cascades and rapids, that not only their baggage and provisions but the canoe also had to be carried up the high, steep, and rugged ridges, over swamps of thick stunted firs, and open spaces barren and desolate, on which 'crag was piled upon crag to a height of two thousand feet from the base.' The labour was excessive; but, says our traveller—

'The laborious duty which had been thus satisfactorily performed was rendered doubly severe by the combined attack of myriads of sand-flies and mosquitos, which made our faces stream with blood. There is certainly no form of wretchedness, among those to which the chequered life of a *voyageur* is exposed, at once so great and so humiliating, as the torture inflicted by these puny blood-suckers. To avoid them is impossible; and as for defending himself, though for a time he may go on crushing by thousands, he cannot long maintain the unequal conflict; so that at last, subdued by pain and fatigue, he throws himself in despair with his face to the earth, and, half suffocated in his blanket, groans away a few hours of sleepless rest.'—p. 117.

The mild and gentle character of the gallant Franklin is generally well known; but Back mentions an anecdote, of which he was reminded by an old Indian, of his patient and humane forbearance even to the meanest and most tormenting of God's creatures :—

'It was the custom of Sir John Franklin never to kill a fly, and, though teased by them beyond expression, especially when engaged
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in taking observations, he would quietly desist from his work, and patiently blow the half-gorged intruders from his hands—"the world was wide enough for both." This was jocosely remarked upon at the time by Akaitcho and the four or five Indians who accompanied him; but the impression, it seems, had sunk deep, for on Maufelly's seeing me fill my tent with smoke, and then throw open the front and beat the sides all round with leafy branches, to drive out the stupified pests before I went to rest, he could not refrain from expressing his surprise that I should be so unlike the *old chief*, who would not destroy so much as a single mosquito.'—p. 180.

It would almost seem that these creatures are imperishable; at least they survive a second year. If we recollect rightly, it is Ellis, in his account of the doleful voyage of Captain James, who says, he carried a frozen mass of what he thought peat, and laid it before the fire, when shortly the whole room was filled with a cloud of mosquitos; they had clustered together, and become a frozen mass, like bees when about to cast their swarms. Many other of the inferior and cold-blooded classes of animals freeze in the winter and revive in the spring. The swarms of sand-flies—called *brulots* by the Canadians—seem to be fully as annoying as the mosquitos.

'As we dived into the confined and suffocating chasms, or waded through the close swamps, they rose in clouds, actually darkening the air: to see or to speak was equally difficult, for they rushed at every undefended part, and fixed their poisonous fangs in an instant. Our faces streamed with blood, as if leeches had been applied; and there was a burning and irritating pain, followed by immediate inflammation, and producing giddiness which almost drove us mad. Whenever we halted, which the nature of the country compelled us to do often, the men, even Indians, threw themselves on their faces, and moaned with pain and agony. My arms being less encumbered, I defended myself in some degree by waving a branch in each hand; but even with this and the aid of a veil and stout leather gloves, I did not escape without severe punishment. For the time, I thought the tiny plagues worse even than mosquitos.'—p. 179.

The river became more rocky, and cataract succeeded cataract in quick succession, so as to render it perfectly unnavigable. At length

'One or two more rapids, and a narrow fall of twenty feet, terminated the ascent of this turbulent and unfriendly river. Nothing, however, can be more romantically beautiful than the wild scenery of its course. High rocks beetling over the rapids like towers, or rent into the most diversified forms, gay with various-coloured mosses, or shaded by overhanging trees—now a tranquil pool, lying like a sheet of silver—now the dash and foam of a cataract,—these are a part only of its picturesque and striking features.'—p. 119.

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Here a poor Indian came up, who had left the party some days before with only two charges of powder, which he had lost, inquiring something for his family to eat. 'Had there been only my wife with me,' he said in a faint voice, 'I would not have troubled the chief, for we could have lived upon berries; but when I looked upon my child, and heard its cries, my heart failed me, and I sought for relief.' More rapids were to be passed, and more fatiguing portages to be surmounted, much to the annoyance of the crew. At length, however, they gained the summit.

Beyond this was a lake with some dark fir-trees on its margin, and farther on another of very considerable dimensions to which Back gave the name of Walmesley. But it now became evident that the guide was completely at fault, and he admitted that he had not been in this part of the country since he was a boy. They continued, however, to paddle away along the edge of a sheet of old ice. The thermometer was down to 31°, yet the mosquitos and the brulots swarmed innumerable, and were most tormenting. At the spot where they encamped no living thing besides these was seen or heard; the air was calm, the lake unruffled—'it seemed,' says our traveller, 'as if Nature had fallen into a trance, for all was silent and motionless as death.' At length the guide discovered some sand-hills, and beyond them a great lake, at the sight of which his countenance lighted up, and he said, doubtingly, 'These places look familiar to me.' The canoe was dragged among the sand-hills, and having navigated Clinton-Golden Lake, they entered the largest that had yet occurred. To this splendid sheet of water Captain Back gave the name of Aylmer, in honour of the late governor-general of Canada. On the high sand-hills at the eastern extremity of this lake Captain Back observed some little rills of water, which took a northerly direction towards a small lake, which, though the height of the land, intervening between it and the lake he had just left, was not a great many feet, he was willing to hope might be the source of the river he had long been in search of; and so it turned out to be. To this source he gave the name of Sussex, in honour of the Royal Duke. Back soon satisfied himself that he had now discovered the Thlew-ee-choh, or, as the Geographical Society have very properly called it, and as we shall hereafter do—*Back's River*. The month of August had expired, and having made this important discovery, he deemed it prudent and indeed imperative on him to return. This he effected by a different route, and by a different river, which, falling into a large sheet of water, named by him the Artillery Lake, led to the eastern extremity of Great Slave Lake, near the spot where Mr. M'Leod had been sent to establish their winter-

winter-quarters, and where, on their arrival, he found the newly-erected frame-work of a house at the bottom of a snug cove, backed by the dark-green foliage of a wood of fir-trees. The completion of this establishment for the winter went on cheerily :—

‘ The men were divided into parties, and appointed to regular tasks : some to the felling of trees, and squaring them into beams or rafters ; others to the sawing of slabs and planks. Here was a group awkwardly chipping the shapeless granite into something like form ; and there a party in a boat in search of mud and grass for mortar. It was an animated scene ; and, set off as it was by the white tents and smoky leather lodges, contrasting with the mountains and green woods, it was picturesque as well as interesting.’—p. 190.

Numbers of Indians, especially the old, the sick, and the miserable, soon found their way to the house of the white man, in search of that succour and relief from starvation, which is rarely in the power of their own countrymen to bestow. It is a remarkable trait in their character that, kind and affectionate as they are to their children, they are totally indifferent to the wants and the sufferings of the aged and the infirm. A poor old woman was found on the opposite side of the bay, helpless and alone, ‘ bent double by age and infirmities, and rendered absolutely frightful by famine and disease.’ As a specimen of too numerous a class, we give Back’s description of this poor creature :—

‘ Clad in deer-skins, her eyes all but closed, her hair matted and filthy, her skin shrivelled, and feebly supporting, with the aid of a stick held by both hands, a trunk which was literally horizontal, she presented, if such an expression may be pardoned, the shocking and unnatural appearance of a human brute. It was a humiliating spectacle, and one which I would not willingly see again. Poor wretch ! Her tale was soon told : old and decrepit, she had come to be considered as a burden even by her own sex. Past services and toils were forgotten ; and in their figurative style they coldly told her that, “ though she appeared to live, she was already dead,” and must be abandoned to her fate. “ There is a new fort,” said they ; “ go there ; the whites are great medicine men, and may have power to save you.” This was a month before ; since which time she had crawled and hobbled along the rocks, the scanty supply of berries which she found upon them just enabling her to live. Another day or two must have ended her sufferings.’—p. 193.

It was not till the end of October that the river and the borders of the lake were frozen over ; and meantime the sufferings of the Indians for want of food became extreme. These poor people, seeing the instruments in the observatory, were but too ready to ascribe to them the mysterious cause of all their misfortunes ; nor were they singular in this : two of the *voyageurs*, says Captain Back,

Back, 'when we were taking the dip, hearing the words "*Now! —Stop!*" always succeeded by a perfect silence, looked at each other, and, with significant shrugs, turning hastily away from the railing, reported to their companions that they verily believed I was raising the devil.' It was not that there was actually any scarcity of deer or musk-oxen; several hundreds in a group were frequently seen; but the mildness of the season and the abundance of the rein-deer lichen kept them beyond the usual period on the barren plains, where they could not be got at within gun-shot distance. Not only the deer but the fishery failed them; and the mild weather continuing, by the end of November all their supplies had been exhausted. 'Distress was prevalent, and the din and screeching of women and children too plainly indicated the acuteness of their suffering.' At this moment the appearance of Captain Back's old acquaintance of a former expedition, Akaitcho, with a little meat, enabled him to grant a momentary relief. This ancient chief wore the silver medal which had been given to him at Fort Enterprise by Sir John Franklin, as a proof that he had not forgotten his friends. Many of the Indians went off with this old hunter, who promised the Captain that he and his people should not want as long as he could procure anything to send to the fort.

Towards the end of December absolute famine stared the whole party in the face. The Indians in shoals fell back on the fort as the only chance of prolonging their existence.

'In vain did we endeavour to revive their drooping spirits, and excite them to action; the scourge was too heavy, and their exertions were entirely paralysed. No sooner had one party closed the door, than another, still more languid and distressed, feebly opened it, and confirmed by their half-famished looks and sunken eyes their heart-rending tale of suffering. They spoke little, but crowded in silence round the fire, as if eager to enjoy the only comfort remaining to them. A handful of mouldy pounded meat, which had been originally reserved for our dogs, was the most liberal allowance we could make to each; and this meal, unpalatable and unwholesome as it was, together with the customary presentation of the friendly pipe, was sufficient to efface for a moment the recollection of their sorrows, and even to light up their faces with a smile of hope. "We know," they said, "that you are as much distressed as ourselves, and you are very good." Afflicting as it was to behold such scenes of suffering, it was at the same time gratifying to observe the resignation with which they were met. There were no impious upbraidings of Providence, nor any of those revolting acts, too frequent within late years, which have cast a darker shade over the character of the Indian.'—p. 210.

'Our hall was in a manner filled with invalids and other stupidly-dejected

dejected beings, who, seated round the fire, occupied themselves in roasting and devouring small bits of their reindeer garments, which, even when entire, afforded them a very insufficient protection against a temperature of 102° below the freezing point. The father torpid and despairing—the mother, with a hollow and sepulchral wail, vainly endeavouring to soothe the infant, which with unceasing moan clung to her shrivelled and exhausted breast—the passive child gazing vacantly around; such was one of the many groups that surrounded us.—p. 218.

‘Often,’ says Captain Back, ‘did I share my own plate with the children, whose helpless state and piteous cries were peculiarly distressing; compassion for the full grown may or may not be felt, but that heart must be cased in steel which is insensible to the cry of a child for food.’ The lamentable situation in which they were placed, the scanty rations of pemmican to which the party was reduced, produced, however, no sullen or sulky looks in the fine fellows Back had engaged in England and Canada: they were always cheerful and in good spirits. Back, in imitation of his old commander Franklin, instituted an evening school for their amusement. He pursued his astronomical observations, and when the thermometer at the end of December was at 70° below zero, made experiments on the effect and intensity of the cold on sulphuric and nitric ether, and pyroligneous acid, which are curious; but we must pass over the results.

‘Such, indeed, was the abstraction of heat, that, with eight large logs of dry wood in the fireplace of a small room, I could not get the thermometer higher than 12° plus. Ink and paint froze. The sextant cases, and boxes of seasoned wood, principally fir, all split. Nor was the sensation particularly agreeable to our persons; the skin of the hands especially became dry, cracked, and opened into unsightly and smarting gashes, which we were obliged to anoint with grease. On one occasion, after washing my face within three feet of the fire, my hair was actually clotted with ice before I had time to dry it. From these facts some idea may, perhaps, be formed of the excessive cold. It seemed to have driven all living things from us: we had been accustomed to see a few white partridges about, but even these, hardy as they are, had disappeared. Once, indeed, a solitary raven, whose croak made me run out to look at him, swept round the house, but immediately winged his flight to the westward. Nothing but the passing wind broke the awful solitude of this barren and desolate spot.’—p. 223.

The sufferings of the poor Indians at this period are not to be described. ‘Famine, with her gaunt and bony arm,’ says Back, ‘pursued them at every turn, withered their energies, and strewed them lifeless on the cold bosom of the snow.’ Nine had fallen victims already, and others were on the eve of perishing, when old Akaitcho,

Akaitcho, during this appalling period of suffering and calamity, proved himself the firm friend of the expedition. By his encouraging language and fortitude he kept up their desponding spirits, boldly encountered every difficulty, and made others act by the force of his example. Manfelly, also, another Indian chief, came opportunely with the joyful information, that he had five deer killed for them within a couple of days' walk. Shortly after another chief, *Le Camarade de Mandeville*, brought to the fort two sledges of dried meat; and at the same time came a further supply from Mr. M'Leod, who had gone to a distance with a fishing party; accompanied, however, with the painful intelligence, that he and his family were surrounded by difficulties, privations, and deaths. 'Six more natives of either sex had sunk under the horrors of starvation.'

To add to the affliction suffered by Captain Back, he received a packet from Hudson's Bay by a person who told him that his old friend Augustus, the former affectionate Esquimaux interpreter, no sooner heard that he was again in the country than he resolved to join him; and he had actually walked from Hudson's Bay with that intention, in company of a Canadian and an Iroquois. They lost their way, separated, and poor Augustus fell a sacrifice to famine; his body was some time after this found in the barrens. 'He was,' says Captain Back, 'a faithful, disinterested, kind-hearted creature, who had won the regard not of myself only, but I may add of Sir J. Franklin and Dr. Richardson also, by qualities which, wherever found, in the lowest as in the highest forms of social life, are the ornament and charm of humanity.'

About the middle of April the prospects of the party began to brighten, and active preparations were making for their expedition to the sea-coast. On the 25th of that month a messenger arrived with a packet, which brought Captain Back the welcome intelligence of the safety of Ross and his party. The excitement and hurry of his feelings may well be imagined. He says—

'In the fulness of our hearts we assembled together, and humbly offered up our thanks to that merciful Providence, which in the beautiful language of Scripture hath said, "Mine own will I bring again, as I did sometime from the deeps of the sea." The thought of so wonderful a preservation overpowered for a time the common occurrences of life. We had but just sat down to breakfast; but our appetite was gone, and the day was passed in a feverish state of excitement. Seldom, indeed, did my friend Mr. King or I indulge in a libation, but on this joyful occasion economy was forgotten; a treat was given to the men, and for ourselves the social sympathies were quickened by a generous bowl of punch.'—p. 246.

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This intelligence determined Back to proceed to the shore of the Arctic Sea with one boat only; this plan would suit best the reduced state of the party and their provisions;—while those left behind, in the summer season, would have no difficulty, with the assistance of the Indians, not only to supply themselves with food, but also to collect a quantity for general use against the Captain's return from the northward.

It was the 7th June when Captain Back, accompanied by Mr. King, left Fort Reliance. We can easily imagine with what sensations this brave and zealous traveller set out on this expedition of discovery; how delighted to escape from the wretchedness of a dreary and disastrous winter—from scenes and tales of suffering and death—from wearisome inaction and monotony—from disappointment and heart-sickening care. 'Before me,' he says, 'were novelty and enterprise; hope, curiosity, and the love of adventure were my companions; and even the prospect of difficulties and dangers to be encountered, with the responsibility inseparable from command, instead of damping, rather heightened the enjoyment of the moment.'

It is not necessary to take notice of their progress along the same, or pretty much the same, tract of country they had passed over on their return from Back's River the preceding autumn. It may suffice to say, that on the 28th June the boat was carried over the last and short portage which divides the waters running to the south from those taking a northerly direction; and in the afternoon they had the satisfaction of launching the boat into Back's River, which, from previous information, they had every reason to hope would convey them into the Arctic Sea. The weather had been generally most severe during the month of June—the thermometer below the freezing point—foggy, and attended with storms of snow, hail, and rain: yet, at the end of May, a week before they started, the weather had become so sultry, that the temperature in the sun rose to 106°, forming an extraordinary contrast with that of the 17th January, when the thermometer stood at 70° below zero.

Mr. M'Leod and his party here took leave, and returned to Fort Resolution on the 8th July. Back's party now consisted of ten persons only—himself and Mr. King, two Highlanders, two half-breeds, one man from Orkney, and three English artillerymen. The weight for the boat to carry was estimated at 3360 pounds, exclusive of the awning, masts, yards, sails, spare oars, poles, planking; and the crew. For many days past the weather had been thick and foggy, but on its clearing away suddenly, the branching antlers of twenty reindeer were seen spreading over the summits of the adjacent hills. To see and pursue were the work of a moment.

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‘It was a beautiful and interesting sight, for the sun shone out, and lighting up some parts cast others into deeper shade; the white ice reflected millions of dazzling rays; the rapid leapt and chafed in little ripples, which melted away into the unruffled surface of the slumbering lake; abrupt and craggy rocks frowned on the right; and, on the left, the brown landscape receded until it was lost in the distant blue mountains. The foreground was filled up with the ochre-coloured lodges of the Indians, contrasting with our own pale tents; and to the whole scene animation was given by the graceful motions of the unstartled deer, and the treacherous crawling of the wary hunters.’—p. 307.

They soon had occasion to perceive what kind of difficulties and perils they were likely to experience from the character of the river—full of rapids, cascades, and cataracts, the descent of which, Back says, ‘made him hold his breath; expecting to see the boat dashed to shivers against some protruding rocks, amidst the foam and fury at the foot of a rapid.’ In passing down one of these, where the river, full of large rocks and boulders, was hemmed in by a wall of ice, and the stream flying with the force and velocity of a torrent, the boat was lightened of her cargo; and ‘I stood,’ says Back, ‘on a high rock, with an anxious heart, to see her run it. It was impossible not to feel that one crash would be fatal to the expedition. Away they went with the speed of an arrow, and in a moment the foam and rocks hid them from my view. I heard what sounded in my ear like a wild shriek; I followed with an agitation which may be conceived, and to my inexpressible joy, found that the shriek was the triumphant whoop of the crew, who had landed safely in a small bay below.’

On the 16th July, after having passed some heavy rapids and cascades, a large stream, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, fell from the south-east into Back's River. On the 19th July, having reached the parallel of 66° latitude, they entered a lake of immense extent, full of deep bays on every side and without any current. Here it puzzled them exceedingly to find out the spot where the water was discharged into the river; but the worst was ‘the startling sight of extensive and unbroken fields of ice, stretching to the extremest point of vision.’ At length, however, on the 22nd July, after threading a passage through a barrier of ice in the south-eastern corner of this large sheet of water, which is called Lake Macdougall, and in a comparatively contracted channel, they discovered ‘the whole force of the water gliding smoothly but irresistibly towards two stupendous gneiss rocks, from five to eight hundred feet high, rising like islands on either side.’ From hence a series of falls succeeded, which made it necessary to carry every article of their cargo over a long portage. The passage of the boat was most alarming. ‘Repeatedly did the

the strength of the current hurl the boat within an inch of destruction, and as often did these able and intrepid men ward off the threatened danger.'

Strong and heavy rapids with falls and whirlpools for the next eighty or ninety miles kept the men in a constant state of exertion and anxiety, when they came at length to one that turned out to be the last, as it was the most formidable that had yet occurred; and here they fell in with, and took by surprise, a party of Esquimaux, who were not a little astonished to look upon a set of beings so different from any they had hitherto been accustomed to see:—

'Some called out to us, and others made signs, warning us, as we thought, to avoid the fall, and cross over to their side of the water; but when our intention of doing so was apparent, the men ran towards us, brandishing their spears, uttering loud yells, and, with wild gesticulations, motioning to us not to land.'—p. 379.

Captain Back landed alone, and, without visible weapon, walked deliberately up to them, and, imitating their own action of throwing up his hands, called out *Timā*—peace. In an instant their spears were flung upon the ground, and, placing their hands on their breasts, they also called out *Timā*. Some brass buttons, fish-hooks, and other trifles soon gained their confidence and good will. They had a few tents of poles and skins, five canoes, knives, spears and arrows; and their whole number might be about thirty-five. Back had recollected a few words of their language, and had with him a vocabulary, so that he was able to make them comprehend his wants, the chief of which was information. One of them, an intelligent fellow, drew on paper the line of the river on the right bank to the northward, and gave it a sudden and extraordinary bend to the southward. He then led Back to the summit of the highest rock, and made a curve with his hand from west to east, repeating very quick, 'Tarreoke, tarreoke'—the sea, the sea; and having brought his hand to bear about E.S.E., he at once stopped, saying—'Tarreoke naga,' &c.; importing that, in that direction, there was no sea, but plenty of musk-oxen. Captain Back here observes that 'where there is no common language for the interchange of ideas, all conclusions must at best be uncertain; and few men have so much mastery over themselves as not to lean unconsciously towards a preconceived opinion.' He is quite right; and he might have instanced, among the 'tales of travellers,' long and minute accounts of the manners, customs, religion, and even biographies of this secluded and dwarfish race, furnished by those who knew scarcely the most common words of their language. Here, however, the man's words and signs accorded with his drawing, and were subsequently verified.

These good-natured and friendly people were of essential service to Captain Back; for information having been brought to him by his men, that the fall was so tremendous that no boat could survive the descent, and that the crew were quite unequal to the task of conveying it over the long and lofty portage, he made significant signs to the Esquimaux to lend them a helping hand. 'The request was cheerfully complied with, and with their assistance we succeeded in carrying the boat below the fall; so that, in reality, I was indebted to them for getting to the sea at all.'

On the 29th July, the day after parting with the Esquimaux, on the fog clearing up, they got sight of a majestic headland in the extreme distance to the north, on the eastern side of the river, which had so coast-like an appearance that no doubt could be entertained of its being one side of the opening into the sea; and so it proved to be on approaching it, and received the name of her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria. On the party arriving at this promontory, Captain Back thus sums up a brief and general view of this impetuous river:—

'This, then, may be considered as the mouth of the Thlew-ee-choh, which, after a violent and tortuous course of five hundred and thirty geographical miles, running through an iron-ribbed country without a single tree on the whole line of its banks, expanding into fine large lakes with clear horizons, most embarrassing to the navigator, and broken into falls, cascades, and rapids, to the number of no less than eighty-three in the whole, pours its waters into the Polar Sea in latitude $67^{\circ} 11' 00''$ N., and longitude $94^{\circ} 30' 0''$ W.; that is to say, about thirty-seven miles more south than the mouth of the Copper Mine River, and nineteen miles more south than that of Back's River at the lower extremity of Bathurst's Inlet.'—p. 390.

After a perusal of the narrative of this part of the expedition, we must say that the difficulties which Captain Back and his 'brave band of brothers' had to encounter, the dangers to which they were frequently exposed in overcoming them, the fatigue and privations they had to endure, and, in the midst of all, the patience, good humour, and willingness manifested on some very trying occasions, are above all praise; and more particularly so when, at an advanced period of the year, all the symptoms of winter had begun to threaten them with incarceration in the most desolate, inhospitable, and, from the experience he had of it, detestable region of the globe. In the best possible view of their condition they had before them the undisguised and not to be concealed truth, that the return to their winter-quarters must be made by the same long and arduous route, now rendered doubly difficult and arduous by having all the rapids, and falls, and cascades opposing, instead of aiding, their progress.

But

But other difficulties and hardships awaited them. Though the main object of the expedition no longer existed, Captain Back was anxious not to leave the coast until he had gained all the geographical information that the circumstances of the weather and the advanced season of the year would allow; but the whole of the estuary of the river was blocked up with ice. The bluff point described by the Esquimaux was full before them, at a short distance beyond Cape Victoria; but to have attempted to double that point, amidst the obstacles that surrounded them, would have involved them in inextricable difficulties; for the prevailing westerly winds and current packing the drift ice into Prince Regent's Inlet would have rendered their return utterly impossible. This bluff point, which was named Cape Hay, appears to be the northern extreme of the eastern coast. The weather for ten days continued chilly, wet, and foggy; during which they were mostly blocked up by ice, and unable to make any progress. This was mortification enough; but it was not all. The reindeer moss and a species of fern, the only products of this desolate region, were so much soaked with wet that they would not burn; so that, although they could and did kill deer, and might have got musk-oxen, they had no means of cooking their flesh—not even to boil a little water for tea. In eight days, we think Back says, they had but one hot meal. In this cheerless and wretched condition, without fire—without any species of warm food—the rain scarcely ceasing for a moment, except to give way to snow—in such a state of suffering—and in total ignorance of what might be their future fate,—we agree with Captain Back, that ‘it cannot be a matter of astonishment, and much less of blame, that even the best men, benumbed in their limbs, and dispirited by the dreary and unpromising prospect before them, broke out for a moment into low murmurings that theirs was a hard and painful duty.’

An event, apparently of trifling importance, was sufficient to divert their attention for a time from their deplorable situation. On the 10th August they had reached the latitude of $68^{\circ} 10'$ on the western side of the estuary, from whence a party was sent to the westward to make observations. In the evening of that day, the Captain says—

‘A shout of “What have you got there?” announced the return of the men: the jocular answer of “A piece of the North Pole,” immediately brought Mr. King and myself from out the tent; and we found that they had really picked up a piece of *drift-wood nine feet long and nine inches in diameter*, together with a few sticks of smaller drift-wood, and a part of a canoe. When, the large trunk was sawed, I was rather surprised to see it very little sodden with water;

a proof that it could not have been exposed for any considerable time to its action. From the peculiar character of the wood, which was pine, of that kind which is remarkable for its freedom from knots, I had no doubt that it had originally grown somewhere in the upper part of the country, about the Mackenzie; and of this I was the more competent to judge from my recollection of the drift-wood west of that large river, which it exactly resembled. Though we had strong reasons to be grateful for this unlooked-for treasure, as affording us the means of enjoying a hot meal—the first for several days,—yet there were other considerations which gave it in my eyes a far greater importance. In it I saw what I thought an incontrovertible proof of the set of a current from the westward along the coast to our left, and that consequently we had arrived at the main line of the land: for it is a fact well known to the officers of both Sir John Franklin's expeditions, that the absence of drift-wood was always regarded as an infallible sign that we had gone astray from the main, either among islands or in some such opening as Bathurst's Inlet, where, by reason of the set of the current, not a piece of any size was found.'—p. 413.

Several other pieces of drift wood, besides this log, were found by Mr. King, also a musk-ox and the greater part of the vertebræ and ribs of a whale, lying on the beach. No doubt could be entertained of all these being brought by the current from the westward. Captain Back was very desirous, but the difficulty was how, to get upon that coast, wedged in as they were by a body of ice that seemed to fill the whole extent of the estuary, which in its narrowest part appears by the chart to be twenty miles, and its depth from Victoria Headland to Point Richardson seventy miles. All that could be done was to despatch a party overland to trace the coast to the westward, but they had only been able to follow the shore about fifteen miles with the greatest exertion and hard labour, sinking into snow and swamp mid-leg deep at every step. The naked and uniform surface was broken only by one green hill, to which was given the name of Mount Barrow. From the summit of this hill was seen a wide opening in the land to the south-west,—in all probability the estuary of another river. 'To the north-east,' says Captain Back, 'there was water and ice, and beyond it a dark-grey or what is denominated a water-sky, while from the east to Cape Hay there was an open sea.'

On the evening of the 13th August, when wedged in on every side, and not ten yards of open water to be seen in any part of the estuary, suddenly, as if by magic, the whole body of ice began to drift with great rapidity in the direction of west-north-west. 'I was convinced, therefore,' says Back, 'that there must be in that particular bearing either a main sea or a very deep opening, to have allowed the escape of so great a portion of the immense extent of ice before us.' The next day a north-west wind brought it

it all back again. Captain Back had hoped that the permanent opening of the ice would have afforded him the means of tracing the coast as far as Cape Turnagain; but it was now—the 18th August—but too clear that any such hope must be abandoned.

‘I had for some time cherished the notion of dividing the party, leaving four to protect the boat and property, whilst the remainder, with Mr. King, would have accompanied me on a land journey towards Point Turnagain, but this scheme was completely frustrated by the impracticability of carrying any weight on a soil in which at every step we sunk half-leg deep, destitute of shrubs or moss for fuel, and almost without water, over which we must have travelled for days to have made even a few miles of longitude; and where, finally, if sickness had overtaken any one, his fate would have been inevitable. Thus circumstanced, therefore, and reflecting on the long and dangerous stream, combining all the bad features of the worst rivers in the country that we had to retrace, the hazards of the falls and rapids, and the slender hope which remained of our attaining one mile farther, I assembled the men, and informed them that the period fixed upon by his Majesty’s government for my return had arrived; and that it now only remained to unfurl the British flag, and salute it with three cheers in honour of his Most Gracious Majesty, whilst his royal name should be given to this portion of America, by the appellation of “William the Fourth’s Land.” The appeal was heartily responded to, and the loyal service was performed with the cheering accompaniment of a good glass of grog.’

Cape Richardson, the extreme point seen to the northward, is in lat. $68^{\circ} 46' N.$, long. $96^{\circ} 20' W.$; Ross’s Obelisk in lat. $69^{\circ} 31' N.$, long. $99^{\circ} 7' W.$ The bearing therefore of the second from the first is $N. 52^{\circ} W.$, distance eighty-six English miles; and the probable narrowest part of the strait, which separates the land called Boothia from the continent of America, between Point Richardson and Cape Smyth, thirty English miles. By observations with good needles, the line of variation taken at Back’s extreme point passes a little to the eastward of Captain James Ross’s magnetic pole.

The fact of the drift-wood at this point of North America establishes, we think beyond a doubt, the continuity of the coast from the mouth of Mackenzie’s River, and of the current by which alone it could have been brought; it also proves the existence of a channel between the northern coast of America, and the spot where Captain James Ross erected his obelisk; and this receives a further confirmation from the immense field of ice which broke away to the westward, where there must have been an open channel to receive it. The water and ice, and the grey sky to the N.E., pointed directly to the strait of the Fury and Hecla, indicating an approach to the perpetual current which sets through
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that strait, and which can only proceed from the western sea, there being none in Prince Regent's Inlet to the northward of that strait. The clear sea to the eastward of Cape Hay proved the correctness of the Esquimaux information, and was, in all probability, connected with another estuary falling into Prince Regent's Inlet, at the bottom of which may be the mouth of another river, running behind the mountains parallel to Back's River; and *here* will no doubt be found the place mentioned by the Esquimaux to Parry, and subsequently to Ross, under the name of *Accolee*, supposed to be not more than forty or fifty miles from the head of Wager Bay.

We have considered the drift-wood to be, as Captain Back does, decisive of the continuance of the current from the westward, because by no other possible means could it have reached the point where it was found. The last remains of anything like wood, stunted firs and bushes, were seen in latitude $63^{\circ} 15' N.$ on the banks of the southern waters, or those which flowed into the Great Slave Lake; not a stick of any description was seen on the whole extent of Back's River; and Dr. Richardson observes 'that none of the rivers on this part of the coast (the eastward of Hearne's River) bring down any drift-timber.' The eastern side of America, through which Back's River flows, is composed of mountainous ridges of granite, porphyry, and slaty gneiss, with sandy barrens strewed over with large granite boulders. How different is the western coast of Norway, where forests of firs and birches are found growing as high up as the 70th parallel of latitude!

It will not be necessary for us to notice the laborious exertions of the party on their return. If they were severe on their descent of this impetuous river, how much more so must have been the ascent against the general current, the rapids and the portages, with increasing cold and stormy weather. At Garry's Lake they encountered a party of Esquimaux, which might amount to sixty persons, but they were shy, and no communication was had with them; they were supposed to have come from Wager Bay or Chesterfield Inlet. The whole tract was utter desolation; now and then a solitary white wolf, a wounded deer, or a musk-ox, might be seen sauntering near the bank of the river; even the mosquitos and the sand-flies were either dead or had buried themselves till the resurrection to a new life the following spring; the berries had not ripened, but were hanging green on the bushes. For thirty-six days they had tugged their boat against the stream or over the portages, making the average about fourteen miles a-day, when, on the 20th September, they fell in with Mr. M'Leod, at Sand-hill Bay, at the head of Aylmer Lake, where he had been waiting for them

them four days. The descent from hence to Fort Reliance occupied only a few days; but the day previous to their arrival they found it impossible to get their boat over the portage of Anderson's Falls, and were compelled to leave it behind.

At a short distance from Fort Reliance, and near to the mouth of the river which discharges the waters of the chain of large lakes—the Aylmer, the Clinton-Golden, and the Artillery—into the Great Slave Lake, is one of the grandest objects in nature, a tremendous waterfall, the description of which we must leave to Back:—

‘From the only point at which the greater part of it was visible, we could distinguish the river coming sharp round a rock, and falling into an upper basin almost concealed by intervening rocks; whence it broke in one vast sheet into a chasm between four and five hundred feet deep, yet in appearance so narrow that we fancied we could almost step across it. Out of this the spray rose in misty columns several hundred feet above our heads; but as it was impossible to see the main fall from the side on which we were, in the following spring I paid a second visit to it, approaching from the western bank. The road to it, which I then traversed in snow shoes, was fatiguing in the extreme, and scarcely less dangerous; for, to say nothing of the steep ascents, fissures in the rocks, and deep snow in the valleys, we had sometimes to creep along the narrow shelves of precipices slippery with the frozen mist that fell on them. But it was a sight which well repaid any risk. My first impression was of a strong resemblance to an iceberg in Smeerenberg Harbour, Spitzbergen. The whole face of the rocks forming the chasm was entirely coated with blue, green, and white ice, in thousands of pendent icicles; and there were, moreover, caverns, fissures, and overhanging ledges in all imaginable varieties of form, so curious and beautiful as to surpass any thing of which I had ever heard or read. The immediate approaches were extremely hazardous, nor could we obtain a perfect view of the lower fall, in consequence of the projection of the western cliffs. At the lowest position which we were able to attain, we were still more than a hundred feet above the level of the bed of the river beneath; and this, instead of being narrow enough to step across, as it had seemed from the opposite heights, was found to be at least two hundred feet wide.

‘The colour of the water varied from a very light to a very dark green; and the spray, which spread a dimness above, was thrown up in clouds of light grey. Niagara, Wilberforce's Falls in Hood's River, the falls of Kakabikka near Lake Superior, the Swiss or Italian falls,—although they may each “charm the eye with dread,” are not to be compared to this for splendour of effect. It was the most imposing spectacle I had ever witnessed; and, as its berg-like appearance brought to mind associations of another scene, I bestowed upon it the name of our celebrated navigator, Sir Edward Parry, and called it Parry's Falls.’—p. 451—453.

Among

Among the many beautiful prints which decorate this work, we should have been glad to see one of this extraordinary cascade, but the continued volume of spray, which concealed the water, like that of an Iceland geyser, the difficulty of getting to any spot whence a view of the whole could be comprehended, and the horrible state of the weather, rendered it impossible to obtain any intelligible sketch of it. From this cataract, however, we may obtain a rough estimate of the whole fall of Back's River. Taking Lake Aylmer at 600 feet, which is as nearly as may be on the same level as Sussex Lake, the source of the Back, and Slave Lake at 200 feet above the level of the sea (as estimated on a former expedition), the whole fall of the Back, from Sussex Lake to the sea, will be 800 feet; and taking the length of the river at 620 English miles, the average fall will be 1·3 feet per mile.

We must not close the book without once more expressing our high opinion of its general interest—as depicting artlessly and unconsciously the noble mind and character of its author. It is needless, after the extracts we have given, to add that the narrative is clearly and vigorously penned. As a literary composition, indeed, it may perhaps rank higher than any former volume of that valuable *library* which we owe to the Marine Worthies engaged in the Northern expeditions.

Whether it be owing to the return of Back, or the fitting-out of ships of war to proceed in search of the unfortunate whalers, the public mind has again been turned with considerable zeal to the subject of northern geography and the north-west passage. Numerous propositions having been made to the Royal Geographical Society on the subject, they appointed a committee to collect the opinions of those best acquainted with what has been done and what still remains to be done. Three letters, one from Sir John Barrow, the President, a second from Dr. Richardson, and a third from Sir John Franklin, have been printed, and copies of them are now before us.

Sir John Barrow sets out by stating that the honour which England has acquired among the continental nations of Europe by her successful exertions in extending our knowledge of the globe, both by sea and land, has very naturally created in the public mind an ardent desire that further endeavours should be made to complete what has been left unfinished. He states his opinion that the practicability of a north-west passage, after the experience that has been acquired, will scarcely admit of a doubt;—that England would be held altogether inexcusable were she to suffer any other nation, by her own indifference to rob her of all her previous discoveries, by passing through the door which she had herself opened;—that the honour would descend upon him
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who first stepped over the threshold, and not on him who led the way to it; just as Vasco de Gama has run away with the honour of having discovered the Cape of Good Hope, which had been passed ten years before by Bartholomew Diaz. He observes, that this is a question which has never been lost sight of by the government; that it was the favourite object of Elizabeth; that it has met with encouragement from almost every succeeding sovereign; that rewards have been offered by Parliament for its completion; and, in a word, that it has become distinctly and unequivocally a national object. He tells us there is at the Russian settlement close to Behring's Strait a bold, intelligent, and enterprising governor (the Baron Wrangel), whose mind is turned to geographical discovery, who has passed fifty-eight days on the Arctic Siberian Sea, and has two corvettes on his station—and that there is every reason to believe he waits only the consent of his government to try his fortune on an enterprise, the success of which would confer on his name immortal honour.

The water communication between the Atlantic and Pacific being fully established, the President goes on to explain the causes of the failures that have hitherto occurred. He says, the attempts can only be considered as experimental; that the proper route was unknown; that to pass the winter in the frozen ocean was new; that it was therefore quite natural to cling to some shore—and that *hence* originated the failures; that the heavy ice grounding on the coasts, especially on those of narrow straits, into which it has been drifted, not only endangered the safety of the ships, one of which was totally wrecked, a second nearly so, and a third abandoned—but, after being shut up for nine or ten months of the year, any attempt to make progress the *second* season was utterly paralyzed. He therefore recommends that king's ships, properly strengthened, should avoid the straits and shores, and keep to the broad and open sea, wholly free of ice in summer, and but partially covered in winter; he instances the *Granville Bay* whaler, as being shut up and drifted in the ice six hundred miles, without any material injury—and argues that a king's ship has therefore little to apprehend if so shut up.

He next asks, 'Where is this open sea to be found?' and answers the question by referring to the accounts given by Franklin, Richardson, Elson (the master of Beechey's ship) and Captain James Ross. From these it appears, that along the whole coast of America no land was seen to the northward, that the sea was mostly free from ice, and that the few small detached masses offered no obstruction to the navigation even of the Esquimaux canoes. Captain James Ross proceeded along the western coast of what has been improperly called Boothia (for Parry had discovered
and

and wintered on it), first to the northward, where he fixed the place of the magnetic pole, and then to the southward, where he erected his obelisk; but in no part of his journey did he see any land to the westward, nor any impediment to the navigation of that sea: this officer also states his opinion that this west coast trends northerly to Cape Walker, where Parry has described a wide opening to the southward. Sir John therefore concludes, and we think reasonably enough, 'that between the coast of America and the northern islands (Melville and others) there is a broad open sea, open enough for a ship of war to make her way through it.' As it has been proved that no difficulty exists in the passage through Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, that open sea, it may be presumed, is easily attainable; 'and in such case,' says the President, 'I do not think it too much to express a hope that the passage (the north-west) would be accomplished, and perhaps in one year.'

The other two papers are purely geographical. Dr. Richardson recommends that an expedition should be sent over the same ground already traversed, to take up its winter quarters at the eastern end of Great Bear Lake; that from hence it should complete the survey of the coast to the westward of the Mackenzie River, and after that to the eastward of Point Turnagain. He then lays down the plan to be pursued, the number of men and boats to be employed, and cuts out work enough for at least a three years' expedition. He admits, however, that the eastern portion falls under the plan of Sir John Franklin, and that no better plan could be suggested.

This plan of Sir John Franklin is as follows:—that a ship, or two small vessels, with two boats, be sent to Wager River, which he supposes cannot be more than forty miles from the extremity of Prince Regent's Inlet; each boat to carry eight persons, with two months' provisions: the one to be employed in tracing the coast westward towards the part reached by Captain Back, and thence onwards to Point Turnagain; the other to follow the east shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, up to the Strait of Hecla and Fury. He lays down the detail of the plan for regulating the proceedings of the two parties, and their return to the ship or ships in Wager Bay. He recommends Captain James Ross and Captain Back as the most proper officers for carrying his plan into execution; and adds, 'in case of either of them not being at hand when the expedition ought to sail, I should feel the greatest pleasure in filling his place.' Since this, however, Sir John Franklin has obtained a more eligible employment, and a well-deserved reward of his noble career, in the appointment of governor of Van Diemen's Land.

Captain

Captain Beaufort, the masterly hydrographer of the Admiralty, appears to have been called in to pronounce an opinion on the above plans. He commences by observing that 'every year seems to bring forward some accession of interest to the great question of the north-west passage, and of the northern configuration of America.' He says 'that there is an open and, at times, a navigable sea passage between the Straits of Davis and Behring there *can be no doubt* in the mind of any person who has duly weighed the evidence; and it is equally certain that it would be an intolerable disgrace to this country were the flag of any other nation to be borne through it before our own;' that he is satisfied that the mode proposed by Sir John Barrow is the most prudent that could be adopted; that the eastern attempt by Cape Horn, advocated by some, would be highly imprudent, for reasons which he states: but he thinks the Geographical Society should recommend to his Majesty's government a humble and more temporary field of action, more appropriate to the nature of the institution, more easy and economical in its execution, and more certain and rapid in its result; that to fix the proper moment for effecting the ambitious object of the north-west passage is solely the duty of government, and the resulting credit, both at home and throughout the world, ought to be solely theirs. He therefore recommends the Society to endeavour to prevail with the government to fit out a small expedition *this summer* for Wager Bay, according to the general plan of Sir John Franklin; and that it should leave England in May.

This recommendation, conveyed by a deputation of the Council of the Society, has, we understand, been favourably received by the two departments concerned—the Colonial Office and the Admiralty. As regards the present year, it is obviously too late to make preparations for the grand object of accomplishing the north-west passage. But we do confidently trust it will not be abandoned, and that the plan and route pointed out by the President of the Geographical Society, and sanctioned by the approbation of Captain Beaufort, will be adopted, and brought to a successful issue.

NOTE

On No. CVI.—Article '*English Charity*.'

WE have received a letter from a clergyman who supposes himself to be alluded to in page 520 of this article, which, on his partial recovery from a long and severe illness, had been put into his hands by his friends. The reverend gentleman states that 'the words and sentiments imputed to him in that passage convey a charge contradicted by his whole ministerial life—are opposed to facts in the parish, which he is in a condition to prove—and attribute

attribute to him language which he unhesitatingly asserts, and undertakes to declare on oath if necessary, he never used.' We are very sorry for it, if any such misrepresentation has occurred; but we believe the author of the article on 'English Charity' quoted the *ipsissima verba* of a report sent to the New Poor Law Board by one of their assistant-commissioners. We conclude, therefore, that if our correspondent be right in taking to his own parish the case alluded to, the assistant-commissioner had—most probably owing to the hastiness of his interview with an invalid—unfortunately mistaken the purport of the communication made to him. As to the matter of fact itself, if he really was alluded to, the reverend gentleman's solemn statement is conclusive.

NOTE

On No. CIX., p. 60.

WE are informed that the Marquess of Westmeath thinks himself entitled to complain of the passage in this page, where we had occasion to introduce an allusion to his lordship's evidence before the commissioners for inquiry into the condition of the poorer classes in Ireland. Lord Westmeath must have misunderstood the passage in question. We impugned his lordship's doctrine that 'a poor law can IN NO SHAPE be levied in Ireland without an atrocious violation of the rights of property'—and we put an hypothetical case in order to apply to that doctrine the logical argument called the *reductio ad absurdum*. We had not the remotest intention of so far overstepping our jurisdiction as to express any opinion concerning the noble marquess's private character as a landlord.

NOTE

On No. CIX. p. 161, Article 'Life of Lord Exmouth.'

THAT excellent work, the 'United Service Journal,' calls our notice to the omission of the name of Lieut.-General Sir Hudson Lowe, who certainly ought to have been mentioned as the able coadjutor of the late Lord Exmouth in the deliverance of Marseilles from the threatened violence of Marshal Brune, and as having equally participated in the honourable acknowledgment of that city's gratitude. The omission was entirely accidental: there is no case in which we should have been more unwilling to exhibit the slightest disrespect than in that of the worst used public servant of this age, Sir Hudson Lowe.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1836.

ART. I.—*Correspondance privée et inédite de Louis XVIII. pendant son séjour en Angleterre.* Bruxelles, 1836.

THESE letters are not introduced to the public by any preface or explanation whatsoever—not a word as to the person to whom they were addressed—nor whence they have been obtained—nor, in short, anything to attest their authenticity. We nevertheless do not hesitate to pronounce them genuine, and to acquaint the public—with what the editor chooses, we know not why, to conceal—that the person to whom they were addressed by Louis XVIII. was the *Count d'Avaray*, who—our readers may recollect—(Quart. Rev. vol. xxviii. p. 467) accompanied him in his lucky escape from Paris in June, 1793, and who continued attached to his person in all his subsequent vicissitudes—more on the footing of a private friend than a courtier—until 1810, when a pulmonary complaint obliged the count to pass the winter in Madeira, where he died in the ensuing year. These letters were written during this, we believe the only, separation which had taken place between the Prince and M. d'Avaray since their exile. Being only fourteen in number, and all written within nine months to one individual, they certainly do not deserve the lofty title of '*The Correspondence of Louis XVIII. during his residence in England*;' and being confined to the mere expression of private regard and anxiety for a sick friend—a little, and but a little, enlivened by the news of the day—they possess hardly any intrinsic importance, either historical or political—they tell no secrets—they open no views—nay, they scarcely indicate a personal interest in the great drama that was at the time acting in Europe. The cause of this extraordinary inanity probably was the prudence of the writer—though we were masters of the seas, still a packet-boat might be accidentally captured, and Louis was too discreet to expose his own dignity, or his own interests, or the safety of his friends on the continent, to the chance, however remote, of his letters being intercepted; Whatever be the cause, the correspondence is exceedingly jejune. Buonaparte might have read it at the time without getting much more insight into the public or private views of his competitor than he might have collected from the newspapers; and the only interest it can now have is from whatever little light it may throw

on the personal character of a prince whose restoration and reign afforded France the only portion of tranquillity and rational liberty which she had enjoyed since the commencement of the revolution. They will not add much to the King's literary fame, nor do they bring out any of the higher qualities of the mind, but they exhibit good temper and good sense, here and there a touch of rather delicate humour—and throughout an easy and agreeable style, with more of feeling than he is generally supposed to have possessed.

As specimens of the really familiar and confidential correspondence of *kings* are rare, our readers will probably thank us for presenting them with a few extracts from that of a sovereign whose latter life was so eminent and important.

‘Hartwell, 9th October, 1810.

‘As there is, no doubt, a constant communication between Portugal and Madeira, you will hear the news of the Peninsula direct sooner than from England. You will perhaps also have heard of the arrival of Lucien at Malta. They represent him as having escaped, but he had forty people in his suite. B. P. [*Buonaparte*] therefore could not have been ignorant of it; for, at least, his agents are not fools. What, then, can be the object of this movement? I cannot guess. All that I know is, that I look on M. Lucien as another *Sinon*. “*But he had quarrelled,*” say they, “*with his brother.*” Mighty fine! as if the quarrels of rogues who have the same interest ever lasted.

‘In the north, however, matters seem seriously perplexed, and nothing persuades me more of the probability of a war than B. P. publishing in the *Moniteur* that he never was on better terms with Russia. Poor Alexander! It is, indeed, high time that he should look about him. I hardly allow him a year before he will be reduced to the same extremities as his unfortunate neighbour, of whom some one said the other day that he was no longer the *King of Prussia*, but the *Prussian King*.’—p. 18.

At the time this was written the public was very far from suspecting the probability of a reconciliation between Napoleon and Lucien; and still less that of an early rupture between Russia and France.

The birth of the *King of Rome*, so portentous to the rest of the world, is treated by him, to whose interests it seemed the most irreparable and fatal blow, with a resignation quite prophetic and almost contemptuous—

‘So then, we have a babe in the Napoleon family. Whether he is really the flesh and blood of the unhappy archduchess herself, or only an interloper smuggled into her bed-chamber, what care I? Many people look upon this event as highly important. I am not of that opinion, and here's my dilemma. If God has condemned us to this tyranny, B. P. can never want a successor; if, on the other hand, the divine wrath should pass away, all the babies in the world will not prevent the overthrow of the edifice of iniquity.’—p. 89.

The

The king seems to have looked with some degree of suspicion at the attempt of the Duke of Orleans to place himself at the head of the Spanish insurrection—an attempt which M. Sarrans and the other disappointed patriots of July now reproach to Louis Philippe as a proof that, if, as old Lafayette boasted at the *Hôtel de Ville*, he had never borne arms against France, the merit was none of his. Louis XVIII. tells the short issue of that affair with sarcastic dryness—

‘Hartwell, 5th November, 1810.

‘The Duke of Orleans has been ordered off to Sicily by the Cortes; the motion was made in that monstrous assembly (monstrous I call it, because the annals of Spain can produce no instance of a cortes in which there are but three grandees) on the 28th September, and passed by a simple majority of five votes. The execution of the decree was confided to the regency. A member apprised the Duke of Orleans of what was going on, and advised him to present himself to the Cortes; he hastened thither, gave them a dreadful fright, but was not admitted, and referred back to the executive power. On his return to his residence, he found waiting for him the Governor of Cadiz, who *politely kept him company* till he had actually put him on board ship.’—p. 26.

We see in this and the following extract the principle which in 1823 directed his own policy with regard to the revolutionary Cortes of Spain—

‘Hartwell, 5th February, 1811.

‘They say (and as the report comes from both Paris and Cadiz I am afraid there may be some truth in it) that B. P. has a design for replacing Ferdinand on the throne of Spain, on condition of his marrying a sister of the unhappy Marie Louise. But, on the other hand, the Cortes have declared—at least so I read in a Cadiz Gazette—that “they would not recognize Ferdinand if he came under the protection of a tyrant, the usurper of the throne of Louis XVIII.” So there they are standing up for the rights of a foreign sovereign, while they usurp the authority of their own. This inconsistency arises from the opinion which now seems to prevail of the sovereignty of the people, which has, it seems, a right to make what revolutions it pleases, *provided they be not bloody*. To what an extent does not this fatal doctrine reach? Would you believe, my friend, that the King of Sweden himself, not only defends the conduct of his uncle towards him, but even professes to regard him as the legitimate sovereign?”—p. 69.

Our readers are aware that this poor king of Sweden, Gustavus IV.—whose spirit was too high for his political means or personal abilities—professed a kind of romantic friendship for the exiled Bourbons. When he in his turn became an exile, and visited England, Louis seems to have shown him as much interest and

attention as his own limited circumstances would allow ; but he appears to have soon become fully aware that Gustavus's misfortunes had all been produced by the waywardness of his own character.

‘ *Hartwell, 13th March, 1811.*

‘ The king of Sweden leaves this to-morrow before day-light, and England by the end of next week. He goes at first to Heligoland—then to Anholt, to try to open some communication with Sweden as to his personal property, of which he has not for a long time received a penny. Thence to Russia, and thence he hopes to return into Switzerland. Poor prince! I fear that he has lost for ever that happiness of which he is really so deserving. It is not that he regrets the loss of his station ; on the contrary, he talks of that with an indifference which one could not believe without having witnessed it as I have done. Quiet is what he professes to want, but surely whirling about the world is not the means of obtaining that object. Besides, though he never has made me an explicit confidence on that subject, it is easy to see that he has some domestic annoyances. I now had rather he had not come to England. A plague upon Freemasons and their worthy offspring the Illuminati—they were I believe the first cause of this poor prince's misfortunes, and ever since he has lost his throne they have done and still do him a world of mischief.’—p. 77.

There is more to the same effect, from which it is clear that Louis had discovered in their personal intercourse, that his friend was the victim not so much of a political intrigue as of a diseased imagination.

The death of his wife Mary Josephine of Savoy, in November, 1811, is the only private event of any importance which occurs during the correspondence, and his sentiments on that occasion are creditable both to his head and his heart. He attended her with affectionate anxiety, and lamented her loss with a sober, and therefore the more touching sincerity. At the end of two months he writes—

‘ *Hartwell, 7th January, 1811.*

‘ Fear nothing for my health. It has not suffered. I am already at the point where I believe I shall remain—“ *no more tears—no more pangs of sorrow,*” but a sincere regret, a void in my life which I feel a hundred times a-day. A thought occurs to me—sad, or gay, or indifferent—no matter, a recollection of something old, or an emotion at something new ; I find myself saying mechanically *I must tell HER this*, and then I recollect my loss, the illusion vanishes, and I say to myself, the day of those *soft intercourses* is gone for ever. All this does not hinder my sleeping and eating, nor taking part in the conversation, nor even laughing when the occasion occurs ; but the sad thought that she is gone *for ever* mixes itself with everything, and, like a drop of wormwood in food or drink, embitters the flavour without entirely destroying it.’—p. 48.

And

And again : two months later—

‘ *Hartwell, 13th March, 1811.*

‘ My grief has lost its *sharpness*, but it does not wear off—any trifle awakens it afresh. A bit of paper, accidentally marked with two letters by which I used to designate *her*, has this morning painfully reminded me that I shall do so no more. The other day the Duke of Havré, on coming into the room before dinner, followed by the Duchess of Serant, whom I did not see, stepped aside, as he used to do for *her* in happier times. This accident created a momentary illusion, the recovery from which was painful : but still more painful, and which I feel as an additional calamity, is that the time is come which must divide me from even her dear remains. Wishes, which I could not resist, oblige me to send them to the tomb of her ancestors in Savoy. The removal will take place on Tuesday. It cannot be helped—but I feel that I am again separated from her.’—p. 75.

Again : a month later—

‘ *Hartwell, 1st April, 1811.*

‘ You know how much I love spring, how delighted I have always been with the first fine days, the first leaves, the first flowers—the delight is not destroyed, but that *drop of wormwood* mixes itself with it. When I breathe this genial air, I say, it would have done *her* so much good. We have a white camelia here, which never has flowered so brilliantly as this year. Alas ! it reminds me that I had bought it for her on her birth-day. That birth-day has since revolved. I softened the grief it revived by prayers for the departed. But do not imagine that I would get rid of *this drop of wormwood*, for that could only be by forgetting her.’—p. 80.

If these letters had been written to any one but M. d’Avaray, or, in other words, if it were possible that they could have been intended *for effect*, we should have thought that there was rather too much of this sentiment—but under the very peculiar circumstances of the case, there can be no doubt that they were the sincere overflowings of Louis’s feelings ; and we notice them the rather, because it was not, we believe, generally suspected that so much connubial affection had existed.

The good Queen died with exemplary piety, courage, and presence of mind. The King relates one anecdote of the serenity with which she approached her end. So long ago as in the year 1769, a gentleman in the household of the Count d’Artois, of the name of Motte, happened to die during a very violent ‘storm ; from this incident the royal family had been in the habit of saying amongst themselves, whenever they spoke of tempestuous weather—‘*tis the weather of Motte’s death*. While the Queen was dying, the weather was very boisterous—the worst, indeed, the King had ever witnessed in England. She quietly whispered him who sat
by

by her bed,—‘ You will not *hereafter* talk of “ the weather of *Motte’s* death ! ” ’

The King was a scholar, and particularly well versed in *Horace*. M. d’Avaray had written home for some books, and amongst others, for a French translation of *Horace*. His royal friend replies—

‘ Your commission about *Horace* was not so easy. There is a translation by the Abbé Desfontaines, but he got no farther than the middle of the third book of the odes—so that would not suit you. I lately bought a translation by M. Daru—the *tribune* Daru—the *Count* Daru. It is in verse; here and there happily enough executed, but more frequently very poor, and sometimes it does not give the meaning at all—this again is not what you want—I have therefore fallen back on the old translation of *Le Père Sannazar*, which is on the whole the least imperfect.’—p. 111.

Here the editor subjoins a note to prove that the King was in error, and for *Sannazar* should have written *Sanadon*. There is no doubt that *Sanadon* was meant, but it is much more probable that the *copyist*, who has made a multitude of blunders, has made this additional mistake, than the King, who certainly could hardly have confounded the Italian *Sannazaro* with the French Jesuit *Sanadon*. His Majesty proceeds:—

‘ But I fear that the good father may have only translated the *opera expurgata*. That he should have omitted “ *Rogare longo putidam te seculo* ”—“ *Quid tibi vis mulier nigris dignissima barris* ”—would be very right; these two odes are really disgusting, as well as some scattered lines in the satires; but there are many delicious passages unnecessarily cut out, which I should be sorry that you should not have. I see but one remedy—send me the list of the odes you have, with their numbers, and the few first words thus—*L. i. Od. i., Mæcenas atavis*, &c. I shall then see what you want, and will endeavour to supply the deficiency by an humble attempt of my own.’—p. 111.

We should have liked very much to have had some specimens of this royal version of *Horace*; and we have reason to suspect, that, upon this hint, the Parisian booksellers are actually preparing to publish his Majesty’s translation—a design which we find it our duty to defeat, or at least to denounce as a fraud, by stating, first, that we happen to know that some literary men had been requested to versify the odes intended to be put forth in his Majesty’s name; and, secondly, that it is next to certain, that his Majesty never made any such translation at all—poor M. d’Avaray having died before he could avail himself of the proposed kindness of his royal friend. If, therefore, the work should appear, it may be safely placed on the same shelf with the fabricated *Memoirs of Louis*

Louis XVIII., which we exposed in a former Number, and which are now confessed, even by the persons concerned in that publication, to have been forgeries.

We have now done with these letters, and our readers, when told that we have extracted the most interesting passages, will, we think, agree in the opinion we stated at the outset. It is said that the publication was suppressed by the last ministry of Charles X. We can hardly guess why,—for though the letters are meagre enough, they are not discreditable to the King's memory, nor, we should have thought, offensive to any one. We rather suspect that the opposition may have arisen from the mode in which the copies were obtained, and that the family of M. d'Avaray objected, as they well might, to such a piracy.

But we have a word or two to say on another score, to the *Editor*, who appears to be one of the most ignorant and impudent of the tribe. The King, in the course of his letters, sometimes mentions the events of the Peninsular war—as, for example—he says under the date of the 11th September, 1810:—

‘Nothing new from Spain. Lord Wellington and Massena are still on the *qui vive*. The former, with a great inferiority of forces, has made hitherto a very fine campaign. The Prince de Condé only yesterday compared it to that of Courtray, in 1744, which did so much honour to Marshal Saxe.’—p. 12.

On this the sapient and candid Editor remarks, that ‘they seem to have been *very ill informed* in England as to the state of the war; for that Massena had *beaten Wellington on every occasion*, and that if the Prince de Condé, who was really so good a judge in military affairs, had known the truth, he never could have compared this campaign to that in which Marshal Saxe, with 45,000 men, baffled Prince Charles, who had 100,000.’ Now, we wish our editor—who no doubt enjoyed the advantage of all that *luminous publicity*, and candid accuracy of intelligence, with which Buonaparte was in the habit of exhibiting to the French people and the world at large, the *true* state of all his military concerns—we wish, we say, that this well-informed Frenchman had acquainted us poor benighted Englishmen, with the name and date of any *one* of the *numerous occasions* on which Massena had beaten Wellington. He admits the Prince de Condé was an adequate judge, if he had not been misinformed; but he does not tell us how—with an almost daily correspondence between the officers of the English army and their friends at home—with a free press—with several journals adverse to the government and to Lord Wellington, who had correspondents on the spot—it was possible for the ministry to deceive not merely the British public, but the Prince de Condé, an intelligent soldier moving in the circles
of

of the best intelligence : and as to the forces on both sides, it does turn out that the Prince's analogy was a very just one—for we are told by Colonel Napier, who will not be suspected of diminishing the number of the French, that Massena had under his orders 135,000 men, while Lord Wellington had but 24,000 British, with about 56,000 Portuguese—line, militia, and *ordinenza*, or levy of peasants. Now, let us see how these disproportionate forces were handled. We will not quote any English authority—that might be suspicious—but hear what the French themselves say—

‘Wellington now began to execute a plan of defensive warfare, which he had determined on soon after the battle of Talavera. After the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo, he began to retire, and did not finally stop till he reached Torres Vedras. Four months were employed in *slowly* operating this retrograde movement. Massena followed him close, *exhausting himself by continual fatigues and by daily actions*, and struggling with famine, for the English carried off or destroyed all the means of subsistence. Towards the end of October, Wellington halted in an inexpugnable position, where he defied the French general, who for months could not venture to attack him, and in this interval, Wellington collected his reinforcements, and placed himself in a condition to fall on Massena, when he should be at length obliged to break up from a position in which he evidently could not long remain.’—*Esquisse d'Histoire*, Paris, 1828.

Again; the King writes—

‘5th November, 1810.—Lord Wellington has obtained a great victory over Massena.’—p. 26.

On this our editor observes, that

‘Here again there is a great mistake. Wellington did not obtain any great victory over Massena. At this epoch, the French general, having advanced to the very walls (*sous les murs*) of Lisbon, thought the position of the Anglo-Portuguese unattackable. The two armies contented themselves with observing, and remained for a long while in presence of each other—subsequently Massena retired on Santarém, passed the Lesere and *established himself* on that position; not a shot was fired.’

Bravo! between the date of the King's last letter, 9th October, and this of the 5th November, there had been fought the battle of Busaco, to which his Majesty alludes, and of which this worthy editor seems never to have heard. But let us see what the Duc de Rovigo, one of the boldest of Buonaparte's apologists and flatterers, says of this campaign.

‘Massena penetrated into Portugal, and arrived close behind the English at Busaco; but could not reach them in time. They had collected themselves and occupied the heights in full force, and Massena was unable to dislodge them. Luckily he discovered a bye-road which

which was not defended; by this he made a bold flank movement which the enemy did not molest; but to counterbalance this, the French army soon found, in the lines of Torres Vedras, obstacles which it did not suspect and could not overcome. Massena was soon out of a condition to make any attempt on the English army. His own was buried as it were in a grave—(*l'armée de Masséna fut enveloppée comme dans un tombeau.*) The Emperor blamed Massena for his failure, and he was well nigh disgraced. At last, after having exhausted all the resources of his position, without being at all more able to beat the English, Massena retired and was closely pursued by Wellington, who harassed him to the frontiers of Spain.—*Mém. de Savary*, vol. v. p. 73.

It would be idle to pursue this discussion further, but there is one point which so clearly shows the editor's ridiculous ignorance of a subject on which he pretends to decide so authoritatively, that we cannot omit it. He admits that the English won the battle of *Albuera*, but he imagines that the French army was commanded by Marshal *Suchet*, and that it was from this action that he obtained his ducal title of *Albufera*. Now, the French marshal who commanded in this battle, was not *Suchet*, but *Soult*. *Albuera*, where it was fought, is on the western frontier of Spain, near Portugal; and *Albufera*, whence *Suchet* derived his title, is on the very opposite side of the Peninsula, near the Mediterranean. The battle of *Albuera* was fought in May, 1811, and the capture of *Valentia*, for which *Suchet* was made Duke of *Albufera*, did not take place till the year after.

It is only as an amusing specimen of the mixed audacity, ignorance, and falsehood, which the French Editors of the modern school have so shamelessly adopted, that we notice these impertinencies—in any other view they are utterly contemptible.

ART. II.—1. *List of the Animals in the Gardens of the Zoological Society, with Notices respecting them, and a Plan of the Gardens, showing the Buildings and Enclosures in which the Animals are kept.* 8vo.

2. *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London.* 8vo. 1836.

3. *Transactions of the Zoological Society of London.* 4to. 1836.

CANOVA, when he was asked, during his visit to England, what struck him most forcibly? is said to have replied—that the trumpery Chinese bridge, then in St. James's Park, should be the production of the government, whilst that of Waterloo was the work of a private company. And though old recollections compel us to heave a sigh at the downfall of the lion-office in his Majesty's Tower

Tower of London, where our Henrys and Edwards kept their 'leopards, lincses, and porpentines,' and we used to gaze with the fearful curiosity of childhood at Nero and his imprisoned co-mates, we are by no means sure that the observation is to be confined either to bridges or to other works of a like nature. Who can walk through the spacious garden of the Zoological Society of London, 'tastefully laid out and well kept'—who can view 'the immense collection of animals of all kinds, from the elephant and the rhinoceros to rats and mice'—without agreeing with Von Raumer, that 'it is only in the neighbourhood of such a city as London that such an establishment could be maintained by voluntary subscriptions and contributions?'

And there is yet another thought that may arise in the mind of the visiter. His memory may carry him back to another great nation—the masters of the world—who exhibited hundreds of the rarest animals, where we have only units to show; but for what a different purpose! The conquered provinces were ransacked; herds of lions, thousands of wild beasts were presented to the gaze of the people, and

'Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.'

Titus, who finished the amphitheatre which his father began, stained the arena with the blood of five thousand beasts at its dedication, while upwards of one hundred thousand Romans looked down upon the slaughter.* Trajan, at the conclusion of the Dacian war, gratified the popular thirst for blood by the destruction of ten thousand. The observances of a birth-day at Rome differed slightly from those of a birth-day at St. James's. Caligula celebrated his by giving four hundred bears and as many other wild beasts to be slain. 'Otherwhiles,' says the quaint translator of old Montaigne, 'a great ship was seen to come rolling in, which opened and divided of itself, and having disgorged from the hold four or five hundred beasts for fight, closed again and vanished without help.' But enough of these bloody scenes—

'My soul turn from them, turn we to survey

Where rougher climes a nobler race display:'

where enormous wealth is expended, not as it was by the son-in-law of Sylla, but in applying the arts to the comforts and innocent enjoyments of life, in advancing science, and in spreading information among the people. What a contrast is there between the peaceful repose of these Gardens and the ferocious excitement awakened by

'Fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed.'

* It has been calculated that the amphitheatre would accommodate from eighty to ninety thousand persons with seats, and about twenty thousand (excuneati) standing.

For with all the profuse waste of animal life to which we have only alluded, natural history made hardly any progress; and though under the later Cæsars there were private collections, the credulity of Pliny, who fondly cherished every Thessalian fable, seems to have outweighed in the great majority of instances all the opportunities of zoological information which such a rich influx of rare creatures might have given him. It is to the menageries of modern times that we must chiefly look for information as to the habits and organization of animals on any extensive scale; though we are far from undervaluing the acute penetration and comprehensive labours of that great Greek observer who, seconded by Alexander, made such admirable use of the materials which the conqueror of the East caused to be submitted to his inspection.

To our French neighbours we owe the first zoological establishment of any importance in our days; and that had its origin in the menagerie founded by Louis XIV. at Versailles. It was to Buffon, however, that the *Jardin du Roi* owed its value as a collection of animals; and though the political explosion which shook all Europe tore his remains from the tomb with circumstances of the most disgusting and degrading indignity, it spared the avenue of lime-trees with their sweet blossoms, 'the delight of bees,' which he had planted in the garden, and which still bears his name. But if the avenue was left untouched, the establishment itself was in the most imminent danger in 1792, when every vestige of the monarchy was threatened—and how was it saved? Principally because it was believed that it was destined for the culture of medicinal plants, and that the laboratory of chemistry was a manufactory of saltpetre; it was 'respected,' accordingly, by the sovereign people. Here was gunpowder to wound—here were drugs to heal—reasons for salvation worthy of 'the republic one and indivisible.' But though the *Jardin des Plantes*, as it was then called—it now, if we mistake not, again rejoices in a royal title, though the name has been so often changed, that we would not vouch for that of next year—survived the revolution; and though the animals which had been left in a starving state at Versailles were placed, together with others, in the garden in 1794, its prosperity was but very meagre for many years. Thus, in 1800, such was the general distress, that M. Delaunay, then superintendent of the menagerie, was authorized to kill the least valuable animals to provide food for the remainder; nor was it till that extraordinary man, 'that setter up and puller down of kings,' who cherished science even amid the din of arms, became lord undisputed in all things, that the menagerie began steadily to improve, and finally, under the immediate auspices of Cuvier, to flourish.

We

We well remember the first public meeting for forming such an establishment in England. It seems but yesterday—how the *fugaces anni* have sped along!—that Davy drew attention to the subject, and Raffles so powerfully seconded the proposition. These great men have since passed away to the house appointed for all living, but the Garden and Museum of the Zoological Society of London are not to be forgotten in the catalogue of their public services. The rapidity with which the institution shot up almost at once into a flourishing condition may be gathered from the statement of one well qualified to speak on the subject—‘Within the first two or three years of the existence of the Zoological Society’s Garden in the Regent’s Park, there were exhibited more species of living animals than are recorded to have been possessed by any similar institution on the continent in ten times the same number of years.’*

It is our intention to take a cursory view of this Garden; but, before we enter its precincts, we must not omit to notice the Museum and the publications of the Society, now in the eleventh year of its existence. The former, thanks to a host of contributors, among whose names those of Sir Stamford Raffles and Mr. Vigers stand distinguished, is now very rich, especially in the department of ornithology. This noble collection, we are happy to observe, is now placed in a building worthy of it. The council have secured the spacious premises in Leicester Square which once held the museum of the celebrated John Hunter; and they have done well. It is classical ground. There is the very room wherein he wrote those physiological papers which have spread his name over civilized Europe; and, if the spirits of the departed be permitted to cast a lingering look at the scene of their former probation, how must his be soothed at the sight of his own grand and greatly increased physiological treasures enshrined in the temple which the President and Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons have dedicated to them; while the locality where that museum formerly stood is enriched by one of the finest zoological collections in existence. That we do not say too much of the latter, will be readily granted by those who are conversant with the subject; and we refer those who may be disposed to think that we look upon it with too favourable an eye, to the testimony of witnesses who are beyond the reach of prejudices which we, as Englishmen, might be supposed to entertain. By the *Annales des Sciences* for November, 1835, it will be seen that the Museum of the Zoological Society possesses many specimens which are wanting in the French collections, and are so described in the instructions

* Mr. Gray, in his evidence given before the select committee on the condition, management, and affairs of the British Museum.

of M. de Blainville for the 'Voyage de circumnavigation de la Bonite.' That these materials have not been neglected is proved by the five volumes of 'Proceedings' already published, containing the descriptions of hundreds of new species, and a vast miscellany of zoological and physiological information set forth by some of our ablest pens. Of the quarto volume of 'Transactions,' which owe so much to the superintendence of Mr. Bennett, the secretary, we leave our generous rivals the French to speak. They characterize the '*Premier volume des Transactions de la Société Zoologique de Londres*' as a '*recueil également remarquable par l'intérêt des mémoires qui s'y publient et par le luxe avec lequel il est imprimé*;'* and, indeed, if it contained nothing besides Mr. Owen's papers on the osteology of the chimpanzee, on the *Ornithorhynchus*, and on the comparative anatomy of the *Brachiopoda*, it would deserve this praise.

But the Garden.—As we walk along the terrace commanding one of the finest suburban views to be anywhere seen, let us pause for a moment while 'the sweet south' is wafted over the flowery bank musical with bees, whose hum is mingled with the distant roar of the great city. Look at the richness and beauty of the scene. We do not set ourselves up as eulogists of Nash, who had his faults; but let his enemies—aye, and his friends too, for there are many that worshipped him when living who do not spare his memory now that he is laid in the narrow house—say what they will, if Nash had never done anything beyond laying out St. James's Park and the picturesque ground before us, he would, in our opinion, have atoned for a multitude of sins.

We must not, however, forget the bears. There they are, with their uncouth gestures and clumsy activity, living together amicably enough, save when an occasional growl proclaims a difference of opinion, arising from the monopoly by some crafty aspirant more ambitious than his neighbours of the head of the pole—a monopoly the more irritating, inasmuch as that elevation generally leads to the acquisition of the good things in the power of a generous public to bestow. Even the cunning chisel of the Baron of Bradwardine's sculptor could not have represented a greater variety of attitudes; their 'postures,' indeed, are 'stranger' and 'more than ever Herald drew 'em.' Mark, too, the shrewd expression of their 'pinky eyes,' justifying the assertion repeated from the days of Aristotle down to those of Washington Irving's ranger, that 'the bears is the knowingest varmint for finding out a bee tree in the world.—They'll gnaw for a day together at the trunk, till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they'll haul out honey, bees and all.' We have heard some

* Annales des Sciences, Juin, 1835.

complain that the grisly bear* in the den below has no pole to climb; but if he had one he would not climb, if all tales be true, for that accomplishment, it is asserted, leaves him with his early youth. The gigantic species here confined has been known in its native wilds to kill and drag away a full grown bison bull,† weighing upwards of a thousand pounds.

Descending the slope that skirts the lawn on which the black swan,‡ no longer a *rara avis*, has twice made her nest, and now rejoices in her two cygnets; and where the New Holland goose§ has hatched and brought up her young; let us—after a glance at the wild fowl with which its green carpet is dotted, and the little lake where they float at rest, enjoying the artificial fountain rain that rolls like pearl from their water-proof plumage—pause at the aviary fronting it. For among these are the lordly crowned cranes,|| the graceful demoiselles,¶ the elegant Stanley cranes,** the comely Curassow birds, the melancholy-looking herons and bitterns that seem to pine for the whispering of reeds, the grotesque spoonbills,†† the solitary storks,‡‡ both black and white, the Marabou stork,§§ with his adjutant-like stalk, and ‘the secretary.’¶¶ This last is a character; and his official air, with his velvet shorts and slender legs, brings reminiscences of the tenant of some *bureau* in *la vieille France*. There is an air of dignity and diplomacy about him; and, though not without courage after *his* kind, he evidently considers discretion to be the better part of valour. Observe him when a common snake is introduced into his inclosure. Though in a state of the greatest excitement he is collected. His bright eye, terrible as Vathek’s, never quits the serpent; but he keeps aloof, till, watching his opportunity, he darts at it, his foot strikes it near the neck, and with his beak he deals a murderous blow on the head of the writhing reptile, which is very often the *coup de grace*. But whether it be so or no, the bird recoils—still keeping his eye on the snake, whose least motion, if it be still alive, causes a renewal of the attack, retreat, and watching—till no doubt exists as to the death of the victim: the bird then cautiously approaches, and begins to devour it. Such is *the secretary’s* mode of dealing with a common snake in captivity; and his caution evidently arises from the instinct implanted in him against those poisonous serpents which are his appointed prey in the south of Africa. His form is admirably adapted to

* *Ursus ferox*.

† *Bison Americanus*, the buffalo of the Americans.

‡ *Cygnus atratus*.

§ *Cereopsis Nova Hollandiæ*.

|| *Balearica Pavonina*.

¶ *Anthropoides Virgo*.

** *Anthropoides paradisiæus*, Bechstein.

Anthropoides Stanleyanus, Vigors.

†† *Platalea leucorodia*.

‡‡ *Ciconia alba*, and *C. nigra*.

§§ *Ciconia Marabou*.

¶¶ *Gypogeranus serpentarius*.

his habits, and his length of limb, protected far upwards by scales impervious to a serpent's tooth, secures his more vulnerable parts in great measure from the dying desperation of the enemy; while the bony prominences of his wings and his powerful falcon-beak complete his offensive armour: for, in a state of nature, he is said, when the serpent raises itself against him, to give it stunning blows with one wing while he shields his body with the other; and, ever and anon, he will soar with the half-crushed snake into the air, consigning it to the paralysis of a heavy fall, till finally he splits the skull with his tomahawk of a beak. We never, however, have seen any of these feats performed in confinement.

But just look at that ancient, the Marabou stork, and only fancy him standing behind his master's chair at the dining table, expectant of his share of the feast. In such a situation Smeathman saw one in Africa, which had been quite domesticated. From his high roost on the silk-cotton trees, he would, even at the distance of two or three miles, descry the servants carrying the dishes across the yard, and as they entered the hall, down would he dash among them, and take his place at the head of the table. They had some difficulty in making our friend, the Marabou, respect the dishes before the arrival of the guests; and in spite of their *surveillance* and their switches, which they carried in *terrorem*, a boiled fowl or two would suddenly disappear every now and then; one snatch of that enormous beak, one gulp of that *burathrum* of a throat, and the pullet was gone.

Leaving the pelicans,* with their capacious pouches, and the emeus,† with their drumming note and little family of striped young, we come, retracing our steps, to the small retired umbrageous basin where swans and geese live on equal terms. That worthy 'in russet mantle clad' is the wild goose—the original stock from which our poultry yards derived their denizens; and, goose as he is, he carries us back to no mean dreams of the days of yore. The feathers of his ancestors winged the cloth-yard shafts that, loosed from a yeoman's bow, pierced through the iron coat of a man-at-arms 'an as if it had been silk or sendal;' for

'Never did armourer temper steel on stithy,

That made sure fence against an English arrow.

A cobweb gossamer were guard as good

Against a wasp-sting.'

But we must bend our steps to the eagle-house, and we confess we never pass it by without a pang. Eagles, læmmergyers, condors, *creatures of the element*, born to soar over Alps and Andes,

* *Pelecanus onocrotalus*.

† *Dromaius Novæ Hollandiæ*. Their flesh, says Péron, is 'truly exquisite, and intermediate, as it were, between that of a turkey and a sucking pig.'

in helpless, hopeless imprisonment. Observe the upward glance of that golden eagle—aye, look upon the glorious orb—it shines wooingly: how impossible is it to annihilate hope!—he spreads his ample wings, springs towards the fountain of light, strikes the netting, and flaps heavily down:—‘*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch’entrate.*’ We know not what their worships would say or do to us if we were to work our wicked will; but we never see these unfortunates without an indescribable longing to break their bonds, and let the whole bevy of these

‘Souls made of fire and children of the sun’

wander free.

What a collection it is! what a proof that our commerce is pushed to the ends of the earth! Look at the localities; look at that condor,* the child of fable but a few years since, and then remember that Sir Francis Head saw a Cornish miner wrestling with one on the Andes. There too is the wedge-tailed eagle of New Holland,† one of whose brethren is said to have made a swoop at Flinders, the able and gallant circumnavigator, now at rest from his labours, mistaking, we suppose, the captain, in his solitary walks, for a kangaroo. Further on, in lonely majesty, is another eagle,‡ the *destroyer*, from South America. He was sent from Maranham, by Mr. Hesketh, to Mr. Sabine, then secretary of the Horticultural Society, together with ‘a king of the vultures’;§ but, *soit dit en passant*, he ate up his majesty during the voyage. You should see him when, excited and with disturbed crest, he displays

‘The terror of his beak and lightnings of his eye.’

His legs, or, as the ornithologists more correctly term them, his feet, are immense. While in the garden of the Horticultural Society a large male cat was once put into his cage. He flew at it, and, with one stamp of his intolerable foot, broke its back; then, springing with it in his claws to his perch, and cowering over it with his enormous wings, he screamed its dirge. The death of the quadruped was instantaneous.

The vulture’s cry has awakened the doleful chorus of the gaunt wolves. The face of the country is somewhat changed since our first Edward issued his mandate to Peter Corbet, to superintend their destruction in the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Salop, and Stafford. We need hardly say that these are imported; for there are few who have not heard that the last indigenous wolf fell about the year 1680, by the hand of Sir Ewen Cameron. Who can see or hear them without be-

* *Sarcoramphus Gryphus*,

† *Harpyia Destructor*.

‡ *Aquila fucosa*.

§ *Sarcoramphus Papa*.

holding in his mind's eye their untiring and inflexible pursuit of Mazeppa?

One glance at the leopards and other *feræ*, which are lodged near the bears, and we come upon *the desert ships*. What visions of 'the boundless waste' do they not conjure up! Observe their elastic feet, so admirably contrived for supporting them upon the arid sands of the desert. Hence their noiseless tread.

'What always struck me,' says Macfarlane, 'as something extremely romantic and mysterious, was the noiseless step of the camel, from the spongy nature of his foot. Whatever be the substance of the ground—sand, or rock, or turf, or paved stones, you hear no footfall; you see an immense animal approaching you, stilly as a cloud floating on air; and, unless he wear a bell, your sense of hearing, acute as it may be, will give you no intimation of his presence.'

These are the Arabian species,* and to them belongs the variety called the swift dromedary (*el heirie*), a variety which bears about the same relation to the more heavy-going species that Bay Middleton does to a brewer's horse.

'Talking with an Arab of Suse,' says another traveller,† 'on the subject of these fleet camels, he assured me that he knew a young man who was passionately fond of a lovely girl, whom nothing would satisfy but some oranges; these were not to be procured at Mogadore, and, as the lady wanted the best fruit, nothing less than the Marocco oranges would satisfy her. The Arab mounted his heirie at dawn of day, went to Marocco (about one hundred miles from Mogadore), purchased the oranges, and returned that night after the gates were shut, but sent the oranges to the lady by a guard of one of the batteries.'

Vathek's mother appears to have known the value of this swift breed; that *Eclipse* of camels, *Alboufaki*, clearly belonged to it. The llamas, the form of the family allotted to the New World, were formerly placed where the camels are now;—and here we may be permitted to say a word upon subjects which have already called forth some remarks from the fellows of the Society, viz., arrangement—proper dens for the *carnivora*—and the alleged number of deaths among the animals, especially in the class last mentioned. With regard to the first and second, there is no doubt that if the different families could be so classed as to radiate as it were up to a common centre, where the *carnivora* could be well lodged and exhibited in a building like that at Schönbrunn, for instance, such a classification would be most desirable, both on the ground of general effect and as a zoological lesson; but the nature of the territory occupied by the Society, and the conditions of its tenure,

* *Camelus Dromedarius*. The Arabian camel—Africa and Asia: domesticated at Pisa.

† Jackson.

both present obstacles, and those insurmountable, we fear, to a plan of this nature. The south garden is the only undivided portion of the land held by the Society where such a plan could be carried into execution; and they are forbidden to raise any building above a certain height in that part of their grounds. Even fixed sheds for the ruminants in the paddocks have been objected to, and abandoned in consequence. We state this that the fellows in general may form some idea of the difficulties with which the president and council have to contend. Still much might be done; and, above all, no temporary building of any magnitude should ever henceforth be erected. While the affair was in its infancy; while the Garden was a mere experiment, and it was impossible to foretell whether the Society would rise or fall, wooden huts were all very well; but now that it is fairly established, and supported by a noble income, which we trust will not retrograde, we own we view with no feelings of complacency any building not made of durable materials, however picturesque it may be. The quantity of money muddled away in restoring or repairing such frail erections is incredible. There was one plan which, if it had not been considered as impracticable, on account of the health of the animals, would have had a grand effect. It was proposed by the architect to continue the terrace entirely along the southern line, and to build beneath it the *carnivora dens*: it would have been the finest terrace in Europe.

The losses among the animals have been considerable, although we believe that their relative proportion has been greatly overstated. We think it very probable that death may do his work on some of the creatures here noticed before these lines are printed, but there will always be disease in menageries; and it should be recollected, that in some other establishments which have been quoted, to the disparagement of the one before us, *no bills of mortality are kept*, as they are in this. Some exceptions there may be; the Tower of London was undoubtedly one, and the place agreed well with the lions, which lived there a very long time. But here the Society have to contend with the London clay, which holds water like a dish, and which, in spite of all the drainage done, continues to hold it; so that, after much rain, the garden is an absolute pond in some places, and dampness pervades every spot. To say nothing, however, of such a cold and humid atmosphere as the evaporation of so much moisture must produce, the total alteration of life, the entire disorganization of system which must arise in the case of an animal destined by nature for the most uncontrolled freedom, and to be supported by contingent supplies, few and far between—purchased moreover by laborious roamings, huntings, and watchings,—should be
taken

taken into the account. The difference between the desert or the wilderness, and the cage—between the casual prey and the regular supply of beef, would be sufficient to produce disease. We remember observing in the museum of the late Mr. Brookes, who obtained most of his skeletons of carnivorous animals from menageries, that there was hardly a specimen of the great cats* whose bones were not in a state of disease in some part or other of their frames. Still, larger and drier dens, well elevated from the soil, and, above all, well ventilated, (this ventilation, or rather want of ventilation, by the by, is the besetting sin of our modern architecture, and is not confined to menageries,) would enable the animals to take some exercise, and amuse themselves instead of dosing away the monotonous lethargic life to which they are now doomed. In short, the diseases of which the animals die in the Garden are generally inflammatory, and the result of plethora. A tiger that died there lately was comparable to nothing more aptly than to a fat sheep at Christmas. The remedy for this is obviously a restricted diet. Among other difficulties, that of administering remedies and performing operations—bleeding, for instance—is often great; moreover, the disorders of many of the animals are very obscurely known, and the symptoms, in the present state of the science, are liable to be mistaken. Every attention, however, is paid to his patients by the learned and experienced medical attendant, who sends in regular reports of the state of each animal on the sick list; and we see with pleasure, that the council are now taking up this branch of the subject in earnest. The same cause, in a less degree, operates upon many of the ruminants, which, in a state of nature, have often to travel miles from one pasture to another, and are always ready to bound away upon the least alarm. But with all the faults imputed to it, good judges have expressed their approbation of the establishment; and Cuvier, when here, asked for and obtained a plan of the monkey-house, which he considered superior to the French building, though we think, notwithstanding, that ours might be improved.

We return from this digression to the antelopes, with their ‘languishingly dark eyes,’ and the pheasants, with their gorgeous plumage. Hereabouts there is generally a black cock, a prisoner that we pity from our very souls. A coop instead of the wide-spreading moor, and the soiled and trampled turf instead of the fresh wild heather! Better, far better for him to roam, with the chance of being

‘Whistled down with a slug in his wing,’

* Felis, lions, tigers, &c.

than to linger out a cheerless, unnatural life thus. We must leave him to his fate and visit the otter, after paying our respects to that respectable animal the *phoca*, of the same brotherhood with the 'sealgh' that overthrew the gallant Captain M'Intyre, and carried away Mr. Oldbuck's stick as *spolia opima*.

But they have thrown in the fish and—there, the otter takes his first plunge. How rapidly he makes way under the water with his oary feet, rising ever and anon to the surface, and, with graceful curvature, diving down again in pursuit! He glides, one; towards the bottom, for his eyes are set, as it were, on the shoulder his head; to enable him, with upward look, to take advantage of his prey as it swims above him. Mark that quick and impossible taken his fish, and leaves the water to devour it on wooden huts. But, it may be said, this, however curious and indeed, and sup- ungentle, and there is cruelty in it. Almost every fish, retrograde, we to the table of the fair creature who condemns the building not suffers much more; for such fish, with few exceptions, be. The the fishermen to flounce and linger in agonies. Those, airing such rate flounders 'leaping alive,' as they may be seen, if it had mongers' stalls by the side of lobsters struggling for existence with their desiccated *branchiæ*, have more to answer for than by the otter. We say nothing of the tenderness shown to eels, and leave that subject to the live coals and apologetic eloquence of M. Ude. Now our otter, *though cruel*, as we have heard him called, is *yet merciful*. The moment he has taken a fish he leaves the water, and with one powerful bite crushes the head and deprives it of sensation. If it is exciting to watch him in pursuit of the small fry here provided for him, what must it be to see him grappling with one of the great Thames trouts, a nine or ten-pounder! Each a fish, Sir Francis Chantrey, as snatches your bait in the foam produced by the downward rush of the river, and what out fifty yards of line before you know where you are, leaving you high on the unsteady footing of the weir-beam, with nothing except the butt to give him.†

Without visiting the gnus and the other antelopes in the paddocks, we now proceed to the north garden, passing in our way to the tunnel the dove-cote, with its murmuring inmates; the armadillo, trotting about with a gait that reminds us of one of Mr. Maelzel's automatons; the beaver; the falcons; the little basins, where gay ducks are floating; the lordly Brahmin bull, that bears a 'charmed life' in his own country; and the huge American bison, with its enormous head and heavy fore-hand, formed to push and throw down. We are now in the north garden, and not suffering either

† We allude to a clever wood-cut of the great sculptor, in an amusing little volume lately published, entitled 'Hints to Anglers.'

squirrels, ostriches, wapitis, elks, or zebras to detain us, we hurry on to the elephants' paddock. These are Asiatics. The twenty elephants which Julius Cæsar opposed to five hundred men on foot for the gratification of the Roman ladies and gentlemen were, in all probability, African, as well as the twenty that Pompey, at the dedication of the temple of Venus Victrix, exposed to the javelins of a host of Getulians; but the people were not yet hardened in blood, and, on this last occasion, the gallantry of the elephants in charging to the rescue of a wounded companion, their general sagacity, and the agony which was pourtrayed in their looks and gestures, so affected the stern Romans, that the whole amphitheatre rose and insisted, with curses against the consul, that dosing should cease.

doomst, from this scene of slaughter to the well-accommodated Garde, or of this little domain. He is more at his ease, we suspect, than the sumptuously-clad elephants who partook of the apours of the splendid public *triclinia*. Only observe him making his toilette in the mud, and going thence to the bath. He now is getting beyond his depth. Look at the *all-over-ation* of that satisfactory dip—the abandonment of that luxurious fluid roll—

‘Lo, from his trunk upturn’d aloft he flings
The grateful shower;’

listen to that ecstatic squeak, and confess that the Society have succeeded in making one animal, at least, happy. But he is coming out; there he goes to his mud-toilette again: how he revels in the slough! Presently he will collect dust and grass with his trunk, and scatter it over his back by way of being *à la poudre*. All this is of the greatest consequence to his comfort. The pachydermatous animals generally affect miry situations, and the adhesive mud keeps their skins in a healthy state. The cuticle of the elephant is very sensible—he is kept, you see, in subjection by the terrors of a very light whip—and it is, moreover, very liable, when too dry, to break and split open.* For this reason the skin of the captive animal is anointed to keep it supple; and here we caution our fair friends to abstain from patting Jack (for in that name our elephant rejoices), especially when his coat looks most glossy and *débonnaire*, or their ‘lily-white’ gloves will undergo the contamination of train-oil. And, though he is peculiarly amiable on a Sunday, in the hope of wiling apples and biscuits from his admirers—(for in the Zoological Gardens, at least, Sir

* A spear is always at hand, in case more pungent control should be required, and, as the animal has much increased in size and power, its application may be sometimes necessary; but it produces a wound which does not readily heal, and the less it is used the better.

Andrew Agnew's bill is law, the day being kept by the *carnivora* as a general fast, to their great edification, and the absence of the cake and fruit-women producing a comparative abstinence on the part of the other animals)—we entreat, fair ladies, that you will not approach too near, or he may pay an undesired compliment to the skill of the artificial florist, by making prize of the well-simulated bouquet of wheat and flowers, Leghorn and all. We saw one lady, 'herself a fairer flower,' who had a narrow escape of thus contributing her head-dress as an *entrée*; and another beauty, redolent of *eau de Portugal*, upon whom he fairly laid trunk, evidently taking her for the delicious personification of an orangery. No! feed him at a respectful distance, and beware that the moisture from his trunk does not fall on your robes, for it will not improve the lustre of either silk or satin.

The sagacity, obedience, and docility of the elephant are well known. Without dwelling on a point which would fill a volume, we may recall to the recollection of our readers that the ancients even made him a rope-dancer. Pliny, Ælian, Seneca, Suetonius, Dion, all bear witness to their feats. To say nothing of Galba's rope-dancing elephants mentioned by Suetonius, what of we to think of the performance recorded by Pliny (it must have been executed on the *double rope*), who states that four of these unwieldy funambulists advanced along the cord bearing a litter, wherein lay one of their companions feigning an interesting state of indisposition. These and other such feats throw the acting of Mademoiselle Djeck at the Adelphi, the observed of all observers in her day, quite into the shade.

The strong, we had almost said, the sentimental attachments of which the huge creature is capable have been remarked in all ages. Who does not remember the fond beast recorded by Ælian, and alluded to in Athenæus, whose very existence seemed wrapped up in the child that it loved? Never would it eat unless its favourite was present; and, when the innocent slept, the affectionate monster employed itself in driving away the flies from the pillow. We could come nearer home and relate multitudes of instances which have occurred even in our own times in verification of the ancient stories of the amiable, docile, and grateful disposition of the animal; and we might also add, of its tenacity in treasuring up a wrong till the proper moment for vengeance arrived. But we must be brief. Before, however, we quit the subject, we shall be pardoned, we trust, for giving an anecdote or two of Chuny, of Exeter Change memory—poor Chuny, who was obedient even in death, for amid the shower of balls that struck him, he knelt down,—even in his mortal agony he knelt down at the well-known command of his keeper,—to present a more vulnerable point to
his

his murderers. We can imagine what sort of a prayer My Uncle Toby,—albeit by no means given to profaneness,—would have offered up for all the actors in that tragedy. The rage, for which poor Chuny paid the forfeit of his life, was, there is little doubt, brought on by the tooth-ache,—yes, a tooth-ache, gentle reader,—originating in local injury, and exasperated by the cold blasts of the early year.* Chuny, the living mountain, was kept in awe by a small terrier dog that had been trained to walk up and down the bottom beam or ledge in which the great uprights of his den were fixed, in the absence of his keeper, in order to prevent the elephant from knocking violently against the barrier with his trunk, as he would do, so as to shake all around him if he was not watched. This was when his den opened upon the window that looked eastward into the Strand. One blow of his trunk—that tremendous and wonderful engine wherewith the elephant can tear down trees, remove artillery, or pick up a sixpence—would have rid him of his fear; but there he stood, huddled up in a corner of his den, gazing in horror at the pigmy that made him tremble, reminding us of the merchant in the fairy tale under the visitation of the night-hag. And yet his sagacity was great. The late Dr. Wollaston visited him one day, taking with him a quantity of nuts, a considerable portion of which were bad, and selected for the purpose; these were kept separate from the rest. The Doctor gave Chuny one good nut after another, and now and then a bad one; by-and-by he increased the proportion of bad, and at last gave him a handful of bad ones at once. The dust and ashes that flew forth as he crunched them made an impression on Chuny; for when, after this dose of bad ones, the Doctor continued his offers of single nuts, Chuny took every nut with his trunk, laid it on the floor, set his enormous foot on it just heavy enough to break the shell, and, if the nut was a good one, picked the kernel up and conveyed it to his mouth. Dr. Wollaston saw him do this again and again, without crushing a single kernel, and was charmed with the delicate adjustment of such an overwhelming weight, and the nice adaptation of such a seeming unwieldy power. But we must leave our elephant for his massive brother the rhinoceros,† the personification of clumsy brute force; and looking, as we heard it facetiously remarked, as if his clothes were not made to fit him;—observing, by the way, that those who wish to have a clear and correct view of the mode of catching and subduing wild

* A large quantity of matter was found in the jaw near the base of one of the tusks, on dissection. Lest it may be supposed that the vascular pulp was mistaken for pus, we beg to state that we have the most unquestionable authority for the diseased state of the parts.

† *Rhinoceros unicornis*, an Asiatic species.

elephants in India have only to visit Mr. Daniell's panorama, where the whole process is admirably depicted.

The mutual hatred between the rhinoceros and elephant has been the theme of many a tale, from Sinbad's description of the fight, so characteristically terminated by the roc carrying off both combatants in her claws, to the less questionable relations of modern travellers and historians. When the rhinoceros before us first arrived, the elephant certainly showed no good will towards him; but there was a reason for this. The crowds that used to surround the elephant, and reward him with cakes and fruit, deserted him for the new comer, and we have seen poor Jack, at such times, go through all his tricks without a single spectator, in the hope of regaining the popularity which his rival was taking from him before his face. When these two animals were conducted to their new abode a scene occurred which may perhaps throw some light on their alleged mutual aversion. They were lodged close together, but so that one could not be seen by the other. The apartment of the rhinoceros was separated from that of the elephant by two doors; the door nearest to the rhinoceros being of oak, and that next to the elephant of deal. The elephant one day broke the deal door with his tusks, and then made a push at the exposed oak-door, which carried it off its hinges. What happened before the keepers came they of course knew not; but when they arrived, they found the rhinoceros in the apartment of the elephant, standing at right angles with him, and with his head under the elephant's belly: the latter, to use the expression of the keeper, was 'all of a tremble.' The young female elephant, which was at that time confined in the same apartment with the large one, had apparently escaped from the scene of action by entering the rhinoceros's apartment, where she was discovered, standing quietly. The large elephant and rhinoceros were then separated by the keepers, the rencontre not having produced the slightest injury to either.

The relative sagacity of the two animals was well shown, soon after they took possession of the house from which they are now excluded. The rhinoceros was one day observed pushing his straw to the side of his apartment within reach of the elephant's trunk, who protruded that organ round the end of the partition, and from time to time bore off the litter. Trunkful after trunkful was abstracted, but still the *lourd* rhinoceros continued to push the straw towards the place whence it disappeared: the twinkle in the elephant's eye, as he enriched his own bed at the expense of his simple neighbour, was capital.

Few contrasts are greater than that between these heavy masses of flesh and bone, and the light, the elegant giraffes, with their sleek,

sleek, rich, dappled coats, towering swan-like necks, lofty heads, and large brilliant eyes, worthy of Juno herself, and full of a noble expression, such as Edwin Landseer alone could give. The sweep of their vision is most extensive; for they can see before them, below them, and behind them, without turning the head. What an idea does it convey of the power of modification, when we recollect that the number of neck-bones in the elephant and in the giraffe are exactly similar! Can we wonder at the emotion with which Le Vaillant saw the first traces of a giraffe, or at the ecstasy—was it not mingled with pity—with which he was possessed when the first lay extended at his feet? He had before him an animal whose very existence was at that time questioned and treated by many as a fable. What a magnificent spectacle must it be to see a herd of these splendid creatures (and we know those who have seen them by forties and fifties at a time) browsing on the mimosas with their long flexible tongues so beautifully adapted for the purpose. We had not intended to give any extracts from either 'The Transactions' or 'The Proceedings,' but we cannot deny our readers a sight of the little memoir addressed to the Secretary by M. Thibaut, who thus describes the mode in which he became possessed of these beautiful specimens:—

'Having learnt, on my arrival at Malta, that you were desirous of information on the subject of the four giraffes which you have intrusted to my care, I regard it as a duty to transmit to you a short statement, by which you will become aware of the difficulties that I encountered in obtaining and preserving for the Society these interesting animals, which are now, I hope, altogether out of danger.

'Instructed by Colonel Campbell, His Majesty's Consul General in the Levant, and desirous of rendering available for the purposes of the Zoological Society the knowledge which I had acquired by twelve years' experience in travelling in the interior of Africa, I quitted Cairo on the 15th of April, 1834. After sailing up the Nile as far as Wadi Halfa (the second cataract), I took camels, and proceeded to Debbat, a province of Dongolah, where, on the 14th of July, I started for the descent of Kordofan.

'Being perfectly acquainted with the locality, and on friendly terms with the Arabs of the country, I attached them to me still more by the desire of profit. All were desirous of accompanying me in my pursuit of the giraffes, which, up to that time, they had hunted solely for the sake of its flesh, which they eat, and of its skin, from which they make bucklers and sandals. I availed myself of the emulation which prevailed among the Arabs, and as the season was far advanced and favourable, I proceeded immediately to the south-west of Kordofan.

'It was on the 15th of August that I saw the first two giraffes. A rapid chase, on horses accustomed to the fatigues of the desert, put

us in possession, at the end of three hours, of the largest of the two : the mother of one of those now in my charge. Unable to take her alive, the Arabs killed her with blows of the sabre, and, cutting her to pieces, carried the meat to the head-quarters, which we had established in a wooded situation : an arrangement necessary for our own comforts and to secure pasturage for the camels of both sexes which we had brought with us in aid of the object of our chase. We deferred until the morrow the pursuit of the young giraffe, which my companions assured me they would have no difficulty in again discovering. The Arabs are very fond of the flesh of this animal. I partook of their repast. The live embers were quickly covered with slices of the meat, which I found to be excellent eating.

‘ On the following day, the 16th of August, the Arabs started at daybreak in search of the young one, of which we had lost sight not far from our camp. The sandy soil of the desert is well adapted to afford indications to a hunter, and in a very short time we were on the track. We followed with rapidity and in silence, cautious to avoid alarming the creature while it was yet at a distance from us. Unwearied myself, and anxious to act in the same manner as the Arabs, I followed them impatiently, and at nine o'clock in the morning I had the happiness to find myself in possession of the giraffe. A premium was given to the hunter whose horse had first come up with the animal, and this reward is the more merited as the laborious chase is pursued in the midst of brambles and thorny trees.

‘ Possessed of this giraffe, it was necessary to rest for three or four days, in order to render it sufficiently tame. During this period an Arab constantly holds it at the end of a long cord. By degrees it becomes accustomed to the presence of man, and takes a little nourishment. To furnish milk for it I had brought with me female camels. It became gradually reconciled to its condition, and was soon willing to follow, in short stages, the route of our caravan.

‘ This first giraffe, captured at four days' journey to the south-west of Kordofan, will enable us to form some judgment as to its probable age at present, as I have observed its growth and its mode of life. When it first came into my hands, it was necessary to insert a finger into its mouth in order to deceive it into a belief that the nipple of its dam was there : then it sucked freely. According to the opinion of the Arabs, and to the length of time that I have had it, this first giraffe cannot, at the utmost, be more than nineteen months old. Since I have had it, its size has fully doubled.

‘ The first run of the giraffe is exceedingly rapid. The swiftest horse, if unaccustomed to the desert, could not come up with it unless with extreme difficulty. The Arabs accustom their coursers to hunger and to fatigue ; milk generally serves them for food, and gives them power to continue their exertion during a very long run. If the giraffe reaches a mountain, it passes it with rapidity ; its feet, which are like those of a goat, endow it with the dexterity of that animal ; it bounds over ravines with incredible power ; horses cannot, in such situations, compete with it.

‘ The

'The giraffe is fond of a wooded country. The leaves of ~~trees~~ are its principal food. Its conformation allows of its reaching their tops. The one of which I have previously spoken as having been killed by the Arabs measured twenty-one French feet in height from the ears to the hoofs. Green herbs are also very agreeable to this animal; but its structure does not admit of its feeding on them in the same manner as our domestic animals, such as the ox and the horse. It is obliged to straddle widely; its two fore-feet are gradually stretched widely apart from each other, and its neck being then bent into a semicircular form, the animal is thus enabled to collect the grass. But on the instant that any noise interrupts its repast, it raises itself with rapidity, and has recourse to immediate flight.

'The giraffe eats with great delicacy, and takes its food leaf by leaf, collecting them from the trees by means of its long tongue. It rejects the thorns, and in this respect differs from the camel. As the grass on which it is now fed is cut for it, it takes the upper part only, and chews it until it perceives that the stem is too coarse for it. Great care is required for its preservation, and especially great cleanliness.

'It is extremely fond of society, and is very sensible. I have observed one of them shed tears when it no longer saw its companions or the persons who were in the habit of attending to it.

'I was so fortunate as to collect five individuals at Kordofan; but the cold weather of December, 1834, killed four of them in the desert on the route to Dongolah, my point of departure for Bebbah. One only was preserved: this was the first specimen that I obtained, and the one of which I have already spoken. After twenty-two days in the desert, I reached Dongolah on the 6th of January, 1835.

'Unwilling to return to Cairo without being really useful to the Society, and being actually at Dongolah, I determined on resuming the pursuit of giraffes. I remained for three months in the desert, crossing it in all directions. Arabs in whom I could confide accompanied me, and our course was through districts destitute of everything. We had to dread the Arabs of Darfour, of which country I saw the first mountain. We were successful in our researches. I obtained three giraffes, smaller than the one I already possessed. Experience suggested to me the means of preserving them.

'Another trial was reserved for me: that of transporting the animals, by bark, from Wadi Halfa to Cairo, Alexandria, and Malta. Providence has enabled me to surmount all difficulties. The most that they suffered was at sea, during their passage, which lasted twenty-four days, with the weather very tempestuous.

'I arrived at Malta on the 21st of November. We were there detained in quarantine for twenty-five days, after which, through the kind care of Mr. Bouchier, these valuable animals were placed in a good situation, where nothing is wanting for their comfort. With the view of preparing them for the temperature of the country to which they will eventually be removed, I have not thought it advisable that they

they should be clothed. During the last week the cold has been much greater than they have hitherto experienced; but they have, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Bouchier, everything that can be desired.

‘These four giraffes, three males and one female, are so interesting and so beautiful, that I shall exert myself to the utmost to be of use to them. It is possible that they may breed; already I observe in them some tendency towards mutual attachment. They are capable of walking for six hours a day without the slightest fatigue.’


This letter was written at Malta some months ago; and now here they are, all alive and well, with their attendant Nubians. If that in the possession of our French neighbours should die, an event, we regret to find, not unlikely to happen, the Zoological Society will be the sole European proprietors of living specimens of this rare and delicate species. The council deserve credit for the judgment and liberality manifested in the attainment of this difficult object, nor is less praise due to M. Thibaut for the zeal, skill, and perseverance with which he has seconded their views. Our limits will not permit us to enter into any antiquarian details on the subject of the giraffe or xariffa. The first shown at Rome seems to have made its appearance in the dictatorship of Cæsar*. But afterwards the animal was exhibited in the Roman circus. The third Gordian possessed ten at one time. It seems to have disappeared from Europe for some centuries; and fable, as is usual in such cases, was busy with it. It is pleasant to look upon these, the realities, after turning to some of the old books of travels. Thus, in Purchas, the animal is described as ‘a beast not often seene, yet very tame; and of a strange composition, mixed of a libard, harte, buffe, and camell; and by reason of his long legs before and shorter behind, not able to graze without difficultie, but with his high head which he can stretch forth half a pike’s length in height, feeds on the leaves and boughs of trees.’† Belon in his ‘Portraits de quelques animaux, &c., d’Arabie, Egypte, et Asie,’‡ gives no very bad cut of the giraffe, with the following superscription: ‘Protrait de la giraffe, nommée en latin, camelopardalis: les Arabes l’appellent Zurnapa.’ Beneath the figure is this *quatrain*:—

Belles de corps les giraffes, et douces,
Ont en maintien du chameau la maniere.
Leurs pieds sont haults devant et bas derriere:
Poil blanc et roux: cornes courtes et mousses.’

* Rosellini, in his great work on Egypt, gives the representation of a led giraffe with a monkey climbing up its neck as if it had formed part of a procession or *pompa*.

† Book vi. c. i.

‡ 4ta., 1537.

Pas si bête for such early times; but the legs, as is correctly observed by Le Vaillant, have, in general, the proportion of those of other quadrupeds, the difference between the fore and hind parts lying in the height of the withers. 

Leaving the tapirs coolly taking their bath while all the world is melting around them, we enter the *limbus* of macaúcos, squirrels, mice, and 'such small deer,' nor must we omit the chinchilla whose spoils so well adorn and protect our fair countrywomen. The door opposite to the entrance leads to the apartment where lived—alas! that we must write *lived*—the most amiable of *Quasimodos*, the chimpanzee!

Quando ullam inveniet parem?

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,

Nulli flebilior quam tibi—*Theodore!*

Peace to his manes! We must take a turn amid the Reeves's pheasants, the peacocks, the curassows, and the other lively denizens of the north aviary, to calm our feelings. How varied are the poultry: both the Indies have contributed their share; and the jungle-fowls, from which some of the best zoologists insist that all the varieties have proceeded, shine pre-eminent. The discrepancy between these, especially Sonnerat's jungle-fowl, the *Gallus Bankiva*, and their alleged descendants, is strongly marked, and has made many hesitate to adopt the opinion of Temminck and others; but those familiar with the consequences of a long series of years passed under the improving eye of man will be less startled at the proposition.* That well-known performer who is to be found caged in every house where the inmates are fond of song-birds is so changed by domestication, that, like the dog, it has assumed varieties almost endless, and, in some instances, so different from the original stock, that the captive would now be hardly recognized as a descendant of the 'birds singing free' in the happy valleys of the Canary Islands.

'The forest monarch's roar' reminds us that the great repository and the dogs are still unvisited; but we must return through the tunnel and view the finest collection of parrots ever assembled. Open your eyes and shut your ears—was there ever such an assemblage of rainbow colours—was there ever such a distracting din! We should have thought it indescribable, had not Aristophanes in a chorus of 'the Birds' hit it off to a nicety.

Τοροτοροτοροτοροτοτιγξ—

Κικκαῖαῦ κικκαβαῦ—

Τοροτοροτοροτολιλιγξ—

* Sonnerat considered that his jungle-fowl, *Gallus Sonneratii*, was the origin of our domestic poultry; but Temminck denies this, and makes *Gallus Bankiva* the common patriarch.

which being interpreted means—

Torotorotorotorotorotinx!

Kickabaw! Kickabaw!

Torotorotorotolililinx!!!

Mark that elegant parrakeet with its pure golden plumage. It is a variety of *Palæornis torquatus* which is placed beside it. Observe it on the hand of its favourite keeper, expressing its fondness by a thousand winning ways. It is formed to be the *deliciæ* of some beauty. Its delicate shape and hue would well grace her fair hand, and the murmuring caresses of its coral beak would be better lavished on her sweet lip than our worthy friend's bristly chin.

Quitting the parrot-house we come upon the breeding ponds, where may be seen, side by side, two lovely forms, one from the east and the other from the far west. The gorgeous mandarin drake*—but he is hardly worthy of a look now. It is in the very early spring when he appears full-dressed in his *plumage de noces*, that he throws all other ducks, or rather drakes, into the shade, not excepting the beautiful American†—the 'summer duck'—that swims near him.

Now to the palace of the monkeys, ever active, prying, and mischievous. Those of about the same size engaged in a scuffling fight for a nut—the larger tyrannizing over the smaller—some swinging by their tails—others by their hands—all busy, all chattering, except that silent little group in the corner, looking on with philosophic melancholy, but still unable to repress a sigh at their own nutless condition; they have so often had their nuts, when fortune has thrown them perchance in their way, abstracted by the strong hand, with a cuff and a bite in lieu of them, that they have at last retired from the scramble, hopeless, and resigned. If any visitor be disposed to refresh their spirits, let him tender his snuff-box, and keep off the *stronger boys* with his cane.

But who can look at apes when 'monkey green' is crowded with England's richest beauty. Here is every variety of clear complexion—*ce beau sang*, as we once heard an impassioned Frenchman ejaculate in his admiration at the scene, with such an emphasis on the *beau*, as none but a Frenchman can give—every hue of flowing hair, from the gold sunshine of the delicate blonde, with 'a skin like paper before the priest has stained it with his black unguent,' to the intense darkness of the raven tresses that arch the brent brow from beneath which shoot the penetrating glances of the *bonnie black e'e*. We, being sober and cautious Tories, must tear ourselves away from these 'breathing roses,' and proceed to the flower-garden; for a very pretty flower-garden it is.

* *Anas galericulata*.

† *Dendronessa sponsa*.

Those who know that it was only commenced in 1835, and remember the show of dahlias in the last autumn, the star of crocuses this spring, and the general well-kept-up succession of bloom, will be inclined to think that Mr. Sabine possesses the lamp of Aladdin. We give him our hearty thanks for this treat, and we only wish that he could have heard the praises that many a fair creature, 'candidior cynis,' has bestowed upon the work. If we might venture on a hint, we would suggest some leafy screen to the southward, which might be so managed as not to shut out the view; for we have seen the fine collection of dahlias suffering greatly from the blustering autumnal winds. A flower border to the southward of the great walk would be also an improvement. But it is very beautiful as it is, and we can hardly account for the jaundiced eye with which some—they are not many—look upon everything belonging to the Society. Not that we object to a little grumbling—it is the Englishman's privilege, and stimulates to improvement—but there has been rather too much unscrupulous assertion, and a spirit has been exhibited that bodes the Society no good.

We trust that there will be an end to these disturbances, which do not seem to have reflected much credit on the promoters. We should remember that it is the gale of fashion, more fickle than any 'i' the shipman's card,' that has hitherto borne the Society so prosperously along: if it become adverse, all will go to wreck; and we do hope that the fellows will cordially co-operate to sustain, in its present commanding position, one of the first establishments in Europe; an establishment which has done more for zoology in England, during the few years of its existence, than had been effected in a century before. With correspondents in every part of the world, sending home rare animals and interesting papers, the Zoological Society may fearlessly say, with her geological and geographical sisters,

'Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.'

Already the provinces exhibit the influence of the parent society. To say nothing of 'The Surrey,' one of the prettiest lounges in the neighbourhood of London, and surpassingly rich in *carnivora*,* the societies of Liverpool, Dublin, and Bristol have all sprung up. The more the better. These are the recreations worthy of a reflecting people; and the more widely they are disseminated, the wiser and the more civilized will the people become. No observer can look upon the endless variety of forms pre-

* These animals seem to thrive so much better on the Surrey side than in the Regent's Park, that we cannot but think the differences in the modes of feeding, &c., should be narrowly inquired into—but we fear the great evil is the *London way*.
sented

sented in such establishments, without being struck with the wonderful adaptation of means to an end manifested in each; and the deeper he goes into the science, the more will he be obliged to confess that all are 'fearfully and wonderfully made.'

But the subject is inexhaustible, and we are apprehensive, gentle reader, that, in our affection for a favourite hobby, we have been riding him about a little too much at your expense—though we have passed by many, many living rarities entirely unheeded. Retiring, then, by the southern gate, which lets us into what will, when the trees are tall enough to give instead of receiving wind from Christians, be the finest mall in all London, the Regent's Park Garden—but not without 'a longing look' at the 'Floreat!'

ART. III.—*Geschichte Roms in seinem Ubergange von republikanischen zur monarchischen Verfassung, nach den nōces, Cæsar, Cicero, und ihre Genossen, nach Geschlechtern, genealogischen Tabellen.* Von W. Drumann, Professor der Geschichte zu Königsberg. Königsberg, 1834-5, 1 et 2 theil.
—*The History of Rome during its Transition from a Republican to a Monarchical Constitution; or Pompey, Cæsar, Cicero, and their Contemporaries, according to their Races, with Genealogical Tables.* By W. Drumann, Professor of History at Königsberg.

THESE volumes will be of great service to the writer who shall attempt to accomplish, in a manner worthy of the subject, the work which we ventured to suggest in a former Number—a history of Rome, to connect Niebuhr and Gibbon;—the 'Grandeur et Décadence' of the Roman republic. The singular form in which Professor Drumann has cast his laborious and profound researches, however valuable and, indeed, intrinsically interesting to the scholar or the writer of history, will prevent its general popularity, and limit its usefulness among the ordinary class of readers.—It is a legitimate and frequently successful artifice in historical painting, to select some commanding representative of the period which we would describe—as the central figure of the design; to group around it all the subordinate characters of the time in their proportionate size and relief, and to arrange all the events, and even colour the opinions of the day, in their relation to this main subject. There is no necessity to sacrifice either the truth or the fulness of the narrative to this bearing on one particular character of the period. The historian may maintain the most rigid impartiality not only in the general judgment

on the other personages who compose the picture, but in the just distribution of the importance which each ought to assume; every separate figure will fill its proper sphere, though they may all stand in their harmonious circle around the principal orb of the system. Mr. Drumann's work is composed on a very different principle. It is the same history disposed as it were in parallel columns, from one to the other of which we must be constantly passing, or comparing two separate narratives, in order to obtain a connected or continuous view of the life and actions of an individual. The lives are arranged alphabetically according to the families greatly. The subjects belong: thus Lepidus appears under to the *sextus* Metellus under the Cæcili. The two most important characters illustrated in the volumes before us are unquestionably Sylla and Cicero. The article on Sylla, as he appears early, in the Cornelian family, gives us a continuous and object-anted biography of that wonderful man; but we find and stimulate of the account of Cicero in the long and minute manner of the Antonii (among the Antonii in the first volume), and again encounter the great orator at an earlier period of his life in the article devoted to Clodius (among the Claudii). We obtain some further illustration of the former period of Cicero's life under the heads of Cassius (the Cassii) and of Dolabella, a Cornelius; but we must wait for his reappearance as the adversary of Catiline and the saviour of the republic, we know not whether for the letter under which the family of Catiline may rank, or for the plebeian Tullii, to which Cicero himself belonged.

But, however embarrassing and unsatisfactory this work may appear as a *history* of the great Roman revolution—yet as a genealogical biography of the times, which the author intended, or as a storehouse of materials for a complete and systematic edifice, it has peculiar and undeniable advantages. It places in a very clear light much of that underworking of private connexion and relationship which has often so great an influence on public affairs. We trace each individual up to his original patrician or plebeian stock; we follow out the various ramifications of kindred or intermarriage which unite him to either of the leading interests of the state. We see how, in one case, the ancient heirloom of nobility has descended upon the patrician, binding him in the indissoluble fetters of proud reminiscences and ancestral glories to the cause of his order;—in another, how the indelible attachment to popular rights, of no less ancient date, and no less consecrated in the family annals or images, has been handed down from sire to son from the first days of the republic. We thus obtain a much clearer insight into the state of affairs, ascertaining how far the influence of an individual may be ascribed to family connexion.

connexion or inherited wealth, or to his personal distinction in arts or arms. This elaborate 'Peerage and Commonalty' of Rome becomes not merely an inestimable book of reference, but in itself is worthy of the most careful and profound study by all who wish to obtain a full and comprehensive acquaintance with the history of this unrivalled age of human energy and vigour.

The author of this work, we must honestly forewarn our readers, is an avowed and ardent admirer of monarchy. His device is

*οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκυρανίη; εἰς κοίρανος ἔστω,
εἰς βασιλεὺς.*

No subject of the present king of Prussia, he asserts, can doubt that monarchy is the best form of government. However we may admire the frank loyalty of Professor Drumann, and fully concur in his estimation at least of constitutional monarchy, yet we doubt whether the Roman empire is the happiest illustration of this great political truth. If we could overleap the space between Augustus and Trajan, we might consider the splendid, but turbulent days of the later republic well exchanged for the peace and paternal-sovereignty of the empire. But even if we form our notions on the republican provincial government from the Verriana of Cicero, and of the manners and habits of the ruling aristocracy from the Philippics, yet to continue the history of Rome we must open the pages of Tacitus. Mr. Drumann may, indeed, be considered to admit this evident conclusion, in his strong expressions as to the misery of a State which only reaches the haven of monarchy as a refuge from the horrors and exhaustion of civil war; still the zealous partisan of a monarchical government will not show his wisdom by awakening the recollection of Tiberius, Nero, and Domitian.

Continental writers have described one class of modern historians as the Fatalist school. According to the views avowed by or ascribed to these writers (some of them of acknowledged ability), mankind is developed upon certain fixed and unchangeable principles; irreversible laws govern the course of events. Each generation blindly and inevitably follows an impulse which is from behind, discharges its appointed task in the great unbroken chain of causes and effects, and transmits the same irresistible force to operate with equal power on the succeeding race. On this system individual will is annihilated; individual character is as well the creature as the slave of circumstance; the events which are to take place always find the machinery which is to work them out ready, as it were, and at hand; the minds which are capable of great exertion or influence are already prepared and disposed for the part which they are to fulfil. Without involving ourselves in this historical predestinarianism, it is difficult to conceive

ceive in what manner the great drama of the Roman history could have been expected to close, except in the fierce strife for pre-eminence among the mighty and ambitious minds which the conquest of the world had formed; and at length in the final mastery of one, if not the greatest, the subtlest, the most politic, and the most favoured by circumstances. The contest of the orders in the state was followed, as Mr. Drümann observes, by the contest for the dominion of the world; this in turn by the contest for the dominion of Rome: it was first the strife of parties, and as these were exhausted, of the heads of parties; hence Sylla could only be the head of a party, and dictator—Cæsar became, in fact, king, only without the diadem.

It is easy to expose and to inveigh against the universal defection from the ancient simplicity, the stern morals, the frugal virtues of the older republic; but with the progress of the Roman arms, the growth of a different state of civilization was inevitable. Would the lords of Greece and Asia be content with their Sabine farms, their Oscan farces, or their coarse woollen dress? Cincinnatus might return to the plough after his triumph over a rude Volscian or Samnite tribe; even Scipio might maintain a dignified moderation in his retirement. But would the conqueror of Syria or the prætor of Asia Minor endure these homely enjoyments and rustic occupations? The conquests of Rome led inevitably to the formation of a military aristocracy, the leading members of which, notwithstanding the short tenure of their command according to the original constitution of the republic, and their dependence on the people for their re-election to offices of military trust, could not but obtain a formidable hold on the attachment of the soldiery; the government of the provinces, with the universal practice of farming the public revenues, could not but constitute an aristocracy of riches, to which the most splendid fortunes made in our great days of Indian nabobism were, in comparison with the general wealth, poor and insignificant. When their clients were only the artisans who supplied their wants with the most necessary articles of trade, or men who or whose fathers had been released from slavery, the Æmilii and the Claudii might stand above the general level of society, solely from the antiquity of their families or their patrician descent; but when the most famous cities of Greece and Asia Minor, and even kings, solicited the *patronage* of the Roman consulars, and humbly boasted themselves their clients, would these sink down again into the ordinary mass of Roman citizens, or even blend undistinguished with their own order? Such an aristocracy could not remain an aristocracy; bound together by no bonds of order, of rank, of party, of sect, it was impossible but that the eagles should contend

tend for the larger share of the prey; the class of distinguished men who had obtained high military honours, or accumulated immense fortunes, must gradually become narrower and more exclusive, until they would range under the banner of one or two of the most eminent; and then would ensue the strife for individual mastery—for the sole dominion of the world—

‘Nec Cæsar ferre priorem,
Pompeiusve parem.’

Whatever names might fill up the verse, the event could not be otherwise. In fact, according to the just observation of our author, which we have quoted, the contest between the parties gave place to the contest between individuals. The senate and the people were mere watchwords to the conflicting armies of Marius and Sylla—of Cæsar and Pompey. Marius and Sylla were designated by their birth as the heads of their respective parties; but Cæsar was the head of the popular, only because Pompey was that of the patrician, faction.

Revolutions, it is said, produce great minds. Those only ride on the stormy sea who can buffet with the waves. The barriers either of rank or of wealth, which in peaceful times restrain the more adventurous spirits, are thrown down. All parties are anxiously expecting and eagerly hailing the appearance of those qualifications of vigour, decision, and daring which they want to secure their own triumph. Their vital existence depends on the moral and intellectual greatness of their head, and jealousy and even suspicion give place to the more absorbing feeling of self-advantage. Whoever best serves their cause, is recognized by the fears and the interests as well as by pride and attachment, as the leader. The later history of Rome is one long revolution. Both abroad and at home great things were to be achieved—great conquests won—great dangers averted—great wealth amassed—great men rivalled or eclipsed; only minds of the first magnitude could survive the collision, or force their way to eminence. The course of events by which Rome arrived at this apogee at once of its greatness and of its liberties lies beyond the sphere of the present discussion. The republic is already arrived at the point in which the individual has ceased to be the representative of the faction; the faction is rather the power wielded by the individual for his personal aggrandizement. We should regret this the more, if the materials were more ample for the full and complete investigation of the elements which at this period constituted the Roman people. But it is remarkable that of the period in question there is no ancient and continuous history—none, indeed, of any description better than an epitome like those of Paterculus or Florus. Our best guides, as far as the general course

course of events, are Greeks—Plutarch and Appian and Dio Cassius, who wrote during the reigns of Trajan and Antoninus. The brief but pregnant histories of Sallust, and the invaluable notices scattered in the works of Cicero, are our only unquestioned authorities. To judge on the policy, the power, the wisdom, and even the patriotism of these heads of parties, it is indispensable to know how the parties themselves were formed. We see the senatorial, or patrician, and the plebeian party in array against each other. Each of the masters of his age is the champion of one of these causes. When the victorious army of either leader threw its sword into the scale, we see at once the cause of the preponderance. But the causes of the civil weight and authority of this new patriciate—the predominance in the popular assemblies—the secret of the senatorial influence, so obstinately and long so successfully maintained,—this internal and most important, as well as interesting, part of the history can only be laboriously collected from the scattered notices in many authors. The works of Cicero furnish, we have said, the most valuable and authoritative portions of this incidental information; the rest is to be wrought out from poets and dramatists, anecdote-collectors, like Valerius Maximus, writers on rural affairs, or even grammarians—from every quarter, in short, which can throw any accidental light on the manners and habits of the people.

Like all great revolutions, that of Rome was the result of many conspiring causes. These were connected together, and mutually operated upon each other. The external policy of the republic reacted upon the civil weight and relative position of the internal orders of the state; the altered condition of the people confirmed the system of external policy. The result, as we have stated, was the disproportionate and dangerous aggrandizement of individuals. The foreign wars brought about this state of things, and not merely by the direct effects of the fame and the wealth obtained in barbarian or Asiatic conquests; they acted in many more remote and indirect channels on the republic.

ROME, it must be remembered, (we suspect that this first principle of the Roman constitution is rarely seen in its true light by the ordinary reader of history,) the *city* of Rome, was not the governing power during the more flourishing days of the republic. It was merely the place of assembly for a considerable district of country situated around its walls. The rural tribes, who resided on their estates, were the ruling and influential body. The *plebs urbana*, which constituted only four out of the thirty-five tribes who voted in the *Comitia*, were considered the lowest and most contemptible part of the Roman people. They were the mechanics, the artisans, the traders,—a class held in disrepute—

pute—principally freedmen or descendants of freedmen, who, according to the original principles of the constitution, could only be enrolled in these tribes. The senators themselves chiefly resided on their country estates; the *citizens* of Rome cultivated their patrimonial possessions. The elections to the great offices of state were almost entirely at the command of this sounder, more virtuous, more independent class of plebeians. They assembled in the capital for the comitia, and the capital followed instead of taking the lead; whether the votes were according to centuries or tribes, the *viatores*, the summoning officers of the consul, or the prætor, passed rapidly through the whole district, which had the right of suffrage, and convened the electors to the Forum or the Campus Martius. Roman poll-books for different periods would furnish a more clear and accurate insight into the politics of the republic than an elaborate history. From them we should see in what part of the state resided the real dominant influence; and we are inclined to believe that, as the state of Rome verged nearer to anarchy, and to a narrower and constantly conflicting oligarchy, we shall find the influence of the *city itself* perpetually on the increase. The theory of the constitution was the same; the practice experienced a gradual but very important change.

Many causes contributed to diminish the weight and the numbers of the true plebeian order, the genuine Roman people. The city, from its base and mechanical populace, furnished no part of the old Roman army; the whole *native* strength of the legions was from the country districts. This, in the incessant and sometimes destructive warfare waged in every part of the world, was of itself a constant drain on a limited population. The evil which constantly preyed upon the internal energy of the Roman people, the debt incurred by the cultivators of the soil during their absence from their farms on military service, increased, of course, in proportion with the means possessed by the moneyed aristocracy of profiting by the embarrassment of their poorer neighbours. The equality of right or of privilege was constantly disturbed; these new and artificial distinctions between the wealthy and the indigent were rendered more marked and invidious. The usurer (the *fœnerator*) was constantly at hand, usually in the proper person, at least in that of the agent, of a senator or patrician. The wealthy had already obtained possession of the public domain; the usufruct of which had gradually grown so completely into property, that the mention of an agrarian law for the resumption of the public lands, and partitioning them among the poorer citizens, was resisted even by men of high principle and moderation among the privileged class. It is clear, from Livy and from Appian, that a large
part

part of the Roman territory was in the possession of a few great proprietors, who cultivated it by their slaves. The old race of the sturdy and frugal Roman legionaries was becoming rapidly extinct; and this change in the state of the people, whether the free peasantry were forced into the city, or absorbed by the foreign wars, must have increased the influence of the city populace in the public assemblies. The right of suffrage, extorted at the point of the sword by the Italian allies, during the bloody and obstinate Social war, no doubt tended to counterbalance this increase in the city electors. But the remedy was in some respects worse than the disease. Strangers poured into Rome from all quarters, the Comitia became a scene of confusion and open violence. Even the remoter parts of Italy began to have great weight in the assemblies. Cicero, in his first epistle to Atticus, expresses his intention of setting out upon a canvassing tour in Cisalpine Gaul,—‘*Quoniam videtur in suffragiis multum posse Gallia.*’ Still the city electors, always at hand, must have possessed a great advantage. During the *republic* the plan of collecting the votes in the confederated cities, or of appointing local polling-places, was unknown, and diametrically contrary to the first principles of the constitution. The system of representation in this sense never appears to have occurred to the free states of antiquity.

From these various and conflicting causes, the public assemblies for the election of magistrates, and the voting on public affairs, had lost all their sober dignity, and even decency. Rigid laws were passed against employing an armed force, against intrigue and bribery, against associations to influence the electors, (*de vi, de ambitu, de sodalitiis*;) but the very magistrates who introduced these severe edicts, as usual, when themselves in a minority, were the first to violate them. Candidates appeared not only encircled by their armed partizans, but by troops of gladiators: bribery was so shameless and unblushing that the strong lines of Lucan were fully borne out by the events of every year,—

‘*Hinc rapti pretio fasces, sectorque favoris
Ipse sui populus; lethalisque ambitus urbi
Annua lethali referens certamina campo.*’

The associations, the clubs for the purpose of influencing electors, were more and more extensively organized, until the legions took their place, and the *sodalitium* of the dictator or triumvir was his army in battle-array. Thus conquest drained the republic of its more valuable citizens, and in return imported into the city inordinate individual wealth. Wealth not merely corrupted the morals and introduced a more elegant luxury, which, however in itself tending to peace, order, and civilization, was too foreign to the old

old Sabine virtue, and the homely simplicity of the people, to harmonize with it and by slow degrees to soften it down into a more polite system of social intercourse; wealth in the hands of the aristocracy ruled imperiously over a poor and debased populace, who, since they bestowed the power of amassing, sometimes in one campaign, these enormous fortunes, as they were virtually the masters, expected to participate in the spoils of the world.

The populace of Rome, in fact, lived in a kind of imperial pauperism; it was maintained by a sort of poor-rate, levied on the general wealth of the conquered provinces. The regular distribution of corn, and the largesses made for their support or their amusements, by those who were at once their masters and their slaves, maintained them in dangerous and debauched indolence; while, being always on the spot, they could not but, on the whole, maintain, or at least occasionally seize, as it were by surprise, a preponderance in the elections. The complete command exercised over this class of voters by the most profligate demagogues is evinced by the attempts made by some of the worst, particularly by Clodius, to *spread the suffrages of the four city tribes over the thirty-one rural ones*, in order to secure a ready majority in all.

So completely was the whole polity shattered by these abuses, and by the consequences of the social war, that nothing less than the strong hand of military despotism could avert anarchy and dissolution from the state. Whether that despotism was wisely exercised by Sylla may be doubted; whether it could have been, before the period of inevitable monarchy had arrived, may be doubted still more; but it was quite clear that the abolition of the popular power, and the investiture of the whole authority, the judicial and elective franchise, in the privileged order, could only last, until some successful general, at the head of an army devoted to his service, should restore the popular cause. That cause could not long want a head, for he whose ambition soared to the first place in the republic, if the post of leader to the aristocratical faction was already occupied, would seize that of the democratic; the factions were the instruments of the men, not the men the representatives of the factions.

The life of Sylla will illustrate this state of affairs, and enable us to develop, not merely the course of events, but the political causes of those events, at once in the most intelligible and instructive manner. We shall see by what steps men of ability rose from obscurity to distinction, how distinction led to power, power to wealth, while wealth aggrandized and perpetuated that to which it owed its origin. In the vigorous but premature attempt of Sylla to restore social order by the legal establishment of an aristocracy,

ocracy; we shall discover how inevitable was the monarchy, founded in fact by the transcendent abilities and ambition of the first Cæsar,—established on its permanent basis by the arts and policy of the second.

Sylla sprung from a decayed branch of the great Cornelian race.* Almost the first of his immediate ancestors, the Rufini, who had obtained distinction, had been degraded from his senatorial rank, although he had been twice consul and dictator,—had ended the war against the Samnites, and distinguished himself in that against Pyrrhus. His degradation by the sumptuary authority of the censor, on account of his possessing ten pounds of silver plate, is ascribed to the enmity of C. Fabricius. But the military glory of Rufinus was said to be tarnished by his avarice. Still what a contrast with the envied and unrebuked wealth of the descendant! The grandson of this Rufinus was the first of the family who took the name of Sylla—it is said, because under his auspices the Sibyl (Sibylla) was consulted during the war with Hannibal. This etymology is absurd enough, but it is difficult to find a better. Sylla then by no means commanded the first place in the republic by the glory of his ancestors. He sprung (in the pregnant language of Sallust) '*familiâ prope jam extincta majorum ignaviâ.*' The avarice of Rufinus had produced as little advantage to the family as his glory; for Sylla was so poor that he lived in a hired lodging, below a freedman, who, being in danger of execution for concealing one of those proscribed by the dictator, reminded him of their former close neighbourhood, when the patrician payed only 1000 sesterces (about 8*l.*) more rent than the freedman. His circumstances were in some degree improved by a bequest from his step-mother, and the less creditable liberality of a wealthy mistress. The youth of Sylla was not trained to great actions by the old severe Roman discipline, nor in those honourable accomplishments of oratory and attention to public business which recommended the young patricians to the favour of the people. His associates were actors and buffoons; his more elegant study, that, on which old Cato looked as the bane of sober Roman virtue, the literature of Greece. In short, he was gay, dissolute, and prodigal. But the lust for glory and power succeeded to that of pleasure. He stood for the quæstorship, and obtaining that honourable office, he was despatched with a strong power of horse to join the army employed against Jugurtha. He had seen no service; and this is one of the most extraordinary parts of the Roman character, that untried youths were suddenly

* The Corneliî comprehended as branches of their stock the patrician families of the Syllas, the Lentuli, the Cethegi, the Dolabellas, and the Cinna's; the plebeian (by an error of the press *patrician*), Balbi, and those Corneliî who had no family name.
invested

invested with high military commands, and almost immediately displayed the skill as well as the courage of consummate generals. The rude Marius scorned the delicate man of pleasure, who had never seen an enemy, the companion of actors and singing girls. At the close of the campaign his jealousy could scarcely help detecting in this unknown quæstor a dangerous rival to his own established military reputation—the future competitor for the sovereignty of Rome. To Marius was awarded the triumph, but all eyes were turned on the captor of Jugurtha. Still there was as yet nothing like an open breach between them. Sylla acted in Gaul as lieutenant, and as military tribune, under Marius. The good understanding was first disturbed in the year B. C. 102. Sylla left the army of Marius to command in Cisalpine Gaul. Yet they again served together the next year against the Cimbri. Plutarch assigns—it should seem, on the authority of Sylla's own Commentaries—a strange but characteristic reason for Sylla's rejection when he first aspired to the prætorship. The people were determined that he should first serve as ædile; for the intimate friend of the African king Bocchus would have it in his power to procure such noble wild beasts for the public spectacles, that they were determined not to dispense with his filling that office. Professor Drumann thinks that Plutarch accuses Sylla without justice of dissembling the real cause of his rejection; but we conceive that his grounds for this suspicion are not very convincing, his success, namely, in obtaining the prætorship the next year; for he admits that Sylla employed the intermediate time in purchasing as well as canvassing the suffrages of the people. To us the cause assigned in the Dictator's Commentaries sounds like a bitter sarcasm against the party which he hated; containing some truth, but pointed and envenomed by contemptuous resentment.

The indigent and prodigal patrician was now in a condition to buy a majority. The old jest was ascribed to this election of Sylla—'The office is yours, for you bought it.' Nor did the purchase of the prætorship exhaust the wealth of Sylla. The prætor, either from generosity or from policy, surpassed all that could be expected from the ædile. At the games of Apollo, a hundred unchained lions, with native African spearmen, enchanted the populace of Rome. Africa and Gaul had witnessed the military prowess of Sylla; in the East he was equally successful; and the star of Marius began still to wear a more sickly, and therefore a more hostile hue. The king of Parthia for the first time approached a Roman commander, and submissively requested the alliance of the republic. The prætor sat in his curule chair, with the king of Cappadocia on one hand, and the king of Parthia on the other. But to Marius, the homage of Bocchus to his rival was still more galling. Bocchus dedicated, in the Capitol, a
statue

statue of gold representing Jugurtha surrendering himself to Sylla. An indictment for receiving enormous and illegal gifts from a sovereign in alliance with Rome was instituted against Sylla by the orator Censorinus, but the accuser shrunk from maintaining his impeachment. The abandonment of the charge, however, is no proof of its injustice, and we are thus easily enabled to account for the vast wealth lavished by Sylla on his political objects. An eastern command was always the great harvest of a Roman general. The more dangerous social war, which brought the noise of battle almost within the hearing of Rome, placed the rival generals in more immediate and manifest competition. But the social war added no glory to the arms of Marius, while the trembling citizens heard with admiration and gratitude the successes of Sylla. The conduct of Sylla, whether arising out of his natural character, or the circumstances of the times, was exactly that calculated to command at once the awe and the attachment of the soldiery. Professor Drumann has scarcely noticed this point. Avidity for plunder is not unfrequently united with prodigality to the instruments of ambition; but Sylla was equally uncertain in his distribution of honours and of insults; no one could calculate on his approbation or his contempt; he could pay servile court to those whose assistance he wanted, and disdain the servility of those who paid court to him; savagely barbarous at times to those who were guilty of smaller offences, he could endure great crimes with patient magnanimity; at times a stern disciplinarian, at another time he overlooked the stoning his own lieutenant in a mutinous uproar; thus a kind of awful mysteriousness collected around his character; he was equally secure, from his incalculable versatility, of the fear and the attachment of the soldiery. Instead of attributing his successes to his own ability and conduct, he took the surer way of securing the confidence of his troops by announcing himself as the favoured child of fortune. An inward impulse, a midnight suggestion of the divinity, prompted his most successful actions. He could dexterously seize on every occasion, to profit, we will not say by the waning religion, but by the still dominant superstition of the day. A tall column of fire rose up from a volcanic chasm near Laverna. The soothsayers interpreted the sign, that some eminent man would put an end to the prevailing anarchy of the state. Sylla, according to Plutarch, appropriated the omen, not merely as referring in general to his military distinction, but that the yellow hue of the fire designated his own golden hair.

Sylla's prophetic sagacity had no doubt discerned that the sovereignty of Rome, through the triumph of his own party, no longer depended on the suffrages of the Campus Martius; the
swords

swords of the legionaries, if they once could be indissolubly attached by their own interests to the ambition of their leader, would henceforth decide the victory. In fact an ambitious man might delude himself into the complacent conviction that his army contained more genuine Roman citizens than the city itself; that it was a better representative of *the people* than the sordid and purchased populace. The command in the Mithridatic war was the great prize which was to decide the mastery in Rome. Whatever might take place, during the interval of his absence, at Rome, the wealth gained in a campaign in the East (for no Roman general doubted of victory) would reinstate his cause, and buy back from the venal voters all that he might have lost by being withdrawn from the popular sight. The command against Mithridates was more than a governor-generalship of India, during the great days when Rajahs and Nizams possessed still unexhausted treasures—while, instead of purchasing a few close boroughs, the triumphant Roman general had almost the whole constituency at his feet. Even if Marius should command Rome, as he actually did by means of the daring and unprincipled Sulpicius, and rescind any vote favourable to the claims of Sylla, the latter possessed a counterpoise in the common interest established between the army and himself. The army could be disbanded by another general, and new levies enjoy the glory and the plunder of Eastern conquest. This no doubt, no less than the influence of his personal character, was the great hold on the army, by which Sylla was enabled to lead the first Roman legions which had ever ventured to approach the capital in hostile array, against the walls of the city. He proclaimed himself, as all leaders in civil wars must do, the champion of the genuine liberties of his country; he accused Marius of tyrannizing, by means of his instrument the tribune Sulpicius, over the real will of the Roman people. And this act of Sylla at once transferred the government of Rome and of the world to the army; the strife was yet for a certain time, at intervals, to be conducted, apparently, on the old constitutional principles—in the arena of the Campus Martius—not on a foreign battle-field; but the venerable image of the republic, however replaced on its tottering pedestal, only now awaited a more vigorous hand to cast it down for ever, until an acknowledged despot should set his foot upon its neck. Professor Drumann has well described the position of affairs; the yet inherent vigour of the ancient constitution, with the inevitable elements of decay and dissolution working within it; the causes of Sylla's advancement to the proud yet fatal pre-eminence—the impossibility of his advancing higher in the scale of power. After an appalling, yet too faithful description of the ambition and rapacity of the nobles, the venality and other vices of the populace, our author thus proceeds:—

‘Such

‘Such were the aristocracy and the people, which sought to wrest from each other the rudder of the state; they wanted leaders, and found them at once in Sylla and Marius. These men aimed not at monarchy; their object was the province of Asia and the Mithridatic war’—[we almost doubt whether the sagacious ambition of Sylla might not look farther]—‘but the factions, overjoyed to see men of such eminence at their head, formed themselves around their leaders. The heads of parties, therefore, might change—the contest continued: still these heads had it not in their power to found a monarchy. Rome was yet too strong to surrender her liberties to one man. The aristocracy endured Sylla’s compulsory dominion, because they considered it the condition of the preservation of the new constitution, which he founded in their favour, since that dominion could be but temporary, and he was only the first among his peers; a crown would have degraded them into subjects, and the first attempt to substitute a directly personal interest for that of a party, would have deprived the leader of the support of his own faction, and united the whole of Rome to avert the more imminent and urgent danger. Sylla did not overstep these limits, and it inevitably followed, that his administration and legislation were in the interests of one party; while he separated still more widely the hostile elements by the predominance which he gave to one of them. It was not the republic but the aristocracy which renewed its youth; and even this, only apparently; a rotten building was cemented with rotten mortar. It should be admitted, indeed, in justification of Sylla, however serious in other respects may be the charges against him, that he had not the power by any other means to restore peace and order; as a mediator between the parties he would have been abandoned by one and rejected by the other. The parties could only now alternately exercise the sovereignty; a common use or a division of power could no longer be thought of; the subjugation of both was as yet impossible.’—vol. ii. p. 434

Of the great evils which ensued, Sylla was partly guilty, partly innocent. The knot in the civil union was cut asunder by the sword: the factions were transplanted into the camp, and the soldier felt his importance. Almost uninterrupted campaigns had estranged him from civil life; he received whatever was given him, even if only an assignation on the property of the vanquished. Military colonies of a new description became the terror of Rome, and a military officer was their governor. As Sylla soon felt his dependence on the army, he directed his attention to the Italian allies. As new citizens, these were by no means acceptable to the older ones, particularly to the aristocracy. They were conscious of this, and made advances to the popular leaders.

‘Their demands were just, but Sylla thought himself by no means called upon, as head of the aristocracy, to recognise them. By such an extension of the rights of citizenship, the ground on which he built would be shaken, and Rome cease to be Rome. Yet after his return from

from Asia he reconciled himself, from necessity, with part of the Italians; against the rest, particularly against the heroic Samnites, he waged a war of extermination.'—vol. ii. p. 435.

It is far from our intention to pursue, at length, even the personal history of Sylla. We pass over his flight from Rome, when Marius and the popular party obtained the ascendancy in the capital; his appearance in the army when they stoned the messengers from Marius and the Roman people, who commanded the legions to submit to the decree transferring to Marius the command in the Mithridatic war. Nor shall we follow his advance, with six legions, though abandoned by all the officers, with the exception of a quæstor, against Rome—his storming of the city—his assumption of the command, and conduct in the Mithridatic war—his victories—his reconquest of Italy and of Rome—and finally the proscriptions. The wealth of Greece and of Asia, as well as his victories, secured the affections of the army; the victorious army of the East won the conquest of Italy, and thus Sylla, for the first time after the lapse of one hundred and twenty years, renewed the office of dictator, and for a season, at least, became sole master of the world, the arbiter of the liberties and of the lives of the Roman people. Yet the fine stanza of Byron is less true than spirited—

'The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger, dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom;
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.'

Sylla, before he laid down the dictatorship, secured, as far as possible, the permanence, not of his own power, but that of his party; he entirely remodelled the Roman constitution. He transformed it into the government of an aristocracy. The most distinguished men of the time, Pompey and Lucullus, belonged to the dominant party, and gave some promise of durability to the new republic. The aristocracy were his heirs, when he abdicated the sovereignty, bound, both by their interests and their attachments, to maintain the existing order of things. However extraordinary his voluntary, his almost disdainful abandonment of the supreme sway, he left it in the hands of his own party, and that party strengthened by the legal investiture in powers as extensive as the patriciate had enjoyed in the older days of the republic, and with his army, like himself, reposing in the satiety of blood and of plunder.

plunder. The gratitude of a triumphant faction might, indeed, be but a precarious security for the peace or even the life of an abdicated tyrant, yet the awe which must still have attached to the name of Sylla, even while he was revelling out the remainder of his life in his luxurious villa near Puteoli, was of too great importance to the triumphant patriciate, not to hallow his life against every attempt unless that of private revenge. The peace of Italy was secured by a line, as it were, of military citadels, occupied by the victorious troops. He had deprived the hostilely-disposed municipia and other cities of their right to Roman citizenship (which they had won in the social war at the point of the sword), and assigned their houses, their fields, their waters, and all their property, to his soldiery, as a reward for their services, and to secure a support to the constitution, on the preservation of which their own fortunes depended. 'Thus arose military colonies of a new kind: the population of a great part of the peninsula was changed; there were 120,000 settlers, not colonists in the sense of the word as hitherto understood, but in full possession of the rights of citizenship, which had been extorted by the Italians in the social war, and which passed over to them.' The out-voters (if we may so call them) were thus attached to the interests of the new constitution. Nor was this the only transfer of the right of suffrage :—

'Since the Marian war, unqualified persons, strangers, and slaves, had frequently voted in the Comitia; a rigid scrutiny was impossible, and ambitious and factious men availed themselves of this abuse, to influence the edicts by means of hired bands. Sylla increased this evil, by bestowing the freedom and privileges of citizenship on Gauls and Spaniards, and even on 10,000 slaves, who were called Corneli, after their patron, in order that he might have a faction among the people at his command. With the same view he enriched a Chrysogonus, a Tarrula, and a Scyrrus, with the property of those who were put to death during the proscriptions.'—vol. ii. p. 481.

It was by this tampering with the popular suffrage, so fatal to the vigorous and independent character of the Roman people, that Sylla gave real strength, for a time at least, to his new constitution. The privileges by which he fenced in his aristocracy from the rest of the people would be swept away directly the popular party recovered their strength; the laws, by which he secured their authority, would be reversed; for laws, when they have the venerable dignity of antiquity, may exist for a time though they no longer harmonize with the character and the sentiments of the people; but, in general, manners must support laws, or they will speedily either be legally abrogated, violently infringed, or allowed tacitly to fall into disuse. Sylla filled up the ranks of the senate,
which

which had been thinned by war and proscription, and thus wisely enlarged the basis of his aristocracy. He reinvested them in the judicial authority—he limited the tribunician power, so dangerously and so often misused, and deprived it of the right of intercession in legislative enactments. He attempted to regulate the succession to the great public offices according to the ancient gradations, from the quaestorship up to the consulate. He enacted severe criminal statutes, particularly that against high treason (*lex majestatis*), which comprehended with stern sagacity all possible attempts, either by intrigue or violence, against the constitution.

But though order was restored, or at least anarchy rebuked, by this redintegration of the republic on the aristocratic form, it was beyond the power of Sylla, if he could have thrown off the passions and the party resentments of his station with as great ease as he laid down his sovereignty, to remedy any one of the domestic evils of the state of society—to counteract the fierce elements of disorganization and dissolution, which were ready to mingle again in implacable strife. His patriciate wanted at last those endowments which can alone establish or render permanent an aristocratical government. It was not an ancient order, a venerable caste, whose claims to superiority were dimly traced through long unbroken lines of ancestors up to the foundation of the city, and sanctified by that noble superstition which hallows the names of families constantly distinguished in the annals of a count. The necessity for recruiting the exhausted senate had introduced new men, selected by the caprice of the dictator, or by no less capricious popular nomination. It was an aristocracy of territorial domain, a landed aristocracy; but its enormous landed possessions were held on the most invidious and questionable tenure. The agrarian laws, as now understood, were so manifestly grounded on justice; the original title of the proprietors so little sanctioned the permanent and exclusive possession of the public domain; the usurpation on the reserved rights of the state was so manifest; the impolicy of substituting a slave population for a race of free cultivators, on so large a part of the soil, was so undeniable; that we cannot but wonder that men of the high character of Scipio Nasica should be either so infatuated with the spirit of party, or so obstinately determined to maintain prescriptive rights, as to resist, even to the death of their opponents, the resumption, or at least the regulation, of the self-appropriated public estates. The other sources of the wealth of the aristocracy, the plunder and the exactions from conquered provinces, though they commanded the public suffrages; would by no means secure popular respect; they would be looked on with jealousy by those who thought themselves equally

equally worthy of such good fortune, and those who were consciously unequal to attain eminence by the same means.

After all, the instability of affairs at Rome was the inevitable consequence of the greatness of her sons. Had she ceased to be prolific of master minds, had she exhausted all her productive energy in her Marius and her Sylla, she might possibly have subsided into a regular form of government. But the conquest of the world and internal peace were irreconcilable. The causes of contention, the military commands, were too honourable, too tempting, to be pursued only by peaceful and legitimate means; and though a Lucullus might be content to surpass all his fellow-citizens in luxury and magnificence, a Crassus in wealth, there would inevitably arise a Cæsar who would aim at the same pre-eminence in power. It almost seems that events could not but move in an irreversible cycle; war, wealth, power confined to a triumphant party; war again, wealth and power more and more concentrated, till at last absorbed in the dominion of one.

Yet Sylla's constitution, seconded by the inherent strength of the old republican institutions, at least delayed the inevitable hour of transition into monarchy. The battle was fought for some years longer on the civil arena, instead of being decided at once at a Pharsalia or an Actium. Above all, it afforded an opportunity for the civil greatness of Marcus Tullius Cicero to compete with the Pompeii and the Cæsars. As long as Rome itself was the scene of contest, Cicero might preserve the venerable republic from a Catiline or a Clodius: he was at length obliged to yield, but it was to the legions of Cæsar and of Antony, and because the fate of the republic was to be sealed in a foreign battle-field.

Cicero is the second distinguished character whose life is developed in the volumes at present before us. We are not blind to the weaknesses, or to the vanity of this extraordinary man; but while his faults arose chiefly out of his very peculiar position, his greatness, we conceive, was his own. His want of military distinction and ability only places in stronger relief his commanding powers in civil life. Without this he stood on a level with the Luculli, the Pompeys, the Cæsars. It is a strong testimony to the vitality of the Roman institutions and the old Roman virtue, that, in the final collision which dashed the republic to pieces, two men, who possessed the one only eloquence, the other only the rude old Sabine independence of character, Cicero and Cato, maintained their place and their influence. At present we have before us only one episode in Cicero's public life, that of his strife with Clodius, and the catastrophe, through the revenge of Antony. Mr. Drumann is at least sternly impartial to the failings—in our opinion he does not do justice to the character of

Cicero. We will not accuse him of a lurking bias in favour of the monarchical Mark Antony, but the embarrassments of Cicero's position, his necessarily less commanding attitude as a man of peace, among rivals at the head of their respective armies, might have excused more vacillation and uncertainty than can fairly be charged on the great orator. Cicero, like the rest of his contemporaries, may be accused of introducing foreign habits, opinions, and tastes into the genuine Roman character; but could that character be preserved after it had included Greece and the East within its empire; was it worth preserving, notwithstanding its rude and barbarous dignity? It is difficult to define that term, which is at present so constantly used in historical discussion, civilization; but if civilization be the height of moral perfection and greatness in a state, we can by no means assign a pre-eminent place in the comparative estimate of the different races of mankind to the old republican of Rome. He was a noble, a splendid savage, but still he was a savage. Nothing could be more imposing than his assertion of his own liberties, but nothing more barbaric than his constant and reckless aggression on the liberties of others. The civil constitution was, we will not say a skilfully and boldly constructed model, for, like all other constitutions, it grew up out of the exigencies of the times and the character of the people, but, though founded and maintained by the strife of conflicting parties, yet as a happy balance of forces, which conduced to a concentrated strength, as a fortunate combination of constituent elements which worked together to produce most extraordinary energy and durability, it cannot but command the highest admiration. Still its day was passed; it could not conform itself to the exigencies of the time and maintain its primitive vigour; it was the constitution of a city, a district, a province, but not of an empire. It might be admirably adapted for a free people, but not for a great one. Its glories were fatal to its peace; its foreign conquests bred up conquerors of its own liberties.

But if the reaction of the conquered East upon Rome was inevitable, how nobly does Cicero contrast with the rest of his contemporaries in the manner in which he directed that reaction! While others imported the wealth of the East to corrupt the suffrages of the people, its sensual luxuries to debase their morals, even its superstitions to infect their religion, Cicero transplanted into Rome the wisdom, the taste, the philosophy of Greece. The treasures which he accumulated from captive provinces were the books, the works of art, the teachers of oratory or of philosophy. If he did not neglect his golden opportunities in the more barbarous provinces of Asia which he administered, he laid out his wealth for the intellectual, and therefore, at such a period, the
moral

moral advancement of his country. Who was ever so great in the double character of the statesman and the man of letters? The man of letters never repressed the energy, or enthralled the activity of the statesman; the public man, excepting in the orations, which, in fact, are the literature of the public man, and the letters which lay open his public sentiments and conduct as well as his private feelings, the busy political leader does not disturb the serene dignity of the man of letters. Notwithstanding the sarcasm perpetuated by Juvenal, we could quote passages to show that Cicero might have been a poet of a very high order; as a Roman orator standing alone; as a philosopher, if neither very profound nor original, condensing all the wisdom of the different schools of Greece in his perspicuous and vivid Latin; at the same time he was the main support of the senatorial or constitutional party against all opponents,—against Catiline, Clodius, Antony. The following sentence is surely exempt from the charge of unwarrantable egotism:—‘*Me nec reipublicæ, nec amicis unquam defuisse, et tamen omni genere monumentorum meorum perfecisse operis subsecivis, ut mea vigilæ, meaque literæ, et juventuti utilitatis, et nomini Romano laudis aliquid afferrent.*’

The earliest period of Cicero's career, which is developed at length in the published volumes of Mr. Drumann, is his contention with Clodius. The most dangerous demagogue is the renegade from his own order. The man who now disturbed the peace of Rome, and the new constitution of Sylla, by his turbulent exasperation of the populace, was a descendant of the Claudii; a scion of that race which in its haughtiness had constantly trampled on the liberties of the people. The profligate and ruined noble takes refuge in patriotism, and to the disgrace of the popular party is in general received with blind acclamation. The conduct of Cicero at the commencement of the affair of Clodius has embarrassed his admirers and perplexed his adversaries. At first he is said to have stood aloof, and, even at a later period, engaged but lukewarmly in the prosecution of Clodius for his sacrilegious violation of the rites of the Bona Dea. Plutarch assigns, as the cause of the implacable animosity which broke out during the progress of this affair, one of those scandalous anecdotes which are repeated till they are believed. Cicero, it is said, was wrought up by the instigation of his wife Terentia. Terentia suspected a design on his part to divorce her and to marry the sister of Clodius. Clodia, according to Mr. Drumann, upon Cicero's own acknowledgment, had made some advances to the orator. But this depends upon the interpretation of a very obscure repartee of Cicero's in a subsequent altercation with Clodius,—‘*Narra, inquam, patrono tuo, qui Arpinates aquas concupivit.*’ Notwithstanding

standing Casaubon's authority, we cannot understand how the 'patronus' is referred to the sister of Clodius, or the 'Arpinates aquas' to the proposed marriage. Mr. Drumann's passages from Ovid and Vopiscus, especially the first from Ovid, a line which we cannot venture to quote (*Amor.* iii. 7, v. 84), are nothing to the purpose. Whether or not Tunstall be right, in his Epistle to Middleton, in suggesting M. Crassus, who bought off all the judges at the trial in favour of Clodius, as the *patronus*, we cannot think that this domestic intrigue receives the least confirmation from this passage.* Mr. Drumann's other reasons for rejecting this gossiping story are of some weight. Cicero stood too much on his own dignity, and paid too much respect to public estimation, to marry a loose and disreputable woman. There appears no trace of any design of separation between him and Terentia, and if there had been, she would hardly have retained influence enough to guide him in so important a transaction. Our author attributes the internecine feud between Clodius and Cicero to a bitter sarcasm of the former. After inveighing against the rest of his opponents, 'As for Cicero,' he said, 'he has discovered the whole.' This was the mysterious expression, *me comperisse omnia*, which Cicero constantly used, before he had completed his evidence on the Catilinarian conspiracy.

'It placed the Consular in a ridiculous light on that very subject on which he considered himself immeasurably great and worthy of all admiration; threw a doubt on the guilt of Catiline's party; insinuated a charge of murder, a public accusation against the author of their death, who already trembled at the consequences of his consulship.'—*Drumann*, vol. ii. p. 209.

This last drop of bitterness may have made the cup overflow, and no doubt Cicero was tremblingly sensitive to any allusion of this kind. But we do not trace the extraordinary effect produced, according to Mr. Drumann, by this single expression. The error of the whole consular party seems to have been their groundless supposition that the enormity of the crime, and its offensiveness to the public feeling, would of itself crush Clodius. They had to learn that *there is no crime which a successful demagogue may not commit with impunity*. It is remarkable that all the great men of the day in some degree or other displayed their peculiar character in this transaction, Cæsar, Crassus, Pompey, Cato, Hortensius, Cicero. It was Cæsar's wife who was implicated in the violation of the rites of the Bona Dea. It was in her house, it was apparently not without her connivance, that Clodius had perpetrated

* According to a note of Angelo Mai's on one of the fragments of the *Oratio in Clodium*, which he discovered in a palimpsest MS., Curio was the 'patronus libidinis suæ,' and Curio had bought an estate at Arpinum which had belonged to Marius. But the point of the sarcasm is not very clear even with this interpretation.

this crime. Clodius, unless secure of a favourable reception, would hardly have ventured at such a season into the private chambers of a Roman matron. The subsequent greatness of Cæsar gives greater dignity to his memorable saying on the repudiation of his wife—‘Cæsar’s wife must be above suspicion :’ it may be doubted if it sounded quite so magnanimously to the ears of his contemporaries. We suspect that the scandalous chronicle of Rome was not so easily silenced ; while the more sagacious must have seen in the conduct of Cæsar a deep-laid determination to raise the popular party at any cost, even of personal character. Cæsar, however injured and insulted by the crime of Clodius, would not alienate so useful an instrument as the demagogue might hereafter prove. Crassus threw himself at once into the interest of Clodius—his wealth bought the judges. Pompey, who returned to Rome during the transaction, as usual, vacillated between the parties, and lost the confidence of both. The stern Cato resolutely urged on the punishment of an offence against the morals and religion of the state. The easy Hortensius allowed himself to be deluded by the superior management of the Clodian party. Cicero, who had just emerged in triumph from the perils of the Catilinarian conspiracy, may have been reluctant unnecessarily to commit himself at such a period against a new antagonist. Cicero never charges Clodius, as implicated with Catiline ; his silence is conclusive. As to the crime itself, the philosophical author of the work on the Nature of the Gods, and of the book on Divination, would look upon the sacrilege of Clodius rather with the decent reprobation of a statesman, than the devout indignation of a religious man. He would condemn the indecency, the impolicy of an insult on the established faith, but he would not feel the impiety. His own expression is very remarkable : after stating that the entreaties of Clodius had induced many of the higher orders to withdraw from the affair ; that his bands of slaves were in readiness to support him ; he adds, that himself, who should have displayed the proverbial severity of the Athenian orator, every day became more moderate—‘*Qui Lycurgei a principio fuisset, quotidie demitigatur.*’ This certainly sounds as if some secret influence was exercised on his mind. But though he had some apprehension, he does not seem to have had a very clear view of the extent of the danger. ‘*Vereor ne hæc neglecta a bonis, defensa ab improbis, magnorum reipublicæ malorum causa sint.*’ Is this the expression of misgiving that he was himself implicated in this charge of negligence ?

At this juncture all depended on the union and firmness of the senate, and all seemed to promise fairly for the cause of order. Cicero might consider that by his private influence with the leading men, rather than by active interference, the same end might be attained.

attained. In the senate he electrified Pompey by his eloquence, conciliated, as he supposed, the favour of Crassus, by his courtesy; and as Cæsar, on account of his domestic interest in the transaction, dared not openly espouse the cause of Clodius, the demagogue might seem abandoned, without any support from the great leaders of parties, to the just penalty of his offence. The senate decided against him, voting 400 to 15. The actual question before them was, whether the offence should be tried by the ordinary judges, or by a more impartial tribunal, nominated by the prætor—in our technical language, by a common or a special jury. Hortensius, falsely estimating the strength of Clodius, and the evidence of his guilt, induced the senate to yield this point. Crassus then threw his purse into the scale; all kinds of bribery, even the charms of beautiful women, were employed, and at last a verdict of acquittal was extorted from a majority of 31 over 25 judges. Cicero appeared as a witness on the trial—his evidence completely disproved the *alibi* set up by Clodius. Yet he gave it, as he states, with the utmost calmness and impartiality.

From the time of his acquittal, the malignant star of Clodius was in the ascendant, that of Cicero began to wane. During the progress of the affair a deadly animosity had grown up between them, and Clodius was not a man to neglect any favourable opportunity of revenge. It might almost seem that he played the turbulent demagogue, and aimed at political power, solely to wreak his resentment against Cicero, to retaliate for the tremendous eloquence, the withering sarcasms with which the orator had attempted to keep him down.

During the first triumvirate, a sovereignty established by individual power in direct violation of all the laws of the republic, the man who trampled on all law was too valuable an instrument not to be courted on all sides, though Clodius, openly associating himself with the plebeian party, was in fact the ally of Cæsar. Cicero kept as much as possible aloof in his country retirement; during the abeyance of the constitution, the function of the constitutional leader was at an end. But the elevation of the plebeian party, through the instrumentality of Clodius, was effected by means of far greater importance, and produced an unobserved, but even more total change in the state, than was contemplated by those who only sought the immediate advancement of their own party. It was not that the head of the Claudian family voluntarily degraded himself from his rank, and contrived a fictive adoption into a plebeian house. Nor was it that as tribune Clodius steadily pursued his combined objects, the humiliation of the aristocracy, and his vengeance against Cicero, the head of the senatorial party, till at length he drove him into exile. By the effect of his laws the city of Rome still more entirely absorbed the government

ment of the state, while at the same time it became more unfit to exercise it. The right of suffrage, indeed, was not altered ; Rome, in appearance, was still the head, and the place of assemblage of a great federal republic, which comprehended almost the whole of Italy ; but the real power passed into the hands of the populace—whenever, at least, there was not an army to control their turbulence. At the same time a complete system of pauperism swelled the numbers of this class, both by its natural effects, and by alluring to the capital the loose and idle from all quarters. For the first rogation of Clodius was a great poor-law which consumed one-fifth of the public revenue. The distribution of corn, which up to this time had only been furnished at low prices, became regular and gratuitous. This law of Clodius may be considered at once an act of homage to the increasing influence of the populace, and a means of still further increasing that influence, which he strove to propitiate. This sort of pauperism was no disqualification for the exercise of the right of suffrage ; and in the distracted state of Italy, not yet recovered from the social war, and oppressed by Sylla's military colonies, it is scarcely to be doubted, that voters, properly belonging to the rural tribes, would swarm into the city, where they could live without labour, and maintain the dignity and privilege of Roman citizenship. Appian, accordingly, states the effect of the law to have been the confluence of idle and disorderly persons to live at free quarters in the metropolis ;—and during all this period the city continued to increase in size. The other two laws of Clodius struck more directly at the aristocratical influence. One deprived the patricians of their virtual *veto*—that is, of the power of interrupting the popular assemblies, when affairs seemed likely to turn against themselves, by declaring the auspices, which they alone had the privilege of observing, to be unfavourable. The other annihilated the censorial authority, by requiring a public trial before any man could be degraded from his rank. But the fourth was manifestly, and almost avowedly, intended to augment and to command the preponderance of the actual inhabitants of the city. Clodius re-established the trading guilds or fraternities of the city. Some of these were of great antiquity, but, independent of the general jealousy which prevailed in Rome against all separate corporations or associations, the universal disesteem in which trade was held would have been sufficient to prevent their attaining any formidable influence. Where the state existed, as it were, on commerce, the Florentine or the Flemish guilds would represent the wealth and the power of the republic ; but at Rome commerce, until the knights were tempted to turn wholesale merchants by the enormous profits of farming the revenues, and other commercial adventures, was in the hands of the lowest, if not the servile class, that

that just above servitude. The existing corporations had been in former times confirmed by the laws of the twelve tables; but they were watched with jealous vigilance. Decrees of the senate and edicts forbade the incorporation of new ones, without the permission of the state; and in the year *n. c.* 68, during the consulship of L. Metellus and Marcius Rex, those were suppressed which were considered dangerous. By the new law, in the strong language of the orator, not only were the ancient colleges reorganized, but countless other new ones incorporated by that single gladiator. As Mr. Drumann observes—

‘the names of these new ones (those of the older are preserved in history) are unknown, but trades might easily be found from which he could borrow them; for the object was not to combine artisans into a corporation, but to organize bands of armed men. Clodius had now an apparent pretext for taking into his service, openly before the Aurelian tribunal, slaves, and other rabble, the most indigent and desperate, for they were bound to his support against the senate, against whose will their union was formed. Through their presidents (the heads of the guilds or fraternities) he could easily set the companies in motion, distribute money or promises among them, and unite them to strike any great blow; he had an organized army ready for the combat. As long as Cæsar wished to shake the constitution, he favoured everything which tended to that end; as dictator he suppressed the new companies, and allowed only the old ones to subsist. Augustus found himself immediately compelled to a similar measure. Caligula restored the suppressed companies, and Claudius again abolished them.’—vol. ii. p. 242.

The influence of this ‘reign of terror’ would be much greater than the mere command of the actual suffrages—it would tend to keep away the sounder part of the community from these turbulent and perilous assemblies; and thus, though the constitution still appeared to vest the majority of votes in the property and solid weight of the better classes, the real predominance in the Comitia would be exercised by a low and indigent rabble. The system of slavery and the ruffian amusements of Rome began at the same time to make reprisals on the liberties of the republic. Slaves embruted by their degraded state, and gladiators by their venal profession, were the willing instruments of the demagogue; and might fairly be supposed to feel a revengeful satisfaction in being employed to wrest their freedom from their tyrannical masters, or to make the Campus Martius an arena for their mercenary combats. Spartacus might have reaped, if vengeance had been his only object, a better harvest under the banner of Clodius, within the city, than abroad in the battle-field. The liberties of Rome, for a certain period, hung on the conflict between the armed banditti of Clodius and of Milo. For the aristocratical parties would have been compelled, had compulsion been necessary,

sary, to employ the same weapons with their antagonists. *Conservative* clubs were organized in opposition to *radical* clubs; and Milo's troops of gladiators protected the senate and the voters for the constitution, against those of the populace, until the murder of Clodius by Milo suspended for a time the desperate collision of the factions. It is the one great truth, that, in every popular form of government, *political unions are fatal to liberty*.

When once the popular assemblies were thus overawed and controlled by armed dependents on the candidates, the republic was at an end. The only possible way to emancipate them from this tyranny was by a worse, because more permanent supremacy. The regular soldiery must be called in to suppress this civic banditti. The only alternative lay between mob rule and military rule. But directly the army interfered, despotism was inevitable. The legions from the different provinces might be arrayed against each other; but one at last must come off victorious, and the victor was the master of the world.

The death of Cæsar (we pass over the whole intermediate period of confusion, almost of anarchy, except when the triumvirate asserted its triple despotism) showed that the constitution of Sylla had no inherent vitality: it had no strength to rally—it awaited in trembling inaction the success of those intrigues and the event of those battles which were to decide the future destiny of Rome. During this juncture Cicero again appears as the one great civil character, amid the generals at the head of their legions; the sole distinguished representative of the constitutional party, among the Antonii, the Lepidi, the Younger Pompeii, the Octaviani, who were only contending among themselves for autocracy. Cicero has been reproached for his want of resolution and energy—but what could he do, unseconded by any power capable of contending against armies—

‘ When Brutus rose

Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate
Amid the crowd of patriots—and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal fire
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail!
For lo the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
And Rome again is free!—*Akenside*.

This is noble poetry, but sober history penetrates with more searching sagacity into the real state of things. Cæsar might be a glorious sacrifice on the altar of the expiring liberty of Rome; but did Rome or could Rome become free by the extinction of one despot? ‘The tyrant,’ said Tully himself, ‘is dead: the tyranny lives.’ ‘The father of his country’ might attempt to avert
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the danger of an immediate successor to Cæsar—he might advise that vigorous measures should instantly be taken against Antony—he might, during the whole crisis, fulminate his most inspiriting and appalling oratory against the enemy who was at the gates or in the city itself—he might, during the long negotiation, and the campaign which ended in the battle of Modena, continue to press upon the vacillating senate and passive people the necessity of union, energy, and boldness—he might attempt the perilous measure of reorganizing the old Pompeian party under the son of Pompey; but with a senate that had ceased to command, and armies which had ceased to obey, a populace which must be fed, a vast slave population at the command of their master to violate the public peace, where were the principles of social order; where the controlling power of opinion, of authority, of respect for ancient institutions, of property, which, at the bidding of Cicero, could compel the universal anarchy into lasting peace? The old patriciate had lost its weight; the genuine plebs had lost its independence, or rather had been absorbed into the mingled populace of the city; the monied class, the knights, in a community oppressed with debt, were unpopular in proportion to their wealth. There was no substantial middle order interested in the security of property, and therefore in the stability of the existing state of things. The vessel of the state had no ballast, and was at the mercy of the storm from whatever quarter it might blow.

And after all, in our schoolboy admiration for the mighty republic, ‘in the great and swelling’ sentiments of liberty with which we read the verses of Lucan and Corneille, we lose sight of this important fact, that the freedom of Rome only made the servitude of the world more oppressive. If the constitution had remained on its firmest basis—if the utmost liberality had been shown in admitting all orders in the community to their due share in the elections, and in the right of attaining to the public dignities—if Roman citizenship, instead of being extorted by the rebellion of the allied cities, had been freely communicated and orderly exercised by the whole of Italy, still it was only a more or less extensive oligarchy in comparison with the subject provinces. Oppressive as the provincial government was under the empire, it had been infinitely worse under the republic. We may remember the shrewd sarcasm of old Tiberius, who allowed the governors of provinces to retain their offices for a considerable period. ‘A Roman province was like the poor wounded man in the fable, who lay by the wayside covered with flies; but declined the service of a kind-hearted traveller who offered to drive them away, as those were already glutted, and would only be relieved by a more hungry swarm.’ Every year the popular nomination sent a constant

stant succession of unglutted bloodsuckers to drain the treasury and the private resources.

Sævi proximis ingruunt. It is no new observation that tyranny sometimes confines its oppressions to the small circle around the court; the remoter districts of a large empire may be flourishing in profound peace, while the executioner is daily thinning the aristocracy of the capital. It may be doubted whether the rapid advancement of the Roman world in civilization, in productiveness, in prosperity, could have taken place if Rome had retained her republican government. The servitude of the metropolis maintained the comparative freedom of the provinces. The death of Cæsar only commenced a new period of anarchy and civil war, during which the whole Roman world was trodden down and desolated and exhausted by conflicting armies; it experienced all the evils of a rapid and continual change of masters; but after the establishment of the empire, a quiet succession of tyrants, as tyranny was the inevitable doom, either that of one or of many, at least, excepting when some violent change of dynasty took place, left the provinces in peace.

These general and desultory remarks, we are aware, by no means do justice to a work, the chief excellence of which consists in its minute and laborious accuracy of detail. But this is precisely the merit which it is the most difficult to illustrate in a journal like ours. We will, however, select one of the most important and well-known events in ancient history to show the important results of our author's patient investigation. On the circumstances of the death of Cæsar, or rather those which immediately followed his death (a subject which many might suppose familiar to the most youthful reader of history), Drumann appears to have thrown new light, by carefully working out in succession the incidents of each day. In this inquiry the conduct of the old constitutional party, and of Cicero in particular, is deeply implicated. Nothing can be more striking than the impotence of the party which struck the great blow—their total inability to profit by the advantage which they had obtained—the want of any pre-concerted plan—the neglect of all previous understanding with those who might have seized the reins of government as they slipped from the hands of the falling Cæsar, and might at least have attempted to reconstruct the republic. Was there then any strength which they might have summoned to their assistance—any available force through which the constitution might have resumed its commanding position? Would Cæsar's veterans, even if these constitutional leaders had disclaimed all connexion with his murderers, or all vindictive insult upon his memory, have acknowledged the lawful authority? Would either of the armies
have

have obeyed the senate if it had resolutely asserted its dignity? Would the aristocracy have united in one compact body? Above all, would the people have hailed the watchword of liberty, and rallied round any civil leader—around Cicero, if he had boldly, and without hesitation, proclaimed himself the champion of freedom? The only answer, unsatisfactory, indeed, as it may be, to these questions is, the calm survey of the events which followed in hasty succession on this crisis of the destiny of Rome. We translate from Mr. Drumann, vol. i., p. 80.

‘The murderers stood deserted around the body. For the speech which was to have crowned their deed they found no hearers; the deed itself spoke, and so appallingly, that Rome shrunk away from them: first the senate, who had little inclination to participate in the curse attendant on their crime—the solitude around them showed this; then the people likewise. It made no movement when, like a gang of runaway slaves, with the cap, the symbol of freedom, before them, protected by their bloody daggers and by gladiators, they marched through the forum and demanded support, on the assurance that no life was in danger after that of the tyrant. Least of all did Cicero appear, whom M. Brutus had called upon by name as the father of his country. Under the pretext of rendering thanksgiving to the gods, they withdrew to the Capitol.’

In the arrangement of the following incidents, Mr. Drumann justly complains of the extreme paucity of dates furnished by the ancients. Appian he considers as superior to Dio and to Plutarch, both in the vigour with which he has drawn the characters of the time, and the sagacity with which he has developed their motives; but he has misplaced the events. Assistance is sometimes, but rarely, to be obtained from inscriptions. Even as to the medals, Eckhel, who has reproached his predecessors Medios-barbus, Vaillant, Morell, and Haverkamp with want of historical criticism, has, in Mr. Drumann’s opinion, arranged the coins according to false principles.

The first panic rapidly passed away; the conspirators, it was soon generally seen, had neither the inclination nor the power to secure the mastery of the city by plunder and massacre. Nothing had been preconcerted or prepared. Men began to choose their sides. ‘Those who were too weak to stand forward alone, displayed their zeal for liberty and the republic—that is, for the aristocracy re-established by Sylla; whoever hoped to take the place of Cæsar, joined himself to his avenger.’ Who were the Romans who, on the evening of the 15th March, were assembled with the liberators in the Capitol? Cicero, in his ardent desire to rule again in the forum by his eloquence, in the senate by his reputation—and others, who were not thought worthy by the murderers

derers themselves to be admitted into their ranks, but were now eager to pass for their accomplices, to share their honours and rewards. Among these Drumann names from Appian, and briefly characterizes, Lentulus Spinther, Favonius, M. Aquinas, C. Octavius, Balbus, Marcus Paticus, and others. That even Dolabella appeared there, and that he was willing to secure a dignity conferred on him by Cæsar by means of the murderers of Cæsar, is clear and significant; but as certainly he appeared there for the first time on the following day: if with Appian and Dio we overlook this fact, what followed becomes unintelligible.

‘For after a part of the precious time had been wasted in congratulations and thanksgivings, Cicero proposed that M. Brutus and Cassius, as prætors, should on the instant summon the senate to the Capitol; they must avail themselves at once of the confident courage of the well-disposed, and the consternation of their adversaries, to act; that is to say, to repeal all the ordinances of the dictator, and bestow the honours of the state on those who would protect them. The Consul Antonius kept himself concealed, and Dolabella had as yet done nothing to maintain his rights, whatever they might be, as his colleague; he was not yet confirmed. But Cicero availed himself of this plan only to avoid measures tending to anarchy. Antonius was neither deposed from his office, nor had abdicated it; his sentiments, however, were known, and, notwithstanding his hostility to Antonius, Dolabella could not be the friend of the liberator; for this reason Cicero intended to exclude him. Cicero thought, with justice, that all was not ended with the murder; that an union with the adherents of the murdered man was impossible; as they had spared their lives, no time should be lost in altogether depriving them of power. But he was mistaken when he expected this result from decrees of the senate; when he dignified by the name of *acting* anything less than purchasing the venal people, satisfying the veterans’ thirst for gold, which overpowered their love for Cæsar; and above all, without form or ceremony, seizing upon the treasure; in a word arraying might against might, and so commanding the peace which was equally desirable to the people and the soldiery.’—*Drumann*, vol. i. p. 83.

It is singular to see the reverence for constitutional forms paralyzing the measures of the conspirators, and of Cicero himself. In the consul alone resided the legal authority to reinstate affairs; and they fondly thought, or deluded themselves into the belief, that Antony, being consul, would use his powers with moderation, sacrifice at once his revenge and his personal ambition, and act in peaceful harmony with the murderers of Cæsar.

‘From this point the ancients lead us into a labyrinth, from which we find no way of escape, unless we can fix the precise time of the meeting of the senate in the temple of Tellus, and with the help of a few slight indications reckon backwards and forwards from that point.

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The senate assembled, as we shall presently see, on the 17th of March. During the nights of the 15th and 16th Brutus and his colleagues remained in the Capitol, while Antony gained the advantage by obtaining possession of the treasures and papers of Cæsar. Appian dates this the night before the meeting of the senate, therefore immediately after the murder. In a speech in the Forum, Brutus complains of the administration of Cæsar's effects, for he already knew that the treasury was empty, but not, as he did later, when he made that which is called his Capitoline speech, how it became so. The observation of Cicero, that, during his stay at Rome, he was an eye-witness of the plunder, and that Antony had paid his debts between the 15th March and the 1st of April, is by no means decisive; but nothing speaks more strongly than that Calpurnia, only in her first panic, while she was apprehensive of persecution and of the plundering of her house, could have taken the perilous step of intrusting the wealth her husband had left behind to another, and that a notorious spendthrift; and that Antony no sooner saw the field open than he seized likewise the public treasure.'—*Drumann*, vol. i. p. 81.

He took it out of the temple of Ops, according to the accounts, to the amount of 700 million sesterces (between 5,000,000*l.* and 6,000,000*l.*); but he subsequently maintained to Octavian, that he found the repositories empty, and himself proposed an inquiry, so that the senate offered a reward of a tenth of the whole for information what had become of the money. It was not merely expended by the consul in loose extravagance, and the payment of his creditors; but ~~was~~ likewise to his party Dolabella, and other influential men, the veterans and the people. Neither the animosity nor the witticisms of Cicero, nor the menaces of his nephew of an indictment for peculation, could wrest from Antony this advantage.

From the private treasure of Cæsar, which Calpurnia allowed to be moved to his house for greater security, he obtained 25 millions of denarii, about 4000 talents, (between 700,000*l.* and 800,000*l.*), as well as many articles of value. But the inexhaustible source of wealth, as well as the most effective means of beating his adversaries beneath his feet, was the possession of the Dictator's papers, his memorandum-book, which contained, or might contain, his designs and plans for the future, and which at the same time was given up by the widow to the consul.

By this arrangement of the events, Antony's superiority is immediately explained. The meeting of the senate in the temple of *Tellus*, on the 17th, took place at his summons as Consul; but, already in possession of the treasure, Antony commanded as the master, rather than obeyed as the servant of the republic. The other consul, Dolabella, was secured to his interests. Thus the plunder of the provinces again, as it were, revenged itself on the liberties of Rome. What could the constitutional party effect, after

after the first false step, the abandonment of the 'sinews of the war' to the adversary? The subservience of Lepidus to the views of Antony may be ascribed more perhaps to the arts by which he worked on the vanity and ambition of that weak man, than to the dazzling influence of his wealth. Lepidus, who, on the night of the murder, marched his troops into the city and occupied the Campus Martius, was at that crisis the arbiter of the Roman destinies. But the same irresolution, the same astonishment, which seemed to oppress the minds of the tyrannicides with the grandeur of the act which they had achieved,—the same rigid adherence to constitutional proceedings, while the constitution was manifestly in abeyance, which allowed Antony to anticipate them in the seizure of the treasure—left Lepidus open to his negotiations, apparently without any counteracting exertions on their part. The rival, bought by the hand of Antony's daughter for his son, and by the vacant high-priesthood, sank into the tool of Antony. The activity displayed by Antony in this negotiation is a further probability in favour of his bold precipitancy in mastering the treasure.

Notwithstanding the dark colouring of the Philippics, the vices and prodigalities of his youth, and the impressions of weakness and irresolution which remain upon the mind from the final fate of the 'soft triumvir' after the battle of Actium, it is impossible not to admire the address and the vigour which were displayed by Mark Antony throughout this trying crisis. Antony must have felt that, in sparing his life, the conspirators had committed an irreparable fault; in leaving him in possession of the consular power, in submitting to his official authority, in treating him as a person of whom it was possible to suppose, from his position, his character, his very virtues, his gratitude, and his attachment to Caesar, that he could be other than their deadly enemy. He must be all or nothing; and all he might have been—but for the appearance of a new competitor, whose extraordinary and peculiar abilities no political wisdom could have anticipated. His only formidable rival was the boy Octavian, with more than the coolness, the subtlety, the relentless determination of purpose, which belongs to the age and experience of the most practised veteran. Antony availed himself with equal skill of all his advantages, his office, his wealth, his influence with the veterans; he steadily pursued the course of his ambition through the bye-paths of crafty negotiation, and the bloody tracks of civil war. At first he succeeded almost in convincing Cicero of his patriotic designs, while all the time he was weaving his toils around one adversary after another. Cicero and Antony were now the real heads of their respective parties; Cicero of that of the constitution, of the aristocracy, of the govern-
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ment by the civil authority—Antony of that of monarchy, however disguised, of the people, as far as an alliance against the patrician party, of government by the army. Could Cicero have done more in his position, and with the means at his command? He was weighed down in the first place by the imbecility and misconduct of the conspirators. Drumann has well described the insignificance into which they at once fell.

‘The lot of the deliverers was by no means enviable. They could only submit, while their enemies built up what they had cast down, and remodelled what they had thrown out of joint. Their hand was strong enough to point the dagger, but not to wield the destinies of Rome. Instead of being objects of wonder, they were forced to seek an asylum with the gods, and congratulated themselves when—they were pardoned. They found no sympathy; neither with the multitude, who only spared them from the desire of peace; nor with their enemies—for it is courage and subtlety, not cowardly murder, which commands the respect of our adversaries—nor even with their own faction, who began to esteem them very lightly as incapable instruments. No one in the meantime appeared, as Octavian did at a later period, to make a forward movement; and on the other side there was nothing left but to receive them with open arms, since their punishment had been remitted. According to Appian, on the 18th of March they came down from the Capitol, but this took place on the 17th; for, in fact, it was necessary as soon as possible to give an assurance to the people that they need not fear a civil war in the city. In a numerous assembly the decrees of the senate were read by the command of the consuls, with the approbation of Cicero. For the first time on this day, Cicero raised his voice again as a free republican, and doubtless in his joy he spoke with the greatest spirit. The multitude listened with delight, and were anxious to see the conspirators, whom they had taken into their favour. But conscience still made them cowards; though these advances were made to them, they demanded hostages for their security.’—*Drumann*, vol. i. p. 96.

Antony, the restorer of peace, consummated his work; he sent his young son, with the son of Lepidus, and so lured them out of their hiding-places, the more easily to drive them out of Rome. When they reached the Forum, they were received with clamours of joy by the multitude, and by their command they were embraced by the consuls as a token of sincere reconciliation.

‘Lepidus was the host of M. Brutus, the brother of his wife; and Antony invited Cassius, for whom, as a ready man of the world, he expressed the most profound contempt, both in his jest, “You have not still another little dagger under your arm?” and in the smile with which, well aware of the simplicity, the egotism, and the helplessness of the murderers, he received his answer, “I have still a dagger for you, if you are ambitious of being a tyrant.”’

Yet

Yet the 'spare Cassius,'

'Who seldom smiled, and smiled in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything,'

was the most dangerous of the whole party to jest withal, and the least deserving of contempt. We confess, with all due reverence for the name, and for the 'deadly stroke' dealt by Brutus, his character always reminds us of Mirabeau's clever *soubriquet* for Lafayette—the Cromwell-Grandison. Brutus was a kind of philosopher-patriot, who affected to preserve his stoic impassiveness while he was addressing an exasperated mob. Nothing can be more amusing, or at the same time less calculated to raise our respect for Brutus, than the vanity of authorship, which induced him to submit his famous speech to the people, on which hung the destiny of Rome, to Cicero, to be touched up previous to its publication; which speech, however, Cicero found so flat and lifeless that he declined meddling with it. Yet such were the best confederates whom Cicero could command to fight the battle for the liberties of Rome. It was, in fact, from the first, and could not but eventually be—a contest between the unarmed and the armed, of eloquence against power, of the orator who exercised a doubtful sway over a feeble and timid audience, and one who gave the word of command to legions of veterans.

The Philippics, whether they were all publicly spoken or not, contain the genuine expression of Cicero's feelings; and they have always read to us as the elaborate invectives of an orator, conscious that his cause is desperate. There is none of that bold superiority, that forcible thundering from on high, which animates the Catilinarians and some of his other orations—the confidence of success, the anticipated ovation, the trampling on the neck of a prostrate adversary. It is the death-struggle of fierce animosity—the hopeless determination of wreaking all the vengeance yet in his power—to perish, as it were, with his talons deep in the blood of his antagonist. Even when affairs appear to brighten, when Decimus Brutus seems to be master of Gaul, and Octavianus Cæsar is still true to the senate, a sudden misgiving, a dark despondency, comes over the exultation of the orator's spirit; if we fall, let us fall like noble gladiators, with dignity—'quod gladiatores nobiles faciunt, ut honestè decumbant, faciamus nos, principes orbis terrarum gentiumque omnium, ut cum dignitate potius cadamus, quam cum ignominiâ serviamus.'

It is manifest that Cicero had a prophetic consciousness of the peril, though he did not or could not shrink from the responsibility of his position. The 'conspiciuæ diviua Philippica famæ,' were nothing against the 'swords of Antony.'

In the treaty of union, or rather of the division of the empire between Lepidus, Antony, and Octavius, what respect was paid to the leader of the constitutional party? The triumvirate was formed of those who had armies, not votes, at their command. He was only not forgotten, because revenge has a memory which nothing can escape. With Cicero, it may be said, fell the liberties of Rome; yet it was not so much the danger which the whole triumvirate apprehended from his abilities, or his patriotism,—it was the personal vindictiveness of Antony which demanded the victim. He might have been safely left to enjoy the philosophic repose of his Tusculan retreat; the throne of Augustus would not have been endangered by the orator. Cicero himself, no doubt, conscious, from melancholy experience, of the hopeless decay of the republic, would have acquiesced in the inevitable destiny. The republic had passed away; the empire of the world remained—and that empire, to endure, must become a monarchy.

We thus conclude our notice of a work, which, we repeat, cannot but be imperfectly judged by the examination of any particular passage or insulated fact. Our object has not been so much to expose our own opinions on this period of the Roman annals, as to make known to the English reader a work, which in the flood of new publications annually poured forth on the continent, more particularly in Germany, might not command, even among our scholars, the attention which it merits. Europe is becoming more and more one great literary community. That which in former times was called the 'Republic of Letters' was after all but a narrow oligarchy; it maintained its intercourse chiefly through a language foreign to all, the Latin; it is now, however, growing, we trust, into a real federal union. We know no service more valuable to the cause of letters, than to promote, and still more, to direct the movements of this amicable commerce. We gladly avail ourselves, therefore, of every opportunity, which our limits will allow, of directing our readers to the more distinguished productions of the continent. In so doing, we are but making an inadequate return for the extraordinary vigilance and activity with which English literature is hailed and welcomed and disseminated throughout Europe by the journals of France and Germany. We can only regret, crowded as we are with subjects of immediate, or of English interest, that we have not more space to devote to this nationalization of foreign literature; that we cannot hope, that it is in fact almost impossible, to keep pace with the rapidity of production throughout Europe. The facts of science may be communicated with almost telegraphic celerity, from one part of the world to the other, particularly since each department has its peculiar votaries, constantly on the look out
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for every new discovery, or original view of admitted truths; but the boundless range of literature, comprehending works of imagination, of history, antiquities, classical learning, theology, while it impresses us with the impossibility of keeping up a complete account even of the most eminent of the continental writers, at the same time enforces the expediency of neglecting no opportunity to introduce a name, deserving of reputation, to the readers of our Journal. While we regret that we can do no more, we feel satisfaction in doing all that we can—in promoting at once the general interests of literature, and gathering, as it were, into one familiar circle, the most intelligent, imaginative, and learned writers of all countries; and the more co-operators we find starting up around us, the greater, we can sincerely say, will be our satisfaction.

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- ART. IV.—1. *A Commentary on the Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, &c.* By Colonel Philip Roche Fermoy. Paris, 1828.
 2. *Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Founder of the United Irish Society.* A new edition. Washington, 1826.
 3. *Full and Accurate Report of Debates in the Parliament of Ireland, &c.* Dublin, 1793.
 4. *Ireland: the Policy of reducing the Established Church, and paying the Roman Catholic Priests.* By J. C. Colquhoun, Esq., of Killermont. Glasgow, 1836.

THERE were in Ireland, of late years, two societies, not simultaneous but successive—one denominated the Comet Club, the other the Irish Brigade; both instituted, it was said, for the accomplishment of the same great work—‘national independence;’ both suspected of having been concerned in some occupations which shunned the light, and each known to have exhibited public proofs that its labours were not frivolous or unproductive. The ‘Comet,’ a weekly newspaper, was the visible presence in which the spirit of the former was discernible—the manifestations of the other were monthly. When we say ‘the other,’ we are not to be understood as intimating that the second apparition was substantially different from its predecessor. The ‘Comet’ had shaken ‘from its horrid hair’ a too portentous and too significant monition; vulgar minds interpreted it into an advice to the Irish peasantry to massacre the Protestant clergy,—the enterprising and judicious discovered that the advice was given rather prematurely,—and a court of law was illiberal enough to pronounce it a seditious libel. The rebuked ‘Comet’ withdrew, and the Comet Club dissolved. But, if we may borrow the expression from well-known optical illusions, it dissolved itself into a new society;

and, with an altered name, and its periodic time extended, '*alter et idem*' the eclipsed luminary came forth from temporary occultation, to lighten, as the 'Irish' or the 'Catholic Magazine' we believe, the same projects and purposes over which, when bearing a bolder name, it had shed a disserviceable, because too full and threatening an illumination.

Of the private proceedings of the societies which dispensed light through these organs, little is known, and of that little the matter of most consequence, and most pertinent to our purpose, is, that the ordinary business of some stated meetings included the reading a lecture which comprised or consisted of a portion of commentaries of Colonel Roche Fermoy. A few brief extracts will show the objects and tendency of this production.

'The publication, by his son, of General Tone's Memoirs will form an era in the civil and military departments of international policy. The subject of the book rises into an almost universal interest. The object of Tone's labour and of his life was the dismemberment of a great empire, which, in all its extent, he considered as having oppressed the energies and corrupted the morals of a large portion of the human race. One effort of his was eminently near to success—baffled only by the opposition of the elements, an opposition which human wisdom could not have foreseen, and human means could not have overcome. The means which Tone applied was a direction, towards his native country, of the military power of a mighty people then at war with and overpowering the rest of Europe. His influence in directing that power arose from his intercourse with some of the towering spirits which then, in the fulness of their energy, had overturned the most ancient and, in appearance, the most solidly-founded governments of the world.'—*Roche Fermoy*, p. 1.

'From the book of Tone one awful lesson may be learned, and ought to be inculcated to *all* nations that may be desirous of seeking relief from oppression either real or supposed. I say to *all* nations, because I wish to frame the rule *generally*, and without any particular reference to Ireland. If any nation think itself aggrieved, and seek relief, let it look *at home* for the cultivation of those powers which may be equal to the end—let it not repose upon *foreign* assistance. The elements, which human sagacity or human force cannot direct or control,—the winds and the waves—fire, or, by its absence, frost, may destroy the best calculated hope. Foreign expeditions are ever precarious;—the Spanish armada—*Deus afflavit, et dissipantur*—Charles XII.—Napoleon arrested by frost—Cambyses and his million buried in burning sand—

“ ——— awhile the living hill '
Heaved with convulsive throes, then all was still !”

Let oppressed nations therefore look at home. Tone, when he sailed from Brest, had all *human* means in his favour.'—*Ibid.* p. 7.

'Tone, in his life-time, asserted the capability of his native country
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to preserve an independent station, and to sustain a domestic government. Sir James Mackintosh, in the speech attributed to him, in 1825, throws out an assertion directly the reverse of that which Tone had published. Both are mere *assertions*. Sir James, however, seems to offer at something more. Tone declined—and, for reasons very well known to himself, purposely declined—any explanation. Sir James commenced with a flourish of trumpets, which seemed to announce that a mass of force was to be *deployed* on the stage:—“Small in extent, feeble in means, Ireland could look for no higher destiny among surrounding nations,” &c. (hear, hear, hear!)—*Ibid.* p. 14.

‘In the situation and with the designs of Tone, in 1791, it was his policy to be well acquainted with all his means, but to conceal them carefully from others. To disclose means would have been to furnish instruction for counteraction. But, in 1825, the object of Sir James was directly the reverse. Sir James wished to discourage in Ireland any attempt at her liberation. Such an object would have been well followed by a complete disclosure of how the smallness of her extent contributed to injure her strength, and to show by what other circumstances her means of resistance must be enfeebled. Sir James declined this disclosure. He could have been so guided by one of two reasons. Either he was profoundly ignorant of the particular facts necessary to support the opinion he had pronounced, or he was apprehensive that a resort to facts would not have supported him. The first is suspected as the real reason.’—*Ibid.* p. 17.

‘An attempt at a solution of the important question of the powers of Ireland having been, by Tone and Sir James, declined or avoided, has become, from the state of public feeling, on both sides of the Atlantic, of paramount necessity. The speech of Sir James was, in the year 1825, received by repeated cheers of “hear, hear!” The book of Tone has been received, in North America and in Europe, by a public feeling as encouraging to the author as the sound of “hear, hear!” was to the speaker, Sir James. The subject should be entered into with fairness, but it ought to be searched with boldness. The smallness of the extent of Ireland is alleged as a cause of her weakness. This proposition is announced by Sir James in a positive, not in a relative, form. A mere smattering of the knowledge of an engineer would have shown to Sir James the absurdity of his proposition.’—*Ibid.* p. 18.

‘To a calm investigation of it, the following divisions of the subject seem to be necessary:—

‘1st. Whether Ireland, in her physical capacities of position and of form, exterior and interior, be not a *natural fortress* of the first order.

‘2nd. Whether Ireland, in her moral capacity, conjunctly with her physical powers, possess not a garrison of the first order of *military* population, of sufficient number to man all her defences, together with a power within herself of perpetually recruiting and maintaining such a garrison.

‘3rd.

'3rd. Whether in every country there be not a distinction necessary to be taken between a *military* and a numerical population?—and whether it be not necessary to examine such a distinction negatively as well as affirmatively?'

'4th. Whether it be not necessary to examine the powers of Ireland relatively to the power of other nations.'—*Ibid.* p. 21.

The above extracts exhibit the purpose and design of this chosen counsellor of the Hibernian associations. The following will serve to show the temper and spirit in which he is disposed to regard the concern which England is likely to feel in the issue of the separation and independence for which the people of Ireland are stimulated to contend.

'Abroad, the proceedings during the French revolution show the domestic system of England, extending its profligacy in all external relations—by a system of bribery called subsidizing, engaging most of the powers of Europe in a conspiracy against France,—not so much against France in its existing substance, as against its supposed moral principles—the sword against the thoughts of the human mind—like the absurdity of Milton's swords, in his battle of the angels, cutting through *immortal essences*. But this system of foreign bribery produced the ruin of the parties bribed. There is not one European power that received the money of England, that did not sink under the contagion of her alliance. The nations remained, but the governments were all overcome, and some of them annihilated.

'If from Europe we look to the east, not a single prince will be found, who put his trust in English *protection*, that was not ruined;—not a treaty that was not broken. If one lover should perish in the embraces of a venal beauty, she might gain credit for an assertion of accident or misfortune; but if not merely one, but two, three, seven, or ten should successively die, with the same contact, it would require more than the impudence of a prostitute to assert, that the world must attribute their destruction, not to the taint of her embraces, but to the *unlucky* course of *existing circumstances*.

'Yet *this* is the nation, with which a certain class in Ireland is seeking to confirm a mere *legal*, by a *moral*, and therefore a *binding* union—by *humbly petitioning* to be admitted to a full participation of the benefits of that constitution which has produced upon the subjects now panting for existence within its exhausted receiver, such effects, as the truths disclosed by England's own historians have put beyond denial or even controversy.'—*Ibid.* p. 92.

These passages make the object of Colonel Roche Fermoy's commentaries clear, and supply a fair specimen of his style and spirit. We do not think it necessary to follow out the full development of his principles, or to examine the grounds of his assurance. The reader who is curious in such matters may examine for himself the strength of the fortress-island, which has ocean, as the 'Commentaries' inform us, for its ditch, and may trace out and explore the

the lines and posts and parallels, the rivers, and chains of mountains, and dangerous morasses by which an invading army could be harassed and impeded; he may consider also the capabilities of the soil to furnish a permanent and abundant supply of provision, and the various felicities of condition for having the garrison perpetually recruited. The curious in strategics may consult the diagrams by which Colonel Roche Fermoy illustrates his plans. They are not for our purpose.* We consider nothing more than the fact, that his 'Commentaries' were written with a view to prove that Ireland could subsist and defend itself in separation from Great Britain, and that his opinions on this subject are understood to have been diligently studied by societies in that country, which have taken a leading part in the movement to effect a repeal of the legislative union. That our information in this matter is correct may be disputed. We have good reason to believe it cannot be disproved; and at all events it amounts to no more than what Irish agitation substantially confirms, namely, that the office which Wolfe Tone is confessed to have held, or the influence rather which he exercised in the patriot societies of the last century, has been transferred, in this our day, to persons who find a sympathetic guide and counsellor in the exiled commentator on his Memoirs.

But, it must be acknowledged, the information which conveys only thus much cannot be regarded as unimportant. It intimates the fruitlessness of all endeavours which have been hazarded to reconcile Ireland to a patient acquiescence in her connexion with this country, and it suggests thoughts which impart a character of almost hopelessness to the efforts by which our laggard and desultory legislation would correct the errors of the past, or supply remaining deficiencies. To be reminded that concession, and indulgence, and immunity have provoked no answers but those of complaint and defiance, have awakened no feeling but discontent, and seem to have commended views of enlarged and more alarming ambition, is certainly not to be encouraged in the expectation of a good result from further concession; and it does not mend matters much to be told, that, however unwillingly, you must still continue to concede, because, little as there remains for England to grant, her powers to resist are still more limited. It may be not uninstrucive to seek out a cause for those painful and repeated disappointments. A series of disasters such as have marred the various attempts of Great Britain to legislate for Ireland, no man would pronounce fortuitous or causeless.

The root of the evil seems to be a premature application of the forms of the British constitution to a country which had not the capabilities necessary for receiving them with advantage. It must be

be acknowledged that various compensations and corrections were devised to provide against, or to remedy the evils attendant on this experiment. The province of legislation was narrowly limited, and jealously guarded; and the administration of justice, as well as the execution of the laws, was watched over with a carefulness which betrayed the influence of fear and suspicion. But all this was of evil. The constitution which demanded such guards or corrections was not fit for Ireland. *The attempt to impose it on a society or a country for which it was not adapted, involved of necessity an evil for which there was no compensation, namely, a contrast between the professed principle of government and the details by which it was to be rendered effectual; the prospect of a freedom such as has attracted universal admiration, surrounded by jealous and irritating exclusions, the policy of which, considered in reference to a population like that of Ireland, could not be defended, except by an argument which assumed the unsuitableness of the constitution they protected.

From a state of things like this, discontent was inseparable. The ambitious, the disaffected, the generous, all beheld inconsistencies at which some were offended, and which some employed for purposes of agitation and excitement. Even the wise and far-seeing were embarrassed. They could not accommodate to the shows of a free constitution measures necessary to preserve substantial good, which, under other circumstances, would have been constitutionally guarded; and, in prosecuting disinterested labours for the public advantage, they were forced to renounce all popular topics, and abandon all hope and effort to guide the mind of the multitude.

The objections to the project of governing Ireland agreeably to the spirit as well as the forms of the British constitution were mainly of two kinds—national and religious. The colony aspired to become a nation; the church of the majority fomented intestine disorder, and introduced foreign influence. England had to guard against both dangers. The direct course would have been the wisest she could adopt, that of framing a constitution which should be, in principle and in detail, adapted to the state of society for which it was designed. The readier and the more popular, but the more dangerous, course was to govern by British law, and to provide against attendant inconveniences, by adopting the precautions which indirectness rendered necessary. Restrictions were imposed on the exercise of colonial power—Roman Catholics were excluded from all situations in which it was thought they could have become formidable; and thus, by a successive application of stimulants and correctives, colonial jealousy was quickened, and new bitterness infused into religious rancour. It is only by its
evil

evil consequences the absurdity of such a system is hidden. Were it not for the acrimony perpetuated and the disasters provoked, the attempt to force British law on a country to which it was not adapted would be merely ludicrous. Under the ostent and encumbrance of the British constitution, trusting altogether to other support, and obedient to other influences, Ireland might be not unaptly represented by her brawny son in the caricature, his feet in the mud, his face visible from the skeleton of a sedan chair, within which he is seen in an erect position, and out of his mouth the words, 'If it were not for the honour of the thing, a man might as well be walking.' But the experiment of Hibernian rule has supplied us with matter more engrossing than its absurdities.

A history of the eighteen years' independence, as the epoch might be termed in which Ireland enacted a nation, would be a valuable addition to our political literature. If the exhibition of high qualities and endowments could render a period illustrious, and overcome the disadvantage of circumstances, Grattan's metaphor was scarcely exaggeration when he said of his country that she had arisen, and was brought nearer to the sun. But during that brief period of excitement, everything was uncertain and everything was dangerous. Extravagancy was rendered more formidable by the genius which exalted and adorned it. The legal majority of the nation anticipated the physical one; and the consequences were such as might have been looked for. The freaks and excesses which followed upon a premature liberation from custody and restraint were calculated to occasion serious embarrassment and alarm—the general state of affairs in Europe caused both the difficulties and the apprehensions to be very greatly increased—and the inevitable conclusion followed, in a sanguinary insurrection, and in the act of legislative union, to which disastrous and boding events had reconciled, through the medium of their fears, many who could not have been brought to acquiesce in it by the considerations of a comprehensive policy.

The Act of Union simplified the difficulties to be overcome in the good government of Ireland. The Protestant population of that country became very speedily convinced that their interests were the same with those of England, and were best secured by British connexion. It remained to satisfy, or 'conciliate,' as it was called, the Roman Catholic portion of the people. *Hic labor! Hoc opus!* Strange as it may seem, we believe that, even at this day, the peculiar character of this difficulty—the combination which rendered it formidable—the means by which the resistance it offered could best be weakened or overcome—are matters with which the 'working politicians' of highest reputation are very imperfectly acquainted.

The

The Church of Rome is well known to comprise among its members—or, as some say, to divide the whole body of its members into—two classes; the one consisting of those who hold the doctrine of papal infallibility and all the offensive dogmas of the ultra-montane school; the other of the more moderate party, which will not consent to leave all matters of faith and morals thus dependent on the will of a finite individual. It has ever been the policy of the Church of Rome in this kingdom to keep these two classes undivided. Some few British statesmen appear to have been aware of the importance of discriminating between them. James I. understood it;—the great Duke of Ormond incurred much hatred and vituperation by endeavouring to effect a division; but, since the days of that illustrious statesman, the existence of two classes of believers in the Church of Rome appears to have been practically disregarded by any but those who took good care that the distinction between them should never become so marked as to constitute a barrier of separation. Circumstances, however, were against these wily politicians. The progress of light and knowledge was beginning to produce its natural effect, and to render the distinctions conspicuous. The moderate Roman Catholics in England began to form themselves into a party. They assumed the name of ‘Roman Catholic Dissenters.’ They formed a ‘Cisalpine Club.’ But these were matters beneath the attention of British statesmen, and Mr. Pitt was greeted with the very equivocal praise of having by his liberal policy arrested the progress of discussions which would have ended in the division of British Roman Catholics into two parties, and would have rendered their opinions known in all matters in which the state had a direct concern*.

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* Mr. Charles Butler, in his ‘Historical Memoirs of the English Catholics,’ c. lvi. lect. 10, says, ‘Dr. Curry (in his Review, b. ix. c. 14) cites a letter written by the Earl of Cork to the Duke of Ormond, in 1666, the year of the meeting, in which his lordship suggests to the duke’s consideration, whether it were not a fit season to make that schism which you (says his lordship, addressing himself to the duke) have been sowing among the popish clergy; so as to set them at open difference, as we may reap some practicable advantage thereby.’ The duke himself seems to have explicitly avowed that this was his object in permitting the meeting. Carte informs us, that when some of the political adversaries of his grace reproached him with favouring the Catholics during his administration, and instanced, in proof of it, his permission of the synodical meeting of the Catholic clergy, the duke frankly declared, that ‘his aim in permitting that meeting was to work a division of the Romish clergy.’ How very different was the conduct of Mr. Pitt, who, in 1791, when a division had broken out in the Catholic body, ‘then petitioners to parliament for relief, nobly composed the difference, and annihilated the subject of contention.’ Thus is the pretended unity of the Church of Rome protected against inquiry; and men who hold opinions opposite as loyalty and treason, as moral truth and vitiating error, are enabled, by the endeavours of those who should discriminate between them, to remain united; or rather thus are the designing and deadly enemies of

A single example will serve to explain the advantage derivable from such a facility. It is, naturally, a matter of consequence to understand whether a subject, in all moral questions, submits himself blindly to the dictation of a foreign potentate, or reserves a right of self-determination. But the matter of importance is respective, altogether and exclusively, of the individual's belief. The State is concerned to know, not whether its subjects are or are not *required by their religion to believe* that if a foreign prince commanded them as an act of duty to commit murder, or protect a murderer from justice, they are bound to obey,—but whether *it is the belief of the individual*, no matter how required or commanded, that he should render the iniquitous obedience. Had it been proposed as a test of eligibility to office or power, that each individual should declare his own belief, the result would have been a division in the Church of Rome, and the State would have ascertained, so far as declarations could testify, the alien and the subject;—but by the dexterity with which a profession was made, irrespective for the most part of individual opinion, and pronouncing chiefly on a dogma of the Church, the Roman Catholic parties were preserved 'at one,' and the State was left without information.*

The advantages to the secret movers of Roman Catholic affairs were great. They were able to reconcile the favour which moderation won for them, with the strength which they derived from feelings of rancour and superstition. They were able to gain the good will of men like Wilberforce and Knox, by representing theirs as the religion of Fenelon and Pascal and pious priests not unworthy to be named with them; and they were enabled to consolidate a strong power among the mass of the people by disseminating the principles of Dominic and Dens, and of the commentators who abused the Douay and Rhemish version of the Bible. Those who associated with Roman Catholics in the higher classes of society could not be persuaded to think very ill of a system to which they belonged—the knowledge which

of Protestantism enabled to avail themselves of the services of honourable men in carrying on their intrigues. Mr. Pitt's conduct was certainly more to be commended for simplicity than wisdom. The following passage is taken from the minutes of evidence of a parliamentary committee in 1816:—"June 24, 1816. Charles Butler, Esq., called in and examined.—Q. It is understood that in the year 1788, you drew up, at the desire of the late Mr. Pitt, a case and certain queries, for the purpose of taking upon them the opinion of the foreign universities, will you state to the committee whether you did so?—A. Yes, I drew up that case; and the documents I now present to the committee are the original answers received from those universities." The vagueness of the answers is thus explained. The man who would abide by the opinion of counsel should not allow his adversary's lawyer to state the case on which the opinion is to be taken.

* Especially in the Irish oath of allegiance, A. D. 1793. It is to be observed that the English oath was more explicit.

humbler

humbler Protestants acquired of Roman Catholics in their condition was little inquired for or regarded; and thus it happened that the vigilance of Protestants belonging to the aristocracy was abated, and their opposition disarmed, and even their favourable opinion gained, by liberal, and it may be sincere professions—at the very time when a strong force was in process of being collected and prepared against them, thoroughly imbued with feelings of religious rancour and intolerance.

It is not the most agreeable, nor is it a very creditable office, to censure the mistakes of politicians, when they have been condemned in their results. A slight and unobserved alteration in circumstances may often occasion the discrepancy of judgment which prevails between the contriver of a measure and him who examines it in the effects: but it demands much caution and abstinence not to pronounce, that the course of legislation adopted with respect to affairs in Ireland was of that kind which most favoured the hostile purposes of the Roman Catholic party—and which, indeed, seemed almost as if it were designed for their advantage. In considering the concessions which were successively made of power and privilege, it is impossible to discern the guidance of any principle, or to reduce the separated acts to any intelligible system: while, looking upon the proceedings of the Legislature as they might be thought calculated to affect the projects of the Roman Catholics, a fitness is discernible—but a fitness directly the opposite of that which the State appears to have contemplated.

Take as an example the grant of the elective franchise in 1792. It is difficult now to imagine, and in the debates of that day it is impossible to discover, the principle upon which that (it would scarcely be too much to say ‘revolutionary’) measure was professedly founded. Were it not for our acquaintance with the habitual scepticism with which the warnings of rational men are disregarded, we should be at loss to account for the indifference with which the Irish House of Commons put aside the prescient deductions of Sir Laurence Parsons. Time and events have converted his anticipations into history: but it is not at all wonderful that those prophecies which are only, as they have been described, the germinations of a principle, are not those which are surest to meet general acceptance. Passion and prejudice can conjure up a phantom of belief which shall exercise influence over practice,—the warnings of truth have frequently no other effect than that of disquieting the spirit upon which, for all purposes of practical good, they are inoperative.

We offer no apology—we think none is necessary—for presenting our readers with the following prophetic warnings: we need not say they were disregarded:—

‘Some

‘Some, I know, think that these inferior Catholics would be so dependent on their landlords, who are mostly Protestants, that they might be admitted to the franchise without any danger. To this I say, that though they might vote with their landlords, they might also vote against them—interest might lead them one way, but bigotry might lead them another; for though I believe the higher class of Catholics to be as liberal as any men, the lower class we know are not so. They are too ignorant to be so. . . .

‘By granting franchise, then, to the inferior Catholics, what do you do? You give franchise to a body of men in great poverty, in great ignorance; bigoted to their sect and their altars; repelled by ancient prejudices from you; and, at least, four times the number of you. You give them all at once the elective franchise, by which they will, almost in every county, in three provinces out of the four, be the majority of electors,—controlling you, overwhelming you, resisting and irresistible. I cannot conceive a frenzy much greater than this. Allow them every virtue that elevates man—still this is a trial that no body of men, that are or ever were, should be put to.

‘I think as well of the Catholics as I do of any body of men in this country or any other, but still I would not trust so much to any body of men in such circumstances. Not to the Protestants, to whom I belong,—not to the Dissenters, whom I highly respect. I can only consider the Catholics as men, and they must be more than men, if, in such a situation, they could be safely entrusted with such a power.

‘But still some men think that the inferior Catholics would not abuse this power. I do not say that it is certain that they would; neither can you say that it is certain they would not; and this is a case in which nothing should be left to uncertainty, because upon this everything else depends. Suppose you gave the inferior Catholics franchise, and that they should meet in all their parishes to determine on the exercise of it—as they lately did, to determine on the attainment of it; and that they should nominate in their chapels their representatives to the Parliament, as they lately did their delegates to the Convention,—what would there be to stop them? The power of their landlords might do much, but the power of religion might do much more. How much might these people be wrought upon by their priests, at their altars, working upon their superstition and poverty? How easily might they be persuaded, that their temporal as well as their eternal felicity depended upon their uniting together in the exercise of their franchise? I do not say that all this would follow; but I say that all this, and more might follow: and, therefore, that we should not wantonly risk it. . . .

‘The next consideration is, whether being thus superior to you in number of votes, they would exercise this superiority to your exclusion? I ask, then, which are, the Protestants or the Catholics, the more prejudiced? Perhaps you will say the Catholics; but I will suppose them to be equally so; and then I ask, if the Catholics were allowed to be representatives, but not electors, what chance could any Catholic

Catholic candidate have in any county in the kingdom? None. If the Catholics, then, become the great majority of electors in any county, what chance can any Protestant candidate have in such county? None. Give, then, the 40s. franchise to the Catholics, and they will become the majority of electors in three provinces of this kingdom; and, consequently, will elect Catholic representatives for every county in these three provinces. Add a parliamentary reform to this, by throwing borough representation into the counties, collectively or divisionally, and then you will have all Catholic representatives for these provinces, and most probably also for some of the counties even in the fourth; and thus the representatives of three provinces being Catholics, the great majority of the House of Commons will be Catholics; and all this only supposing the Catholics not to be a jot more prejudiced against you, than you must admit the Protestants to be against them. Is there anything unreasonable, then, in this supposition?

‘If you say this cannot happen, for Catholics are to be excluded from sitting in Parliament, observe the consequence. The great objection to give the 40s. franchise to the Catholics rests upon this, that they would not give their suffrages indifferently as other electors, but that they would give them as a Catholic party, and to such representatives as would be, not the best representatives for the nation, but the best representatives for promoting the views of their party. Now the exclusion of Catholic representatives from sitting in Parliament, as well as every other remaining Catholic restriction, instead of being a security against Catholics combining their suffrages, will be an additional inducement to them to do so; for the more points they have to gain, the more inducements they will have to enter into such combination. And even if you were certain that they never would aspire to an ascendancy over you, as you have hitherto over them, still you must be certain that they would aspire to an equality; and therefore combine to obtain it. But further, were they to associate to choose representatives, do you think they could long want candidates even among Protestants, or nominal Protestants, fit for their purpose? Could they not easily get in every county enough of candidates who would offer to take their tests, and promise to obey them, and the first object of whose mission to parliament would be to repeal those oaths which you now take at that table, and admit the Catholics to sit here indiscriminately? Such would be the representatives of three provinces out of four in the next parliament. What, then, would be the representatives in the parliament the next after? Would they have even the name or semblance of Protestants?’

‘I do not expect of the House of Commons of Ireland that it should be wiser than any assembly in the world, but I only implore it, that it may not immortalize itself for its folly. If you, a Protestant House of Commons, mean to give up your power to the Catholics, do so; I shall acquiesce;—but do it openly. It may be a magnanimous act—then, take the credit for your magnanimity; avow it to the whole world.

world. Many and great heroes have resigned the ensigns of their authority, and sunk into the vale of private station; kings have laid down their sceptres; you may depose yourselves,—do so; but say so, and let the world know that you are not ignorant of what you are about, and that it is a work of your free volition, and not of a fatuitous ignorance and imbecility.

‘But to show you the weakness of your situation, should you give the forty-shilling franchise to the Catholics, and how much weaker it will be than I have even yet stated it to be, consider this. The Catholics, I say, in every county in three provinces, will unite to choose representatives in their interest, in opposition to those in the Protestant interest, and this against the will of their landlords. Now, how you will ask, can this be done? I will tell you. It is evident, in the first place, that the Catholics will be the majority of three provinces out of the four, and that in any fair plan of reform, being the majority of freeholders, if they act together, they must return the representatives for these three provinces. If they do this, they get a majority in the House of Commons; and a majority of the House of Commons in our constitution, we know, is everything; that is, a majority of the House of Commons has the control over the supplies, and the supplies give them a control over other powers in the state. Here, then, is the prize to tempt the Catholics to unite in their suffrages,—all the wealth, and all the power in the land. Will this produce no exertion? Will this make no men, or will it not make multitudes of men among them active and intriguing? What, then, are men to do? Merely to tell them this; merely to tell them their situation, and say to them,—“You are now the majority of electors, and you may therefore return the majority of the House of Commons, and if you do so, the Catholic interest is omnipotent; we only ask you to do what you did the other day; to meet in your chapels, and determine who should be the representatives of every county or district, as the reform may be.” They may say,—“Your landlords will want you to vote otherwise, but unite together this once, and we will soon put you out of the power of your landlords.” They may tell them; “By uniting thus in the last summer to choose representatives to the Convention, you got relieved from the hearth-money-tax, and even got this very benefit of voting, which we now call on you to exercise;” and from thence they may persuade them that if they unite again in the same way to choose their representatives to parliament they may be sure of obtaining still greater benefits.

‘They may talk to them of tithes, and even of rents, and at last proceed to talk to them of religion, and tell them, “if you will unite in your suffrages, your ancient religion which has been prostrated in the dust for a century, and humiliated and reviled, may once more raise its head and appear in all its pristine magnificence; and after the wrongs of a century, you may now do an act of great justice to your priests, your altars, and your God, which shall shower down wealth and power upon you in this world, and eternal glory in the next.”

‘What

What influence could a landlord use to countervail this? Yet all this, and much more, might be done to make them co-operate in their suffrages. Will you, then, after this, will you transfer such a power to men who are subject to such an influence? Will you be your own executioners, and commit this desperate suicide?

Neither is it merely a surrender of power; you cannot tell what use would be made of that power by those to whom you would surrender it. One party thinks the Catholics are friends to high kingly government, and would, therefore, make them a counterpoise to the levellers; another party thinks they have caught the influence of French politics, and would co-operate with them in their democratical speculations. But the truth is, that no man knows, nor can any man make a well-founded conjecture, what would be the conduct of such a body of representatives; nor even can they know, individually, what they might do themselves when they should be thus collected;—whether they might not sink into servile compliance to preserve the ascendancy which they had thus obtained, or whether they might not spread their depredations into all the widest excesses of democratic licentiousness.

‘Is all this to be risked? Are we, living under the best constitution that wisdom or accident has yet conferred upon man—in one of the finest islands,—and in a state, but the other day of the most rapid prosperity,—are we to risk all this? And for what?—In order to give a liberty to the lower Catholics; and which, if they had, their best friends tell you, they would only exercise as slaves to their landlords.—Insanity!’—*Full Report*, &c. Dublin. 1793. pp. 165, &c.

Insanity it was indeed; but the madness by which Irish affairs have been ruled was not without method. The prescient sagacity of Sir Laurence Parsons was contemned. A compendious process of concession was held preferable to his wise counsels. A temporary convenience was purchased to the minister of the day,—a larger market, a more vicious competition was opened to some sordid proprietors of Irish acres; and while, for present gain and ease, power was relinquished and agitation was encouraged, peace was spoken to and from doubting hearts, in assurances that Roman Catholics would become so satisfied by the facility given them for obtaining further advantage that they would be sure to make no use of it. The act was to be final, and would in no respect alter the relative position of the Roman Catholic and Protestant proprietary and people.

Whether useful or not, it is curious to compare with the deliberations and results of legislative wisdom, the proceedings of the men whom hasty politicians thought they were conciliating, or perhaps overreaching. The *Memoirs* and the *Journal* of Wolfe Tone afford some very instructive occasions of comparison. They often enable the reader to compare the designs with the pretexts of treason; they show the contriver of noxious potions at work

in his laboratory, mixing poisons, and they exhibit him then on the stage, venging his preparations as medicine; they show that clamorous protestations of loyalty were sent forth as the manifestoes of assemblies occupied in holding traitorous correspondence with a foreign enemy; and they show, also, how decidedly opposed to the deductions of parliamentary wisdom, and to the views with which it granted important privileges, were the expectations, and views, and feelings, in which those privileges were received. The following passage from the discussions of the Catholic Committee, as reported by Wolfe Tone, forms a remarkable commentary on the extracts we have given from the speech of Sir Laurence Parsons, and on the political discretion which rejected his advice :—

‘Those who argued in the affirmative, stated that the people out of doors would disown them if they were, after bringing the question thus far prosperously, now to refuse purchasing a bill conveying such solid benefits at so cheap a price. That the minister did not say the Catholics were to acquiesce for ever under the measures intended, but only that the public mind should not be controlled; that every accession of strength enabled them the better to secure the remainder; that what was now offered might be accepted, and under the terms of the stipulation, application might, in two or three years, be made for what was withheld; that no man could deny that the present bill afforded substantial relief; that the members who might suffer by what was refused were very few in comparison with those who would be satisfied with what was granted; that, taking the bench as an example, few Catholic lawyers could be, even in point of standing, fit for that station in many years—long before which time, it was presumed, all distinctions would be done away; that, as to seats in parliament, if all distinctions between the sects were at that moment abolished, no Catholic gentleman was prepared, by freeholders or otherwise, for an immediate contest; so that, in case of a general election, immediately, the Protestant gentry must come in without opposition; but that a few years would alter this, and enable the Catholics to make their arrangements so as to engage in the contest on equal terms;—that what was given by the bill, and particularly the right of elective franchise, was an infallible means of obtaining all that remained behind. It was again and again pressed, and relied on, that the people would not be with them who would reject it; and finally, it was asked, under those circumstances, were they prepared for the consequences of a refusal, that is, “Were they ready to take the tented field?”’—*Memoirs of Wolfe Tone*, vol. i. p. 25.

The employment of arguments such as these, corroborated by so remarkable a coincidence, renders the opinion probable that, had England, in 1792, inverted the order of concession, the result might have been prosperous. Had a few Roman Catholic gentlemen

plemen been introduced into parliament, the introduction of many into society might have followed ; they would have imbibed freely the sentiments of those with whom they freely associated ; they would have felt all sectarian aims and principles put to shame, and would either have drawn up to them the people and liberalized the priesthood, or would have become so widely estranged from them in habit and belief, that they would have been absorbed into the mass of Protestantism, to which all sympathies attracted them. This, however, is mere matter of speculation, and of speculation which takes only one view of the case to be considered. But such, in truth, is the approved mode of viewing political matters in Ireland. A scheme of government, or legislation, or concession, is proposed, and adopted, and defeated. It is then discovered that, had a different method been adopted, success would have been ensured ; and it is forgotten in the latter, as it was in the former case, that either might have prospered had it been fully and fairly tried ; and that each is exposed to hostile and disturbing influences, which are not exerted or exposed until the occasion presents itself which seems to call for their appearance.

Had privileges fallen on the gentry, it does not follow that contrivances might not have been adopted to render the concession unprofitable. It might have been represented that eligibility to a seat in parliament was a mockery, unless the elective franchise were equally comprehensive ; and the agitation, commencing among the gentry, might have been conducted downwards with as sure effect as that with which the disturbed depths have, in modern times, propagated their commotions up to the surface of society.

But whatever might have been the policy adopted in an imaginary case, the course pursued was ill adapted to the actual state of things. Power was bestowed on the poorer classes of Roman Catholics. Left to themselves they might have been merely the instruments through which power was rendered subsidiary to the views of the gentry. They were not left to themselves. As soon as they could be useful to the purposes of their party, arrangements were devised to make their power available. The priesthood of their communion received instructions suited to the season ; and, from the time when the elective franchise was conferred on forty-shilling freeholders, the character of the Roman Catholic community in Ireland began to experience a change, to adopt new maxims, and be guided by new advisers—until in the end the power of the people, and of those who advocated democratic principles, was the only power acknowledged.

At the present day, however, endeavours to ascertain the character and tendency of past experiments in legislation are of little value, unless they assist in determining the course which it would
now

now be most prudent to follow. Without the forms, but with more than the confidence of an accredited ambassador, Mr. O'Connell, on behalf of his constituents, has expressed a willingness to postpone or give up the question of 'repeal,' provided he obtain such measures as it shall please him to demand, or as he thinks necessary for securing to him the government of the municipal corporations in Ireland, and the overthrow of the church establishment. It does not appear that his terms have been accepted. At least, the House of Lords have modified the new reform bill into a shape somewhat different from that in which it was presented to them. Whether the alterations proposed and adopted in the upper house are calculated to defeat the purposes of those who framed the bill it would be rash to pronounce. The evil likely to arise out of the measure will not come so directly, or perhaps be of such magnitude, as if the municipal corporations had been given up to Mr. O'Connell, and he had won the prize which would have inevitably waited on his success, in an enlargement of his party in the House of Commons to the amount of at least eighty members. To that extent, had the party which Mr. O'Connell represented been successful, it could have immediately commanded the returns; and none can entertain a doubt that well-directed efforts on the part of the more powerful body, their concert, and correspondence, and the confidence generated by success, brought to bear on desponding and discountenanced Protestants, would very speedily still further change the character of the Irish representation, until, perhaps, finally, it was all adverse to the maintenance of British connexion.

It is not difficult to imagine the result, if there were one hundred Irish members in the House of Commons who acknowledged Mr. O'Connell as their leader. While parties continue to divide political power according to its present distribution, there can be no doubt that the interest and honour of the country would have a most precarious dependence. Well may Mr. O'Connell consent to abandon the 'wild Irish cry' for repeal, if he can thus provide himself the means of coming down at any time upon England with a force sufficient to extort from her a wilder and a piteous cry that he would release her and depart in peace. Far better would it be, dreadful as all must confess the alternative, to adjust articles of separation now, than, in the course of a few years, when some sudden emergency had arisen, and the power of the anti-Anglican party had been increased by concessions for which they are now contending, to have terms of repeal and independence dictated, such as should amply avenge the 'six centuries of misgovernment.'

Let it not be supposed that we are insensible to the injury,
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little short of ruin, which England must sustain; if separation were effected between countries which nature and necessity appear to have united. We have a painful and a plain forecast of the train of woes which would follow:—wanton aggression on the part of foreign powers—repeated experiments to discover where we were most vulnerable—the slights and wrongs which would be surely visited on a nation which had provoked the jealousy of all lands, and was protected against the common manifestations of jealousy by the notoriety of its power to maintain the reputation it had earned. We cannot be blind to the evidences which teach us that on all sides there would be a forwardness to put the courage of England to the test, and to bow down her spirit, if it were permitted to cherish the expectation that her strength had been broken. But with all these forebodings at our heart, we cannot be shaken from the conviction that it would be better to run the risk of all difficulties and perils, and adjust now the terms of discomfiture and weakness,—better openly to confess that England has descended from the post which she had once gloriously occupied, and that she is no longer ‘the champion,’—than that she should, in order to preserve the appearance of strength, give up powers which place her at the mercy of circumstances, or caprice, or passion,—powers which, in fact, will enable a hostile party to declare, in the hour of sorest trouble, that strength has gone from her. In a word, we look upon a compact such as has been proposed with respect to the municipal corporations as neither less nor more than giving up to Mr. O’Connell’s party the power to establish the independence of Ireland, in return for which surrender that party lends Great Britain permission to use, for a period of uncertain duration, the style and title to which she has been accustomed, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

This matter is too plain to admit of being argued. Give Mr. O’Connell the corporations, with their municipal powers—their ‘normal schools of agitation’—their police and finance—their habits of correspondence and discipline,—give him the preponderating power which would thus be secured to him in Parliament—render effectual for him the plan he has devised of assembling his members in Dublin, and *instructing* them in conclave, before the opening of every parliamentary campaign;—and having given him this, deny him anything he pleases to demand—who is so weak as to doubt that, at the moment when desertion is most fatal—an Irish parliament will again be assembled in Dublin, that protests will be entered against the measures of the imperial legislature, and that the enemies of England will be encouraged, and those who love her glory embarrassed and dispirited, by anticipations

tions of a shock and separation of which the consequences would be most disastrous? How much would be surrendered in order to prevent a collision? How much would be dared from reliance on the dread of it? Assuredly to give power to any party to ruin England, in an expectation that thus you may mitigate the will to do her harm, is not wisdom of that kind by which she has acquired, or has so long retained, her greatness.

We are free, however, to confess, that the question of municipal reform in Ireland has not been fully and fairly discussed in either House of Parliament. One party insists on its right to demand for Ireland a measure similar to that which has been adopted for England. Opponents reply, that the circumstances of the two countries are such as to require measures which shall be essentially different. What are these circumstances? What constitutes their diversity? Is the principle which discriminates them one which may not be changed? Are the distinctions of a character which might disappear under the operation of ameliorating influences? These are questions which we should wish to have found thought worthy of attention, and to which we should very earnestly desire an answer. The corporations, cry out the Conservative members, must be destroyed, else they will become the exclusive possession of Roman Catholics. Why should they not? cry out some of the bolder promoters of the movement. Why should not the 'Catholics,' who are so much more numerous than the Protestants, have the full benefit of their numbers, and retaliate on their rivals the exclusion from which they had themselves so long been sufferers? Why, they say, will England rather raise up a subject of contention between herself and the Irish Roman Catholics, than give them the triumph which they claim over the more limited numbers of the Protestants? These are questions which, we confess, seem to us to deserve an answer, and which, we are persuaded, nothing but those anomalies arising out of the condition of Ireland, to which we have already adverted, prevented Conservative members in both Houses of Parliament from noticing as they deserved.

The question whether England is called upon to interpose in the domestic conflicts in Ireland, so as to prevent Protestants from being deprived of the power to which property entitles them, may be considered in two points of view—is England bound by any honourable engagement?—is it for her interest to interfere? Into the former consideration we do not enter. The history of the legislative union, the responsibility which Great Britain has since incurred by the repeal of penal disabilities affecting Roman Catholics, by the Reform Act, the Jury Bill, and the long
etcetera

etcætera of measures which have materially changed the relative condition of Protestants and Roman Catholics in Ireland, require on our part little notice. The other question—is it for the interest of Great Britain to maintain a Protestant power in Ireland?—may even yet repay a brief consideration.

It has been abundantly proved that Roman Catholics in Ireland are, for all political purposes, under the control of their priests, and are wielded by these reverend agitators for the detriment of the friends of British connexion. It is remembered that, when declarations favourable to the principle of a legislative union were circulated through the country—when it was supposed Roman Catholics would gladly prove their gratitude at so easy a rate as subscription to a document, which, seemingly, was devised for their personal advantage, the priests declined to sign. Too many demonstrations have since been made on their part to allow of an idea that, although they would not openly defend the political principle involved in the legislative union, they were at heart favourable to it. It is remembered—indeed none who have taken any interest in Irish affairs can have forgotten the circumstance—that, immediately after the great measure of 1829, the bishops and clergy of the Church of Rome in Ireland renounced all interest in party contentions; and, in some instances, formally withdrew from the arena of political life. Dr. Doyle's memorable letter was much vaunted at the time as proving the wisdom and the happy effects of concession. Times soon changed, and tempers were discovered. Lord Grey came into power. The Reform Bill came in sight, and the Romish priests, omens of the approaching storm, came forth from temporary retreat, and resumed the activities in which it had become free and favourable for them to engage. None of the advocates of their party have denied their passionate and enterprising efforts to win political victory. It has, indeed, been urged, that Protestant clergy have assisted in the endeavours by which the Conservative party strove to obtain its due share of power in the legislature. It has been urged, but with so obvious unfairness as not to have been thought worthy of contradiction or rebuke, that the proceedings of Romish priests are justified, because Protestant clergy have not been supine or indifferent. No member of Parliament has condescended to notice this flippant sophism, or to reprove the adventurers who were not ashamed to hazard the employment of it. The exertions of Romish priests have been reprehended, not because their object was political merely, but because they were of a censurable character. The exertions of the Romish priests were blamed, because they were without justification either in the motives which
incited

incited them or in their own nature. The Romish priests had obtained, as they declared, all the objects of their desire. That they had no design to possess themselves of the church revenues, that they had no hostility to them, and no feeling that they were based in injustice, was evidenced in their solemn oath to maintain all property (ecclesiastical not excluded), and their abjuration of any intention to subvert or injure the church establishment. It was after swearing this oath—it was in opposition to this establishment—they came back again to the tumult of political contention. Under what circumstances did Protestant clergy take part in public affairs? It is needless to answer. The benevolence of England has in part given the reply. The inability of the British government to vindicate the law—the rules of Life-Insurance companies complete the distressing answer. In a word, the Romish priests engaged themselves in a political enterprise, of which one object seemed to be the extinction of the Protestant Church—the destruction of Protestant ministers. Is it necessary to defend these cruelly persecuted men from a charge advanced by individuals who conduct the war against them, amounting to thus much, that they have not been contented to perish in silence?

But this is an imperfect statement. The Romish priests are accused not merely for exercising the privileges of citizens, but for abusing what they term spiritual authority to promote the ends of their party. It is not because their activity is political, but because it is in its nature censurable, that they are condemned. Let it be shown that Protestant clergy have had recourse to any base arts, to fraud or force or hypocrisy, and even the sore straits in which they are placed shall not excuse them. What can excuse priests of the Roman Church for such practices as these?—We quote from ‘*The Policy of Reducing the Established Church, &c.*, by J. C. Colquhoun, Esq.’ The cases stated in his text are found in Parliamentary Reports, principally in that of the ‘Intimidation Committee,’ and references are given by him to the number of each answer cited.—

‘Priest Falvery threatened that he would neither baptize, nor christen, nor perform the rites of the church to a man named Connor, who had promised to vote for the Knight of Kerry. (11,852.) Father Walsh said at Borris chapel, “that any one who voted for Kavanagh and Bruen should be refused all religious rites, and so run the risk of everlasting punishment.” (11,094.) Father John O’Sullivan said at the altar, “that any one who would vote for the Knight of Kerry he would not prepare him for death, but *he would let him die like a beast*; neither would he baptize his children.” (11,990.) He told them “they would be under moral excommunication; he vowed to heaven he would look upon that person who would become an apostate to his religion

religion in a milder light than he would that traitor who would vote for the Knight of Kerry." (12,013.) In every chapel in County Kerry, *except three*, the priests warned the people to vote for the popular candidate, *on pain of being held as enemies to their religion.* (4659.) In County Carlow, Bishop Nolan addressed a circular to his clergy, calling on them to exert themselves in behalf of the Catholic candidates. (5050 and 11,587.) At Clonmel one of the priests went to an elector and asked him, "Would he not vote for his God and his religion—would he not vote for his priest, who on his death-bed would administer to him the rites of his church?" (5277.) In County Waterford Bishop Abraham encouraged his clergy to promote the opposition to the Protestant candidates. (5347-8.) At Cashel the priest threatened Mr. Pennefather's tenants "with the deprivation of the rites of their religion; that he would melt them off the face of the earth; that he would put the sickness on them; that they should not dare to vote as they liked, but as he liked; that if they did the grass should grow at their door," wiping his boots there at the same time. (5451.) At Clonmel, "not only," says Mr. Willcock, "did the priests of the town interfere, but all the priests from the adjacent parishes; one of them stated that he would turn any of his flock who voted for Mr. Bagwell into a serpent." (5525.) "In Meath, Monaghan, and Louth," says Mr. Mullen, an agitator, "the Roman Catholic priests were members of the political clubs." (8450.) Mr. Lalor tells us that he was in the habit of addressing the people in the chapel-yard on Sunday, accompanied by the priest. (p. 329.) In County Carlow, at the hustings, "every priest in the county," says a witness, "was collected; as the electors did not know Mr. Wallace, they would point their attention to him, and to the placard mentioning his name and Blackney; and I have seen many of them in the booths, making unseemly gestures towards those who voted against them. On many occasions the deputy-sheriff threatened to call the attention of the sheriff to their conduct in the booths." (11,161.) Father Maher sent for Mrs. Burgess to the vestry-room in the chapel, and there used all his spiritual power to induce her to work upon her husband (a Protestant) to make him vote for Mr. Vigors. This is stated by Mr. Burgess, in a letter to the Roman Catholic Bishop Nolan, *who did not condemn Father Maher.* (p. 642.) Priest Kehoe addressed the people from the altar of his chapel; said every man who did not vote with them he should denounce "as a renegade and apostate;" held up one who voted against them as a "hypocritical apostate seduced by Satan, who had bartered his soul, his country, and his God for money; told them not to do this, but to be true to their souls, their country, and their God." (11,315.) "In Carlow, the Roman Catholic priests of each parish brought in the freeholders in procession." (11,456.)

"Whatever the priest says from the altar," says an intelligent witness (5540), "is attended to with the utmost respect by the lower orders of Roman Catholics. The priest stands there clothed with spiritual

spiritual authority, backed by his spiritual penalties. He speaks from the altar as from his judgment-seat, and he speaks to a submissive audience. We observe the use made of this engine of power not once, but habitually over Ireland."

'Speaker Onslow's threat to a refractory member of the House of Commons was, "If you don't obey I will name you, Sir." On being asked what would happen if he named the member, he said, "Heaven knows." The priest's threat is, "I will mark you;" what results from that marking, Heaven, indeed, knows; but man also knows fearfully, and to his cost. I shall give proofs that this was the usual threat against all who disobeyed the priests, and I shall show the effects of that threat.'

Mr. Colquhoun has redeemed this promise in the sequel of a tract which ought to be in the hands of all who desire to know the state of Ireland. Its conduct such as it describes, on evidence, be it observed, all unsuspecting, well sifted, and taken from parliamentary reports, to be looked upon without feelings of reprobation and alarm? But this is a question we need not ask. The conduct of Romish priests has been observed and commented on in a spirit which proves that it has startled even the supine and the strongly prejudiced. It has not, however, yet received that discriminative consideration to which alone it can yield useful instruction.

The question is yet to be not merely decided but proposed, whether the extravagancies and irregularities of the Irish priests are ascribable to the anomaly of their position, or to the influence of a system which is not likely to be ameliorated. Are they accidental, or is the principle which produces them essential? Would the Romish priests become the friends of good order if they were conciliated by establishing their religion; or, would they employ the advantages of a more favourable position to the same purposes as they have uniformly hitherto dedicated all facilities conceded to them for enlarging their dominion? These are grave questions. We have little hope that they will be proposed, until it is found, by fatal experience, that a false answer has been presupposed. We have faint hope that our legislature, rather than be guilty of the indelicacy of proposing such inquiries, will not commit the sin and the indiscretion of acting as if they had had an answer, and will not assume an answer erroneous and mischievous. We shall, at all events, acquit our conscience, and, by offering some brief remarks on the character and condition of the Romish priesthood in Ireland, will endeavour to assist those who may be disposed to pause before determining a question on which such mighty consequences may be dependent.

It has been observed by Bishop Jebb, in his most interesting *Memoir of Dr. Phelan's Life*, that the aspirations after priestly office

office cherished in the hearts of the humbler classes in Ireland are not altogether religious, but arise, in many cases, out of a sense of disparity between the condition and the claims of what are called 'the ancient gentry' of the land. The peasantry in many instances retain traditionary remembrances of the station from which they have descended, and their children are frequently destined for the priesthood, as being the solitary avenue through which they can hope to emerge from humble life into a condition more consonant to their ambition than their estate. Thus, the moving cause which launches the young student on his theological course of study is mingled with a sense of British cruelty and injustice. His ancestors have been wronged, and his family brought low; the attendant remembrances may naturally be supposed to impart bitterness even to his hopes of winning his way back to power and distinction. It would appear as if the influence of such thoughts is well understood by those who can turn them to most account. In that Memoir of Bishop Jebb to which we have already adverted there is mention of the effect which an allusion to such topics produced upon the sensitive mind of Dr. Phelan. When very young, (but even when very young the inquisitiveness of a mind like his must have caused trouble and anxiety to his sacerdotal instructors,) he was conducted by a friar to a point of view from which a fair and fertile country spread out in great beauty before him. 'Look,' said the friar, 'look out to the distance, and look around you,—*all you can see is yours.*' 'For the moment,' said the subject of this treacherous experiment, 'I was a rebel.' Thus, it may be, in various instances, hatred to the British government is made to pre-occupy young hearts against the captivations of the Protestant religion. It would be difficult to answer, and perhaps impossible to prevent, a recurrence of questions indicating theological doubt, but if the mind can be diverted by political disaffection, the interest of spiritual topics may decline, and by depriving England of her subject Rome may retain her slave.

With, very probably, feelings of discontent and disaffection of this character, the candidate for orders enters upon his preparatory studies. In many, perhaps in most instances, he removes from the parental roof in order to seek opportunities of instruction. Some are so favourably circumstanced that they may indulge in the dignity of being admitted as boarders in public schools, but the majority prosecute their studies as day-scholars, and frequently find lodging at a considerable distance from their own homes, in the neighbourhood of the school they prefer. It is necessary only to remember the present condition of Ireland,—the wide-spread conspiracy,—the systematic and incessant repetitions of disorder and outrage,—

outrage,—to feel persuaded that, wherever the student is domiciliated he is exposed to danger, which demands the vigilance of parental affection and alarm.

While in this probationary state, he is looking up for the patronage of the benefactor who is to grant him a nomination to Maynooth. He has entered on his studies in faith, perhaps, that he may procure such a friend, or in reliance on a promise that his claims shall not be neglected. But there is uncertainty in the matter, and it often happens that several aspirants are in a state of clientage to the same patron, and that by a proper management of the one prize he holds at his disposal, he retains many in his service obedient to all his commands. The various offices to which young men so circumstanced may be put, in the departments of espionage or finance, what skill they may acquire in the arts by which revenue is raised, what discoveries they may make by which priestly rule shall be confirmed or extended, it seems unnecessary to detail,—they may be left to the imagination. We will suppose this probationary condition ended. The young aspirant has been approved and rewarded; he has obtained his nomination for Maynooth.

It appears that each student, at entrance into that seminary, is required to make a declaration, we believe on oath, that he is not a member of any secret society.* This is looked upon as sufficient security for the soundness of his political morals. But the mere formal admission into, or exclusion from, a society is a matter of but little moment. There is the participation of sympathy as well as of convention; and the inmate of a house where Whitefeet or Blackfeet or Ribbonmen congregate, may, without being required to take any one of their oaths, imbibe, if he has had a predisposition for such inoculation, all the virulence of their sentiments. Let us

* Rev. Michael Montague.—Can you state whether the provisions of the statute which requires the oath of allegiance to be taken by the professors and students of the house are strictly complied with?—That statute is complied with by the professors who come from the continent in a short time after their appointment, and by the students at the next quarter-sessions after coming to College. They generally arrive in September, and comply with that statute at the quarter-sessions held in Maynooth in the beginning of the following January. They cannot comply with it sooner without considerable inconvenience.

‘They take the oath at the ensuing quarter-sessions?—It is possible that some may not take the oath at the next quarter-sessions. The sessions are held during the Christmas vacation; and some of the Dublin students who go home during that vacation, either take the oath in Dublin, or afterwards in Maynooth the following year. I know no student there who has not complied with the statute.’—*Maynooth Inquiry*, p. 111.

Thus, according to the difficulties of the case, three or six months may intervene between the entrance of the student into the Royal College of Maynooth and his swearing allegiance to the sovereign. The circumstances which explain and vitiate an oath are not suddenly comprehended. ‘Nemo repent.’

suppose, then, the young man who, when a boy, and under his father's roof, had been taught to think himself and his ancestors cruelly wronged, and the reign of England unjust; who had then, perhaps, his awakened discontent sharpened by an infusion of more vindictive sentiment, and deepened by a more enlarged acquaintance with powers collecting on his side;—let us suppose him taken away from the associations he had formed during his studies to win the priest's favour, and to learn the people's plans and dispositions,—and to master the requisite portion of 'the humanities,' and transferred to Maynooth;—is the system to which he is introduced in that seminary calculated to correct the irregularities of his preceding life, and to complete a virtuous education?

We are very much disposed to believe that the most sanguine and the most superficial of our politicians will now admit that the establishment of Maynooth must rank among our legislative delinquencies. It was instituted with a view to protect the clergy who should minister to Irish Roman Catholics from influences which, in continental seminaries, might impair their loyalty; its effect has been to subject them to the more alienating influences with which the moral atmosphere of their own country was and is saturated. It was instituted in a hope of conciliating Roman Catholics; it has proved a new source of irritation. It was instituted in a hope that the studies of Romish priests might become liberalized; it enumerates in the foreground of its works of instruction, *De laogue de Ecclesiâ*, and the *Secunda Secundæ* of the 'Angelic Doctor'; it assigns an honoured place in its 'most frequented crypts' to Burgh's 'Hibernia Dominicana,' and the 'Complete Theology of Deus.' Every expectation entertained respecting this College has been disappointed: every expectation deserved to meet disappointment. The purposes of the parties engaged in the establishment of the seminary were not fair or open. They experienced only their natural fate when they ended in confusion. The following passage from an admirable speech of Mr. Colquhoun is pregnant with instruction:—

'It may be laid down as a fact, which the history of Ireland in the pages, not of a Protestant, but of the Roman Catholic historian, Plowden, will establish, that the Roman Catholic bishops never issued a manifesto of loyalty, except when they had some political end to compass, or when they wished to cover some secret treason against England, which was not ripe for explosion. Of this I shall give you further proof, but in the meantime I beg you to note the conduct of Dr. Troy and his brother bishops in 1793. Besides these two manifestos, however, Dr. Troy issued a third that year—an address to the Defenders. The Defenders were, in that period, the same class of confederacies, secret and murderous confederacies, which have passed since under the different names of Ribbonmen, Rockites, Whitefeet, and Whiteboys.

Whiteboys. They were all exclusively Roman Catholics. They all took an oath to destroy the Protestant and support the Romish Church, and they were all in secret connexion with the priesthood. Their common work, except when some combined movement of treason was on foot, was, and is, robbery, murder, and pillage; but they were, and are, always ready to enter into any general scheme of rebellion, which of course presents to them a wider field for destruction. At this time the Roman Catholic committee, at Mr. Tone's suggestion, proposed a general plan of treason, which was to unite the disaffected among the Protestants as well as the Roman Catholics. This Mr. Tone called the Union of the United Irishmen. The designs of this union he states in his journal with the utmost frankness. Violence, alliance with France, a general rising, were the means; the ends were to murder all the aristocracy (that he thought must follow), to confiscate all the property, both landed and mercantile, of the Protestants, to root out the Protestants from the country, and to establish a republic, with, at the same time, a strong military force; a republican alliance with the Directory of France, and a war with England. It was desirable, then, for the purposes of this union, to efface the exclusive character of the societies of Defenders, and to draw them into this new confederacy of the United Irishmen. Dr. Troy's pen, therefore, was resorted to, and in 1793 he published his address to the Defenders, conjuring them to dissolve. The Defenders were most obedient. Defenderism melted away over the face of the country. The English government, who knew nothing of the secret movement, were delighted, and looked on Dr. Troy as the most loyal of men. In the meanwhile the Defenders only passed into the deeper conspiracy of the United Irishmen, and Dr. Mc'Nevin tells us that "the Roman Catholic clergy warmly embraced and became active members of the union." One of them, indeed, who took rather too active a part, J. Coigley, was hanged for treasonable correspondence with France. The person—I here come to a remarkable fact as connected with Maynooth—the person who recommended the bishops and priests to enter into this active association with the United Irishmen, was the very person whom Mr. Pitt made his channel of communication with the Roman Catholic bishops; who was sent over, as Dr. Mc'Nevin says, "to organize and frame the plan of education at Maynooth;" and who was so much trusted by Mr. Pitt, that he was appointed *First President* of Maynooth. Yet this man, Dr. Hussey, was the first to recommend the bishops to join heart and hand with the Roman Catholic committee: or, to use Mr. Sheil's words in a speech at the Roman Catholic Association, "*he was the first to trace the progress of that spirit which has pursued the rapid course which he duringly pointed out.*" The Union, then, as I have said, spread rapidly over Ireland; the conspiracy thickened and advanced; Ulster was organized, Leinster and Connaught. "Munster alone," says Mr. Wyse, "had not been accomplished, and 100,000 men were ready to rise in arms; the peasantry were gained—the militia had been seduced; all that remained

mained was to gain the Roman Catholic soldiery." At this time Dr. Hussey was moved from the sedentary mischief of his station at Maynooth to the more active post of Bishop of Waterford; and the first thing which Dr. Hussey does is to publish an address to his priests, instigating them to inflame their people against the Protestants, and to use means to seduce the Roman Catholic soldiers from their allegiance to the king, by reminding them of their superior allegiance to their Church. At this moment, when the plans were all laid—when the train was scattered over all Ireland, and it only wanted the touch for the explosion, Dr. Hussey uttered a remarkable sentence. I will give it you in the words of Mr. Sheil: speaking of Dr. Hussey, he says, " 'The rock is loosened from the mountain's brow,' was a sentence of his that attracted universal notice at the period when the nation stood on the verge of those sanguinary events which followed." For several years Dr. Hussey and his brother bishops had been working by every art to wrench the affections of the Irish from England, and to prepare them for rebellion; and now that the catastrophe was near, Dr. Hussey comes forward with that prophetic sentence which Mr. Sheil announces. But still, though the catastrophe was approaching, it was necessary to conceal it, and, true to their system, the priests again come forward to blind the government; and in the beginning of 1798, the very year of the rebellion, when the materials were all laid, and the train was about to be fired (you will find this fact in Plowden), out comes a loyal address from almost every parish in Ireland, expressive of the attachment of the Catholics to Great Britain; and this address *was signed by the priest of every parish*. Then follows the rebellion.'

Mr. Shiel's notice of Dr. Hussey, to which Mr. Colquhoun alludes, contains a most remarkable reference to the judgment pronounced by Cumberland on the character of that eminent divine. Mr. Cumberland had opportunities of forming a correct opinion of his dispositions in the intercourse to which the circumstances of his residence at Madrid afforded frequent occasion. 'When Spain joined France,' Charles Butler informs us, 'during the American war, Dr. Hussey was chaplain to the Spanish embassy. The Spanish ambassador quitted England on a sudden; and left some unsettled concerns to the doctor's management. This circumstance occasioned communications between him and the ministers, and these availed themselves of the intercourse to set on foot, through him, a negotiation to detach the court of Spain from the French alliance. In order to effect this, the doctor, at the desire of the ministry, made two journeys to Madrid. The negotiation indeed failed, but the ministers were satisfied with his conduct.' 'The establishment of Maynooth college,' Mr. Butler also affirms, 'was principally due' to Dr. Hussey, who 'was appointed its first President.' He was, we believe, but two years engaged in the duties of the important trust thus confided to him, before

before he was promoted to a bishopric. How his educational labours were conducted may perhaps be inferred from the fact, that when his successor at Maynooth, Dr. Flood, in the year 1797 or 1798, at the direction of government, proposed to administer an oath to the students, in which they should declare that they were not members of a treasonable society, eighteen left the institution rather than take the oath. In 1795, the number of students was fifty; it was augmented afterwards, but not to such an extent as that eighteen was not rather too large a proportion to have shrunk from such a declaration. We cannot, of course, undertake to say what number may have understood the art to reconcile engagements to the United Irish or Defender Society with the official disclaimer which Government demanded. But all this leads us rather from that character of Dr. Hussey sketched by Cumberland, to which Mr. Shiel has so significantly alluded. '*Dr. Hussey*,' Cumberland says, '*did not exactly want to stir up petty insurrections in his native country of Ireland; but to head a revolution that should overturn the church established, and enthroned himself primate in the Cathedral of Armagh, would have been his highest glory and supreme felicity; and, in truth, he was a man, by talents, nerves, ambition, and intrepidity, fitted for the boldest enterprise.*'

Such was the individual who, as Mr. Shiel exultingly proclaims, '*traced out*' for the Romish priests and people in Ireland '*the course which they have since pursued.*' Such is the character to which the eloquent and learned gentleman directed attention, when he challenged praises for the right reverend traitor, and encouraged hope in his predictions.

It is difficult to repress a feeling of indignation and amazement while reflecting on such a disclosure as this, and on the apathy with which the statesmen of England have regarded it. The education of Romish priests is provided for at the public expense. It is confided to the care of an individual whose highest ambition it would be to organise and carry into effect an extended rebellion. The college over which he is appointed to preside gives speedy proofs that the instructions he communicated were not unprofitable or unproductive. The state of Ireland and the conduct of the Romish clergy at this moment, even without the decisive testimony of Mr. Shiel's annotation, leave it impossible for a reflecting mind to doubt that Dr. Hussey, when he left Maynooth, left an ample portion of his spirit behind him; and yet England continues to uphold and maintain the evil, and no man in either House of Parliament has called for a full and deliberate investigation into the system which was planned by one against whom, as a contriver of treason, England was warned in times past, and on whose contrivances

trivances and plans the revolutionary party in Ireland are at this day boastfully taught to place entire reliance. Had Niebuhr reflected on a state of things like this, he would have spared himself some of his objections against the veracity of the Roman historian. When Mr. Stiel can direct the Irish people to delight themselves in Cumberland's character of Dr. Hussey, and England remains uninstructed and indifferent, it is not difficult to believe that Roman soldiers may have shouted across the drowsy camp of their enemies, and left its sluggards unawakened.

And yet we cannot altogether acquiesce in the persuasion that warnings like those which the Bishop of Exeter has addressed to the nation, illustrated as they have been by the fearful aspect of the times, can be suffered to pass unheeded into forgetfulness. It is a most criminal liberality which dictates the sentiments now called popular in England. Revolution puts on the mask of a false religion, and, so long as it appears in this affectation of disguise, it may dispose its combustibles without let or hindrance. A discipline sensual and devilish is contrived for the debasement of human minds, and it is free to insinuate into the most innocent hearts pollutions unutterable, into the tenderest natures principles of the most cruel intolerance, into all impurity, treachery, treason; and because the name of *religion* is abused to cover these enormities, the discipline for evil is left unwatched, unrestricted. And further, when the secret iniquities of the Romish church have been brought to light—when the nation is warned against influences which threaten public security, and operate to the destruction of those moral sentiments on which all the dependance of public and private justice is placed—when parents, husbands, friends, are warned that the priests, who are to acquire boundless confidence over those in whom they are most tenderly interested, are men who have been prepared for their delicate office in studies more polluting than the abominations which were depicted in the shameless caves of Capreæ—with one voice the liberal politicians cry out, that it is wrong to make such inconvenient disclosures—that Romanism is religion—and that the iniquities it recommends and practises are privileged.

We will not allow ourselves to believe that, under such a pretext, the careful inquiry for which events call out can long be denied. It is very proper to affirm that religion is too sacred a thing to be subjected to rude and profane investigations. But it is always assumed that religion, however diversified in outward forms, however discriminated by peculiar modifications of belief, lends a solemn and effectual sanction to the precept that God is to be worshipped in holiness, and that man is to be regarded with sentiments of affection and good-will. It is from an apprehension
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of doing injury to the feelings of pure devotion, or humane affection, by scrutinizing indiscreetly the principles which secure their permanence, that wise men abstain from investigating the peculiarities of religious opinion. But when it is said that, under the cloak of religion, monstrous vices are taught—when it is said that religion is only a form of treason—when it is said that profligacy the most disgusting, malignity the most intolerant, are the prevailing and animating spirits by which a system misnamed religion strives to acquire an ascendancy over hearts,—it is the duty of every man who desires well to his country and his kind to call for inquiry—it is the duty of every man who possesses power in the legislature to assist him in procuring it.

Such charges have been made against the Church of Rome. They have not been wantonly preferred or lightly supported. The testimonies on which their truth is based are testimonies which Rome herself has supplied. The corroborations they have received are from the reluctant confession of the Church of Rome herself, or from her embarrassed and humiliating silence. Advocates of that church have made in this country an unsuccessful effort to refute charges brought against her priests in another; but as to what she has been doing and teaching in Ireland, ‘tacent—clamant.’ Is it true that intolerant and seditious and obscene books form the study of Romish priests? The state has a right to ascertain—the people should be instructed. Pagan Rome inquired into the profligacy of Bacchanalian orgies, and checked the plague. Even Papal Rome, in better days, exerted herself to correct the evils produced by the propagation of corrupting principles. It is not creditable to England that such reports as have been spread respecting the Church of Rome in Ireland should not awaken her attention. It is the less creditable, inasmuch as Rome has found it her most eligible course to remain silent under accusation. The church with which England has entered into any species of relation should be in morals beyond attainment. If the charges against Romish doctrine are mere aspersions, they should be examined and wiped away; if Rome does not offer evidence of their falsehood, the state which owes protection to its subjects is bound to secure them against the most formidable of all dangers. But we return to our subject.

Prepared by training of habits and associations such as we have described, the Roman Catholic students in divinity enter into a college instituted under such auspices,—and imbued with such a spirit,—as from the character of its first promoters it is reasonable to apprehend. They leave its walls to return to the localities of their early lives, and to exercise sacerdotal functions, perhaps,

among the parties who had in former times reposed in them dangerous confidences.

It is part of the system or the tactique of the Church of Rome in Ireland, that the priests are located in the diocese, and often in the neighbourhood, where they have been born. They are by birth 'subjects' to their diocesan, are sent as his subjects to the place of their collegiate education, and return to incur the twofold obligation devolving on those who are subjects by birth and by professional engagements. The policy of this system has been questioned. It has been said that, if priests came from a distance, their admonitions would have greater weight than when coming from persons whose fathers and brothers the people knew. The objection is not valid. Many great advantages attend on this system of domestic appointment, and inasmuch as towns and places of public resort are objects of special consideration, the inconveniences are rather specious than real. It is true that gentry of the Roman Catholic communion have murmured and remonstrated against the elevation to the episcopal rank of one whom they regarded from the habits of his early life unfitted for high station. But the people saw one of their order thus elevated—one, too, it may be, whom they thought only restored to the condition which, in right of ancestry, belonged to him, and they were not less favourably disposed to submit to his commands. Advantages, if religion was only a collateral subject of attention, great and manifold, result from the policy according to which the priests dwell with their own people. The college education only interrupts, it does not break the confidences of early life. People and priest know each other; they have mutual guarantees for mutual dependance: their interests, their affections, their animosities, have the same object and direction: they are one party, susceptible to the same influences from recollections of antiquity, and freed from all difficulties in taking counsel together, and framing plans by which ancient things may be restored.

Here we pause; although the question perpetually recurs, what is to be done? We are told, that if English institutions are applied without any change to the state of Ireland, the people of that country will be left at peace by the agitator, and will be contented with their condition. We ask in reply, is their condition good; are their agitators honest? We ask, have they been so taught as that they entertain no more extravagant ambitions than sober competence can gratify? Have their agitators manifested such dispositions, or become so secured in the objects of their desire, that from their hearts or their circumstances we should be justified in auguring tranquillity? How many millions of acres, profitable

profitable acres, would be thrown into the lottery of indigenous competition, if the projects for repeal of the union became successful? How many timid, or needy, or unwise proprietors of estates in Ireland might be persecuted to their ruin by vexatious law-suits, if Roman Catholic corporations enabled every crafty and ambitious suitor to avail himself of machinery which, with Irish courts, and juries, and witnesses, might afford him unimaginable opportunities and facilities of legal enterprize? To what uses might the corporation, police, and constabulary be applied? If questions are to be arguments in the deliberations on the state and prospects of Ireland, we are very sure that, in the battery from which our opponents are to be assailed, they are to be found not scantily provided. But the question is ill-put which inquires what is to be done, unless it accept as an answer that which is wisest and best. We are told that there will be disorder in Ireland until the demands of its people are granted. We answer, that if the demands are just and reasonable, they ought to be granted, but that they should not have their authority increased by the disorder which forbids a patient consideration of them. We answer, that Ireland is now in a state of disobedience to the law, which has become more daring and outrageous in proportion to the extent of the concessions which were hazarded in the hope of appeasing it. We affirm that the Church of Rome has imparted a principle of permanence to the disorders by which that country has long been convulsed. We affirm that Romanism in Ireland is not religion; that it is only the mask worn by the anti-Anglican feeling of partizans, who are slowly carrying out a safe rebellion. We say that England ought to deliberate before she determines what it is right to do; and we affirm, that if she made her decision known, and made the nature of that system known against which she is forced to adopt defences and precautions, the results would justify her: at least she would be spared the disgrace of hearing, in her senate, the atrocities which attempts at conciliation have induced, advanced, without rebuke, as arguments for further concession.

We do not say that mere denial of what is boldly demanded can long prove serviceable. The question which is lost in debate and principle will soon be lost in the division. If in the legislature the votes and speeches do not square—if an orator determine his vote by one argument, and offer another in its justification, he may rely on it that the contribution he offers to the support of his cause will not very materially promote it. The question now to be determined in the legislature is, whether Roman Catholics shall have all authority in Ireland, or whether the government of that country shall become possessed of powers for the exercise of which it shall be responsible. If the Roman Catholics are not gratified,

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they threaten agitation to effect a repeal of the legislative union—if they are gratified, they will be placed in a condition eminently calculated to render the project for repeal successful. In point of expediency, is it better to give them power, or to encounter what would be now their (comparatively) impotent agitation? In point of expediency, would it be better to encourage and strengthen the Roman Catholic party by continued concession, or to make a stand against violence, and expose to the honourable and uninformed members of the party the real character of the Church they countenance and strengthen? And, in point of expediency, is it better to abandon a million and a half, or perhaps two millions of Protestants, tried friends of England, to persecution which must waste or change them, or to give them the protection which in the year 1799 we solemnly promised?

But we have done with questions, and conclude with a counsel from a speech which we have already quoted—

‘Again it is asked, “Will the Catholics be content with a limited franchise?” But I say, it is not what *will* content them, but what *ought* to content them, that we ought to consider. I am willing to give them everything, except what will terminate in our own destruction. In some things I would even go farther than the bill, though in the franchise I would not go so far. The misfortune is, that the right honourable gentleman who has negociated it does not understand the internal state of the country, and is ignorant of its interests.’

This was the advice of Sir Laurence Parsons. We wish the truth of his prediction, the wisdom of his warning, so painfully confirmed, could ensure its adoption.

ART. V.—1. *Winchester, and a few other Compositions, in Prose and Verse.* By the Rev. Charles Townsend. Winchester. 4to. 1835.

2. *Epistle to the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere in Malta.* By William Stewart Rose. Brighton. 8vo. 1834.

THE circulation of Mr. Townsend’s *Miscellanies* has, we believe, been hitherto confined to Winchester and his own intimates: Mr. Rose’s *Epistle to Mr. Frere* has been only privately printed; but we are happy in being allowed to consider it as *publici juris*, both because we regard it as among the best of his compositions, and because Mr. Townsend may be said to be its hero. Few persons of literary taste, who have had occasion to visit Brighton of late years, can have failed to hear something of that gentleman: there is, we believe, no settled inhabitant of that neighbourhood who will not acknowledge the discriminating accuracy

accuracy of his friend's description of him; and so well do the *Miscellanies* of 1835 illustrate and confirm the *Epistle* of 1834, that we are glad of this opportunity to place them together, as the materials of one complete and charming portraiture.

We heartily wish Mr. Rose would write many such rhyming letters as this to Mr. Frère. It is very lightly and elegantly versified; its transitions are at once easy and rapid; and with much knowledge of society, and playful sarcasm on its follies, there are mixed up a thorough candour and good sense, and here and there such a vein of true feeling for the beauties of external nature, that, on the whole, our moral and critical tastes have been equally gratified in the perusal. It is delightful to find the poet surviving to grace the retirement, and mellow the retrospect, of the man of the world. The *Epistle* opens thus:—

‘That bound like bold Prometheus on a rock, O
Self-banished man, you reek in a *Scirocco*,
Save when a *Maëstrale* makes you shiver,
While worse than vulture pecks and pines your liver;—
Where neither lake nor river glads the eye
Seared with the glare of “hot and copper sky;”
Where dwindled tree o’ershadows withered sward,
Where green blade grows not; where the ground is charred:—
Where, if from withered turf and dwindled tree
You turn to look upon a summer sea,
And *Speronaro’s* sail of snowy hue,
Whitening and brightening on that field of blue;
Or eye the palace, rich in tapestried hall,
The Moorish window and the massive wall;
Or mark the many loitering in its shade,
In many-coloured garb and guise arraid;
Long-haired Sclavonian skipper, with the red
And scanty cap, which ill protects his head;
White-kilted Suliot, gay and gilded Greek,
Grave, turbanned Turk, and Moor of swarthy cheek;—
Or sainted John’s contiguous pile explore,
Gemmed altar, gilded beam, and gorgeous floor,
Where you imblazoned in mosaic see
The symbols of a monkish chivalry;
The vaulted roof, impervious to the bomb,
The votive tablet, and the victor’s tomb,
Where vanquished Moslem, captive to his sword,
Upholds the trophies of his conquering lord;—
Where if, while clouds from hallowed censers ream,
You muse, and fall into a mid-day dream,
And hear the pealing chaunt, and sacring bell,
‘Mid the drum’s larum and the burst of shell,
Short time to mark those many sights which I
Have sung, short time to dream of days gone-by,

Forced alms must purchase from a greedy crowd,
 Of lazy beggars, filthy, fierce, and loud,
 Who landing-place, street, stair, and temple crowd :—
 Where on the sultry wind for ever swells
 The thunder of ten thousand tuneless bells,
 While priestly drones in hourly pageant pass,
 Hived in their several cells by squalor of brass ;—
 Where merry England's merriest month looks sorry,
 And your waste island seems but one wide quarry ;—
 I muse :—and think you might prefer my town,
 Its pensile pier, dry beach, and breezy down.'—*Rose*, pp. 1—3.

A description of a ride by the *Devil's Dyke* introduces to Mr. Frere the usual companion of Mr. Rose's rambles on the Brighton downs—the same to whom he once sent, by post, a letter, with this epigraph—

' *The Reverend Charles Townsend, (best on
 The list of Sussex parsons,) PRESTON.*'

These ' breezy downs,' with their endless variety of sea-view and land view, constitute the great charm of a residence at Brighton ; but no visitant can have forgotten the delightful contrast afforded, on descending from their heights to the rich soft pastures, the ancient groves, and the modest little hamlet of Preston. All this Mr. Rose paints with a truth and lightness of touch which recalls the better day of English rhyme.

' Upon this rumpled bed of thyme and turf
 I loiter, listening to the rumbling surf ;
 Or idly mark the shadows as they fly,
 While green Earth maps the changes of the sky ;
 When, at the passing of the summer cloud,
 The frightened wheatear runs in haste, to shroud
 Its body in some sheltering hole ; and there
 (Poor fool !) is prisoned in the fowler's snare.
 So may not I—to moralize my verse—
 Shun paltry perils, and encounter worse !
 Here, gladdened by pure air and savour sweet
 Of wild herb crushed beneath my pony's feet,
 I rove, when, warmed by softer wind and shower,
 They show their little blue or crimsoned flower.
 Here, when the sun is low, and air is still,
 And silence is upon the sea and hill,
 Well pleased I view the rampant lambs unite
 To race, or match themselves in mimic fight,
 Or through the prickly furze adventurous roam ;
 Till by the milky mothers summoned home,
 They quit their game, and ply their nimble feet,
 In quick obedience to the peevish bleat.

' Here

' Here oft, descending through a double swell,
 I dive into a little wooded dell,
 Embosoming a hamlet, church and yard,
 Whose graves, except some few of more regard
 (Where wood a record of the dead preserves,
 Or harder stone) are ridged with humble turves.
 O'ergrown with greenwood is THE CURATE'S rest;
 So screened, it might be called the parson's nest.
 The chancel of the church in ochry stain
 Shows Becket's death, before the altar slain:
 And here, in red and yellow lines we trace,
 As in Greek fictile vase, an odd, wild grace;
 Though in the knightly murderers' mail we read
 The painter's toil coeval with the deed*.
 Much joys THE CURATE to have first displaid
 This rude design, with roughcast overlaid.
 Simple are all his joys; books, garden, spaniel!
 Yet lions he for Truth would dare like Daniel.
 Keen in the cause of altar and of throne,
 My peerless parson, careless in his own,
 Says in his heart, (what poets do but sing)
 "That a glad poverty's an honest thing."
 Dear is his dog, whom mouth of darkest dye
 Makes dearer in a tory master's eye.
 Such is the pair: I to the man demur;
 But on one point; which is, he calls ~~me~~ Sir.

' This priest and beast oft join me, where no harrow
 Has raked the ground, by bottom, hill or barrow;
 Or, since new path and place new pleasure yield,
 We rove by sheep-walk wide, and open field,
 Where the red poppy and pale wheaten spike
 Are mingled, to that ridge miscalled *the dyke*,
 Deemed by our clowns a labour of the devil;
 A height whose frowning brow o'erhangs a level,
 Where the glad eye field, farm, and forest sees,
 And grey smoke curling through the greenwood trees:
 Or measures coast which fronts the middle day,
 Walled with white cliffs that rise from beach, by bay
 And bight indented, with arms opening wide,
 As if to woo or welcome back the tide.
 Here busy boats are seen: some overhawl
 Their loaded nets: some shoot the lightened trawl;
 And while their drags the slimy bottom sweep,
 Stealthily o'er the face o' the waters creep:

* * Though plate-armour had soon after that event been introduced, we do not find any admixture of it—not even in the helmets of the assassins—while we may conclude from their rank and station that they would have adopted it if already used.

While some make sail ; and singly or together,
Furrow the sea with merry wind and weather.

' I love smooth water and blue sky ; vexed sea,
Loud wind, and scowling heaven, delight not me,
In spite of painter's and of poet's spell ;
Yea, his who gilds a selfish thought so well :
Who says that, " looking from the land, 'tis sweet
To view the labouring barque by billows beat ;
Not that we're pleased by others' pain ; but see
With pleasure ill from which ourselves are free."
My gallant friend and I need no such measure
Wherewith to guage a doubtful good or pleasure.'—*Rose*, p. 7.

The evening scene is not unworthy of the morning one. We are sorry to omit some fine lines on Mr. Frere's literary character which the passage introduces—but must adhere to the Brighton friends.

' Often this ready friend with whom I roam,
—Our morning ramble done—escorts me home ;
And sometimes (would I oftener were his host !)
Partakes of my rice-pottage and my roast :
When rambling table-talk, not tuned to one key,
Runs on chace, race, horse, mare ; fair, bear, and monkey ;
Or shifts from fields and pheasants, fens and snipes,
To the wise Samian's ^{*} world of anti-types :
And, when my friend's in his Platonic lures,
Although I lose his words, I like his tunes ;
And sometimes think I must have ass's ears,
Who cannot learn the music of the spheres.
But oft we pass to Epicurean theme,
Waking from mystic Plato's morning dream ;
And prosing o'er some Greek or Gascon wine,
Praise the rich vintage of the Rhone and Rhine ;
Gay Garonne's growth : the liquid ruby, Tavel ;
The juice of paler grape which loves the gravel ; †
Or that which runs in purer stream, which gushed
From clusters richer, riper, and uncrushed ; ‡
Or what the Florentine's light flagon fills,
Cheap but choice produce of Etrurian hills ;
Which warmed *him* with the lyric fire of Flaccus,
That tells the praises of the Tuscan Bacchus ;
Whose godhead, while the gadding vine shall climb
Those sunny hills, will live in Redi's rhyme.

' Yet that old saw, *great talkers do the least*,
Is proved in me and in my sober priest ;

* Pythagoras.

† Vin de grave, or gravel wine.

‡ Vin de paille, so called from the juice of which it is made running spontaneously from grapes laid upon hurdles and straw.

Who, taught by a wise teacher of times, tenses
 And moods, and manners, "wine should please four senses;
 Eye with its colour, nostril with its savour,
 Ear with its fame, and palate with its flavour," *
 No more soothe palate than ear, nose, or eye,
 And seldom drain withal the wine-cup dry.—

Would you were here! we might fulfil our task;

We then might fathom Plato, and the flask.'—*Rose*, pp. 8-9.

Having thus formed acquaintance with 'My peerless Parson,' our readers will not be sorry to have himself as their *Cicerone* for the hamlet, churchyard, and church of Preston. Mr. Rose has already told us, that the recent unveiling of the old paintings in the chancel was the result of Mr. Townsend's zeal and enthusiasm. The Curate thus blends his own impressions on first seeing the place, with his present feelings, as a long attached inhabitant; and the whole description is beautifully characteristic, both of the scene and of the penman.

'In a valley of the South-downs, embedded in trees, stands the village of Preston. As you look down upon it from the unclothed and exposed hills that surround it, it presents all that nestling snugness and social compactness that render every collection of dwellings, so situated, picturesque to the eye, soothing and comfortable to the heart. The wide separation of the objects upon the hills around continually tends to disperse the attention, to prevent it fixing and resting for a moment, while the bright masses of light thrown about by the broad mirror of the ocean keep the feelings in an undefined and vagrant cheerfulness. But this brisk and lively state of spirits is altogether changed when, with startling surprise, you come upon a village like this, and have, as it were, the scattered objects of the landscape brought together at once, settling in a focus, uniting their cold separations into a warm fraternity of noble trees, and collected groups of neighbourly cottages, the village church in the midst, as if it were the great magnet that had drawn them all together,—the nucleus around which they had clung and crystallized.

'With something of this concentrated and social feeling upon me, I descended the steep chalky road into the village of Preston on a Sabbath morning while the three small bells from the church tower were calling the villagers to prayer, with the gentlest notes of invitation and persuasion; not like the vehement and authoritative power of address thrown from the steeple over the streets of some populous town, but rather with notes affectionate and almost colloquial. A green field, with its calm and soothing surface, led to the church—

* 'Sunt cœnatiæ philosophiæ cum primis periti qui negant vinum esse probandum, nisi placeat quatuor sensibus; oculis colore; naribus odore; palato sapore, auribus famâ et nomine. *Erasmus in his Colloquies*. A more precise mode of judging of wine by the ear is practised in Italy; where sound wine is distinguished from unsound by the noise of its run; precisely as with us good coin is distinguished from counterfeit by that of its ring.'

yard, where the white-frocked peasants were gradually assembling. The church and all around it displayed the purest simplicity of taste and character. The building was of that beautiful style in use in the thirteenth century, when a delicacy almost feminine produced the slim lofty window terminating in a gently-pointed arch. The doorway of entrance was in the same character, receiving only a stronger form, and a little more of weight and dignity, from the few rows of simple and plain mouldings by which its arch was surrounded.* The small tower at the western end arose but little above the roof, and while it claimed a decided pre-eminence over the other buildings in the valley, yet seemed to evade any competition with the greater elevation of the hills around it, leaving it to them "to raise the eye and fix the upward thought." For our ancestors were ever careful to appropriate the form of churches to their situations, using the lofty spire only where the flat continuing line of earth called for some object to excite elevation and sublimity of feeling. A small chancel terminated the eastern end of the building, and the whole was one of those humble edifices for worship which are so common in Sussex, and which possess, from their size and familiar style of architecture, very much of a *domestic* character, a *private* chapelry for the villagers considered as one fixed and resident family. This feeling, no doubt the true and proper one, is sensibly possessed and enjoyed in places like this that retain their early and patriarchal aspect. And by this habit of a limited number, well known to each other, *domesticating* themselves once a week, friendship and mutual interests and attachments are, no doubt, gently and imperceptibly produced and preserved among them. The churchyard was in perfect harmony with the edifice. Removed from all approach of noise and occupation, it seemed to retain the same character as the fields around it, differing only in its holy purpose and consecration, as being "the field of God, sown with the seeds of the Resurrection." The lofty aspen poplars, and elm trees surrounding it, gave it that proper gravity and seclusion which, while they afforded the pleasure arising from beautiful objects of nature, brought gently to mind the serious appropriation of the spot. Among the recording notices upon the grave-stones were some pleasing declarations of parental faith in the promises of the Gospel; and, on the other hand, of affectionate honour expressed by children towards their departed parents. The following strong and happy appropriation of Scripture words to himself and his own case must surely have been a cure even for a father's sorrow:—

"*And Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth.*"—ST. JOHN iv. 50.

While, in another quarter, the son erects the grave-stone to his father and his mother, and calls upon himself to preserve by night and by day, in action and in rest, the moral beauty of their living example—

"*My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.*

"*Bind them continually upon thine heart, tie them about thy neck.*

"*When*

' When thou goest, it shall lead thee ; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee ; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee.'

Prov. chap. vi.

How strongly and profitably must well-chosen epitaphs like these speak the duty of faith and obedience to the reader, and "teach the rustic moralist to die."

'The interior of the church preserved all the characteristic simplicity and repose that reigned without. It had no side aisles or any architectural display, save an arch of stone leading into the chancel. The lettered pavement of the nave recorded, as usual, people various in years and in station ; and as I advanced towards the chancel, on a plain slab of Sussex marble, I found the following foot-worn inscription :—"*Here lyeth the Body of Francis Cheynel Doct^r in Divinity who deceased May 22th AN: DOM : 1665.*"

'How much at variance with my feelings, and with the spot where I stood, were the recollections that came to me of the times and character of this extraordinary man, the most leading and violent of the Presbyterian clergy ! After a life in which his mind became overwrought and disordered by furious engagements and fanatic controversy, he retired, it seems, to this quiet village on the Restoration. Stripped of his lucrative preferments, and without any scene for the exercise of his excited passions, he sinks to rest in this most peaceful spot. As the last wars of Chillingworth were harassed by the irritations and unfeeling importunities of Cheynel, and the quiet of his grave broken by Cheynel's violent behaviour, so, in seeming contrast, did the kindness of Providence afford a retreat so remarkably undisturbed as this village in which to pass the serious and sorrowing days of his last sickness, and gave to his grave that peacefulness and stillness which he had so sadly violated at another's.

"Here, to his cure, did healing Nature bring
This restless spirit of a fevered age,
Whose fiery mind, o'erwrought with zealot rage,
Had need of all her gentlest quieting ;
She strove his closing life from pain to save,
And placed the peace he wanted round his grave."

'The chancel of a church is always the spot that makes us acquainted with the ancient and lordly possessors of the manor, the mysterious devices of their heraldry, and the rich memorials of their sepulture. On the northern side, within the rails of the altar, stands the tomb of one of the Shirley family, the possessors first of this property in the age of Elizabeth, and the more ancient possessors of other and more ample domains in another part of this county, inherited by marriage from the Lords de Braose, to whom the Conqueror gave such rich possessions in Sussex. In them the lofty and courageous spirit of noble ancestry shone forth in the romantic lives of the "Three Brothers," whose travels and adventures in the reign of James I. are remarkable even in the history of the times, and in the history of Sussex should form a little Odyssey, to which all the poetic
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and distinguished spirits of the county might well look up, and be proud of. The next descendant of their house, in the succeeding reign of Charles, was also first and foremost to sacrifice his estate in the cause of loyal and noble feeling; while this smaller portion of their property only remained to them after those turbulent and distressing scenes were over, and the fate of the then possessor, on viewing the wasted strength of his ancient patrimony, is still preserved in a rustic distich:—

"Shirley of Preston

Died for the loss of Wiston."

'At the Restoration they received a baronetcy, as a testimony of royal gratitude, but only two Shirleys afterwards lived to endure the enfeebled splendour of the house, when the male branch and the baronetage became extinct. The tomb in the chancel is that of the uncle of the three travellers, where, in the centres of rich quatre-foils, are the shields of the family and its alliances. The monument is simple and elegant in its construction; and it is impossible to see it, as it is placed in the church, without feeling it to be a symbol of that union of the church and state, of that gentility and noble bearing, connected with religious obedience, against which fanatic vehemence and vulgar error cherished such a hatred, and waged so destructive a warfare. The graves of Cheynel and the Shirleys, indeed, so near to each other, are constant and striking *souvenirs* of the history of the respective parties, and of the dispositions which they represent.

'On the southern side of the communion-table, and opposite to this tomb, are three beautiful stone seats placed in the wall, separated by slender shafts, and canopied with mouldings, used by the officiating Catholic clergy as places of rest during the interval of the services or when particular anthems were singing, or for those whose turn and duties at the altar were not required. Their varying heights mark their appropriation to the differing dignities of the priests—namely, the *celebrant*, *deacon*, and *sub-deacon*; and their number, as well as graceful construction, implies how well provided this little village was with ministers of religion. This, indeed, its name (Priest-ton), as well as its history, would lead us to expect; for it was always attached to the monastery at Chichester, and, in ancient writings, is named "Preston Episcopi," or Bishop's Preston, and, no doubt, received many liberalities and benefits beyond other churches, from belonging to a rich establishment, and having ecclesiastical proprietors and patrons. The same connexion will lead us, perhaps, to account for the origin of another decoration which this village church was lately found to possess. In removing some whitewash and plaster from the eastern wall in the nave, the whole of it was found to be covered with various paintings of an early character, which, from costume of dress, and from other minute but explicit indications, have been ascertained to be of the reign of Edward I.* They stand, therefore, among the

* See 'The Archaeologia,' vol. xxiii., No. XVII., for a letter from Mr. Townsend to Mr. Hallam, in which he gives a fuller description of these interesting paintings, with coloured engravings. earliest

earliest works of English art, and display all the characteristics peculiar to that style and period, when the artists, uninstructed in the mechanical part of drawing, displayed stiffly and imperfectly that beautiful simplicity and graceful conception of form which their imaginations so richly possessed. Their works have, therefore, an excess of ideal character about them, which is not fairly criticised by comparing it with designs of the present day, in which an accurate adherence to the actual forms of life is the object and the praise. Unsupported by such considerations, these paintings would be open to criticism and commonplace objections. Yet is the principal subject, namely, the murder of "Thomas à Beckett," very well composed, and with exact historic accuracy; the four knights—Tracy, Fitzurse, Morville, and Brito, in their proper order and attitudes. The latter, turning his head away, and reluctantly drawing his sword, is quite conformable to the declaration of a contemporary writer, as he seems to have been unable to strike his blow, without first quieting his reproving conscience, by finding out some remote excuse for it—namely, that Becket had done an unkindness to the king's brother, in whose service the knight was, or once had been retained. The priest, whose arm is extended to protect the archbishop, is a very graceful figure; and there is an expression of submission and resignation in his opposition very happily expressed. The other figures are those of Christ, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, and St. Michael, with his scales, weighing the souls of the departed. How impressively must all this variety of imagery, thus displayed to the gaze and imagination of the common people, have instilled into them the various lessons they were adapted to teach! How especially powerful this public and pictorial record of Becket's martyrdom was for preserving a spirit of firmness against all regal and civil encroachments upon the church, was manifest from the long proclamation issued by Henry VIII., defaming the character and motives of the prelate, and commanding all pictures of him to be erased from the walls of every church and chapel throughout the kingdom. The sovereign knew well that while Becket's intrepid character was held up to their view, new champions would be continually called up by it to resist his unjust spoiliations of the church.

'While reflecting upon these amusing methods of appeal to the senses and feelings of former worshippers, I prepared to take my leave of this village church; and as I gave a last view, and my eye ranged around the other walls of the building, I was delighted to find that they also were not altogether bereft of ornament, and that the hand of more recent piety had not left them bare and neglected. With a simplicity and humility of power, they held up in unobtrusive gentleness the admonitory words of Holy Scripture; each text, within its little ornamental scroll, dedicating and sanctifying most appropriately the spot where it was placed. Over the door was advice for the consideration of those who had entered thoughtlessly and irreverently:—

"Keep

*"Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God,
And be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools,
For they consider not that they do evil."*—ECCLES. v. 1.

And over the pulpit were the words of delight and thanksgiving for its cheering proclamations:—

*"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the
Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things."*—

^aROMANS x. 15.

'These intellectual and inward addresses to the reason and understanding of the people, although making a less striking appeal than their ancient pictorial neighbours, yet came upon me with a touching simplicity, and a more enduring strength, in character with the hour that cometh and now is, when the worshippers shall worship in spirit and in truth.'—*Townsend*, pp. 36—44.

The verses on the grave of Cheynel are, we suppose, Mr. Townsend's own;—but if he had never written a line of verse, the passage which we shall next extract would have proved him to be a poet as well as a philosopher. We transcribe it, however, chiefly from our hope that it may chance to catch the eye of some of those persons not indifferent to the vital interests of religion, who have allowed themselves to imbibe the suspicion that the parochial clergy of the church of England are incapacitated by the very elegance of their tastes and attainments for carrying a hearty sympathy into their every-day ministrations among the humblest of the people. The essay from which we quote is entitled 'The Sabbath:—

'That business and labour almost unceasing are characteristic of every class of society in England cannot, I believe, be gainsaid. We are all very busy, enterprising, full of engagements and occupations; the spirit of trade has drawn into its never-resting course every temper of mind and every order of the people—the over-wrought statesman, lawyer, author—the long and severe day of the mechanic—and raged, even unto death of body and soul, among the poor of the factories. This aspect of the nation, everywhere intruding its restless energies upon our notice, leads the mind to consider and to feel strongly the virtue and blessedness of rest, and the wisdom of the Jewish polity which so remarkably commanded and enforced it. That this precipitancy of life among us is a great cause and consequence of unsound knowledge, mediocrity of art and character, and of vulgar and unhappy feeling, I am well persuaded.'—*ibid.*, p. 63.

'Could some moral atmosphere be spread about Christian England that would uplift and retain the holy and refreshing dews of her sabbath days, so that they might fall and shed some little sprinklings of coolness upon the restlessness and fever that absorb so exclusively all the intervening ones, how gradually then would there find its way among us, in the place of our own multiscience, that simpler and quieter wisdom whose nature is "pure and peaceful," and which imposes

imposes upon its servants "a light burden" and an "easy yoke." Health and joy would be seen in the infant prisons, or rather lazarettos, of our manufactories; and a more cheerful and happy spirit soon enliven the exhausted sensibilities of our agricultural poor. The attainment of this blessing among our once healthful and warm-hearted peasantry, by easing a little the shoulder from the burden, has been but little spoken of, though felt to be desirable by those who are dwelling among them. I would gently advocate it by selecting a remote and pleasing, rather than a near and more painful picture in illustration.

'The village churches in which my lot has appointed me to be the weekly instructor are about two miles apart; and, as I journey on the sabbath from the one to the other, many of my flock usually precede their shepherd to the neighbouring edifice of prayer and instruction. It was on a stormy and unquiet morning in July that I started from the parsonage to perform my *first* service in the adjoining parish; and, having ascended a hill which overlooks the open country directly to the village, I was surprised to observe not one rustic pilgrim travelling the road before me, which the gloomy and untranquil character of the day might in part, though hardly without one exception, have accounted for. As I arrived at a barn, a short distance from the church, I beheld, on a bed of clean straw, snugly sheltered from the wind, two peasant boys of my village, the one about ten, the other fourteen years of age, who, having waited awhile for my arrival, had both fallen away into a most profound and all-absorbing sleep. The spirit had been willing and obedient to the duties of the day, but the body weak; and, as I was gazing on the simple and innocent expression written upon their thin, labour-worn faces, I bethought me of the many hours of their occupations—their poor fare—their unaffectionate task-masters; how great was the stock of piety, patience, contentment, and submission, that would be needful to recruit them for another six days of servitude. In the mysterious aspect of sleep, it seemed to me as if they had been sensible how inadequate, in their weakened condition, the spiritual support must be that any human ministration could afford, and had, therefore, resigned their whole and enfeebled being at once and totally into the hands of its great Creator, to re-animate it with freshened powers of hope and cheerful endurance; thus receiving from the Almighty appointer of sabbatic rest himself, the recovery of their worn and weary nature. They appeared removed from all sympathy with this world, its ever-pressing burdens and its unvarying toil, and to be taken awhile to abide in tranquillity and ease, as if the soul were carried away in order to be baptized, refreshed, and strengthened, in the first and mysterious fount of life and happiness; and, as I gently uttered my blessing over them, I could not but feel they had not neglected the sabbath of the Lord their God, but that with Him they had rested and kept it holy.'—*ibid.*, pp. 65—67.

Mr. Townsend's essays, entitled 'Winchester,' 'The Manor House,'

House,' 'Cathedrals,' 'The Holidays,' 'The Speeches at St. Paul's School,' and 'Eton against Winchester,' are written in the same chaste and flowing style, and illustrate, with equal effect, the breadth and softness of this amiable man's benevolent sympathies with young and old, high and low, rich and poor, and the modest contentment of spirit in which he has devoted a richly cultivated mind to the ill-paid labours of an obscure situation. But we must not, by going more largely into his prose, leave ourselves no room for any specimens of his very graceful verse. It all bears the stamp of strong natural feeling; and, that our paper may be throughout *biographical*, we select a few pieces in which the gentle recluse has, however unconsciously, fixed his own features.

‘ JACOB AND RACHEL.

‘ “Seven years of toil for Rachel thou shalt pay !”

The Patriarch Jacob cheerfully complies,
And bears the frost by night, the sun by day,
“ With sleep scarce resting on his weary eyes.

‘ Still, blest with Rachel's presence, there was joy,

“ As a few days” the exacted period pass'd,
Hopes less remote each closing year employ,
And sweet possession was to crown the last.

‘ “ Tho' few and evil were the Patriarch's days,”

Yet here did care one softened grief impose,
For love requited many ills repays,
And promised comfort sooths his present woes.

‘ *Full many a breast love's deeper pains infold,*

*On them affliction's heavier hand is laid,
Loving that beauty they must ne'er behold,
With all the heart's affections unrepaid.*—p. 34.

‘ SONNET.

‘ Dismissed from all that favoured love enjoys,

And hope of fond return for ever fled,
Now sinks the heart to human interest dead,
And solitude her withering power employs :

Since then my home bereaved is of joys,

These prisoned ring-doves through my bower shall spread

The voice of true affection, that shall wed

The thought to love, that never change annoys !—

Vain was the wish—awhile they cheer the sight,

But soon my lone unsocial state descry ;

Then like to flower that feels ængelial blight,

Their joy and beauty lost, they droop and die ;

E'en as the meek and virtuous soul, oppress

By ruder natures, finds the grave its rest.—p. 35.

‘ SONNET.

‘ SONNET,

Written on the Downs, near Brighton.

‘ Dimmed by the distance and the hazy sky,
 On ocean’s furthest verge a vessel lay;
 Long had I watched it on its gentle way,
 Till now, scarce seen, it faded on the eye:
 Wedded in thought and varying sympathy,
 I communed with the souls it did convey,
 And kind affection’s and hope’s cheering ray
 Sent o’er the waters, with compassion’s sigh.—
 How little thought the solitary crew,
 ‘Mid the lone ocean, of a friendly care,
 Whose eye and heart still held them in its view,
 And breathed for them a supplicating prayer:
 Nor knoweth man what love his steps attend,
 What unseen being is his guardian friend.’

It is not too much to say that the foregoing sonnet would have done honour to Mr. Wordsworth; nor are we afraid to say the same of the following one—

‘ *On viewing St. Paul’s from Blackfriars’ Bridge.*

‘ Rising o’er smoke, like wreaths from altars sent,
 God’s glorious temple meets the awe-struck gaze,
 And o’er the boundless city free conveys
 Feelings sublime of power pre-eminent;
 Nor in transcendent loftiness content,
 But wide and massive its bold form displays,
 Like a dark mountain’s strength, which evening’s rays
 Of clouded twilight blacken and augment;
 While, from its western turret, o’er the stream,
 Time sends his solemnly impulsive sound,
 In bursts of murmuring grandeur floating round,
 Awakening folly from her fevered dream;
 And o’er the sinful city, towering high,
 Speaks the bright cross in silent majesty.’—*Townsend*, p. 81.

With this noble sonnet we leave Mr. Townsend, who (as we have just heard with a regret in which our readers will participate) is no longer curate of his dear Preston; but we must not close our paper without one quotation more from Mr. Rose’s Epistle to Mr. Frere. It shall be from the latter part, in which he gives us a Brighton winter-piece;—

‘ Speaking of hills and nibbling flocks that graze
 Their russet lawns, I spoke of halcyon days;
 When the sloop rides without the rocky ledge,
 Or safely sails on ocean’s utmost edge;
 When his quick song the mounting skylark sings,
 And marks its merry time with quivering wings.

But even when this music of mid sky
 Is mute, and inland screaming sea-fowl fly;
 Who, shrieking pitifully, seem to call
 For help, and shelter from the coming squall,
 Which overtakes them, wheeling left and right,
 And blots heaven, sea and land, with sudden night;
 Even when hollow winds are howling, when
 The city pleases and the hum of men,
 Our streets are warm; and neighbouring wood and weald
 Choice fuel for the cheerful hearthstone yield,
 Birch, beech, the "sailing pine," or "builder oak;"
 And, flying greasy fog and sea-coal smoke,
 We oftentimes may count among our lodgers
 A Holland, Ryder, Hallam, or a Rogers.

'Asses succeed ('tis true) and we've a fresh rush
 Of fools in summer; yet they're but a flesh-brush;
 And (if I know you well) would do you good;
 Would goad your spirits, stir your stagnant blood:
 And you and I might groan from dawn to dusk
 At mothers draped in pink and drugged with musk:
 At her that for a turban leaves her cap,
 And looks like Asia Minor on the map:
 At him that gives—priest, layman, saint, or sinner—
 A chitter-chatter, clitter-clatter dinner;
 And thinks that noise and numbers, port and sherry,
 Might soothe the sad and make the moody merry;
 Whose hireling waiter from hotel or inn
 Grazes your shoulder with cod's tail or fin
 Crude and uncrimped, more flaccid than a roach,
 And sick with sitting backwards in *the coach*:
 At guests that come to such Amphitryon's call,
 Whose talk is not of bullocks, but Bengal:
 At non-descripts delivered by steam-packets:
 At fools of fifty with white hats and jackets:
 At men that whistle, and hail those they follow
 Or meet by steyne or street, with whoop and hollo;
 At maie and female Hottentots that block
 Your path, to look at Punch, print, coach, or clock;
 Mooncalves, whose thumbs are in their breeches' pockets,
 Who stare with eye-balls starting from their sockets:
 At mounted matron in red *toque*: M. D.'s
 That sip raw shrub and sup on toasted cheese:
 At bawling girls that bay the patient moon
 To hoarse piano, pummelled out of tune;
 And shameless men that shuffle cards at noon.

'Sometimes ('tis strange; and I'm at my wit's end
 To find the cause) things please us which offend;
 And seeking what offends, a devious path
 Many have trod. In Cambridgeshire or Bath

To

To fix his home you would think Ansty loth,
 From his Bath-guide; and yet he lived in both;—
 Gray too took earth at Granta, though a hater
 Of the dry studies of his *alma mater*,
 To endure the sober seniors' scorn, the noise,
 Nonsense and naughty pranks of drunken boys;—
 And thus, at strife with the retreat he chose,
 At Brighton dwells your faithful William Rose;
 Who sings the pleasures and the pains—as best
 He can—of his selected place of rest.
 Nor think it strange if he that home commend
 For pains as well as pleasures, to his friend.
 A preacher* (and he, like a saint of old,
 Deserves the title of the *mouth of gold*)†
 Says, that it steads not body more than soul
 To infuse some bitter in the festive bowl;
 Which makes the cup so seasoned, when 'tis quaffed,
 A sounder, if less palatable draught;—
 So I into the beverage which I brew,
 Like that brave preacher, cast a branch of rue.—Rose, p. 14.

There is much of the *Horatian* in this last extract—but perhaps more to remind one of the lighter style of Ariosto's Epistolary Satires. Now that Mr. Rose has finished his long labours on the Orlando, we wish he would enrich our literature by a translation of such of those charming compositions as have not been so fortunate as to engage the services of his friend Lord Holland. Such a task might help to occupy the hours of an invalid—but we hope neither it nor any other undertaking will wean him entirely from the habit of original composition, more especially in verse.

ART. VI.—*Herinneringen uit Japan*. Van Hendrik Doeff, and
 Opperhoofd der Nederlanders in Japan, op het Eiland Decima.
 Haarlem, 1835. Quarto.

(*Recollections of Japan*. By Hendrik Doeff, formerly President
 of the Dutch Factory at Decima.)

ALTHOUGH two works upon the Japanese empire have been recently brought under the notice of our readers, we think ourselves warranted in drawing for their use some further information on the same subject from that source which alone can supply it,—the contemporary literature of our Dutch neighbours. Reviewing Mr. Fischer's narrative, we made some allusion to his account of the Japanese and Dutch Lexicon of the writer now before us:—

* Jeremy Taylor.

† Chrysostom.

‘It was (says Fischer) Mr. Doeffer’s chief employment in the solitary Decima, during the war in Europe, and the occupation of the Dutch colonies by the English. For several years, thus separated from the rest of the world, without the sight of a sail or the receipt of a dispatch from Europe, he devoted to this undertaking his long experience, his talents, and his diligence. A combination of circumstances could alone make such a task feasible: the friendship of the natives, a knowledge of their manners and usages, and an advanced instruction in the language, all were necessary, and all were his. Above all, however, patience and assiduity were requisite, as must appear, when we consider that this work, following the Dutch and French dictionary of Halma, is illustrated by examples wherever a word of double meaning occurs, and comprises an amount of 2500 pages. The original exists in Japan, but the copy privately written out by Mr. Doeffer was lost on his return to Europe, by the foundering of the ship in which he had sailed. An accident led me to discover the traces of this work in 1823, and procured me opportunity for making a copy, which, in 1829, I brought to a close—but which is less complete than the original. It is now in the library of the Royal Institution at Amsterdam.’

Returning to Europe after nineteen years of arduous service in a distant region, during which he appears to have laboured in the cause of his country’s political interests, as well as that of literature, under circumstances of painful difficulty, Mr. Doeffer saw the results of his studies, and the curiosities collected during his exile, go down in the Admiral Evertsen, from which vessel he had scarcely time to save himself and a wife, who survived the catastrophe only four days, and carried a promised offspring to the grave. Such have been the labours and the lot of the author of the volume now before us, in which, under the title of *Reminiscences of Japan*, he has endeavoured to repair, in some degree, the loss of submerged diaries, journals, and other materials for works of greater magnitude. We have to regret, not merely as Englishmen, but as labourers in the wide vineyard of literature, that so great a proportion of it is devoted to the subject of certain collisions with our own countrymen. It is some consolation for the scantiness of his positive additions to our knowledge of Japan, that his *opus magnum* has been saved to Europe by Mr. Fischer’s exertions; for we can hardly hope that the Imperial Library of Jeddo will, in our time, become accessible to foreigners, or that its rules of admission will appear in the Report of the British Museum Committee. Could we even look forward to the time which our wise men anticipate, when the beds of existing oceans shall have effected an amicable exchange with present continents, and when fossil seventy-fours shall engage the attention of future Coles and Murchisons, we could hardly hope that even a semi-Dutch

Dutch manuscript dictionary, whatever might be its propensity to descend to ocean's quietest depths, would remain legible to our posterity, and we echo Mr. Fischer's wish for an early edition of the treasure he claims to have saved.

Mr. Doeff's remarks on the constitution and practice of the Japanese government would lead us to attribute to the *Sjogfoen* (or reigning Emperor) more influence and more of personal interference in the affairs of administration than was conceded to him in the works which we formerly reviewed. He also supplies an important defect in those two works, by giving us some information as to the mode by which the members of the great council of state are elevated to their seat in that assembly. It may be difficult to ascertain to what extent the measures and decisions of that assembly originate with, or are controlled by the sovereign; but as in that body are concentrated all the executive powers of government, as every imperial order goes forth under their countersignature, it is important to know that they are selected by the sovereign from a particular race of the nobility, viz., the descendants of the principal supporters of the usurper Jjegos or Daifoesama, on whom the title of Gonge was conferred after his death, and from the date of whose prosperous usurpation the peace of the empire has been uninterrupted. The descendants of those who opposed the establishment of his power are, on the contrary, excluded from the council.

The hereditary principle which pervades the institutions of Japan is strongly apparent in this mode of organizing the moving power of the executive machinery. Investigation, however, usually modifies general conclusions. Mr. O'Connell has elicited the fact that the Crown of England is elective; we learn from Mr. Doeff that in Japan a parent may select a successor to office from his children, or, being childless, may adopt and invest with his own family name the scion of another house, the child of such adoption being prohibited thenceforth from addressing his real parents by that title on any public occasion. The present sovereign has afforded a curious illustration of this practice. His predecessor had the misfortune to lose his only son, in consequence of a fall from a wild Persian horse, an unlucky gift from the gentlemen of the factory. The prince now flourishing was adopted by the bereaved *Sjogfoen* during his own father's lifetime. On an occasion subsequent to his accession, he addressed his parent in public by the accustomed, but forbidden title. The president of the council, Matsoe Daiiri Isoe no Cami, instantly remonstrated, and in so doing was himself guilty of a violation of the rule which forbids any one to gainsay or rebuke his superior in rank. He immediately quitted the council, placed himself in arrest in his own house, and besought his associates in writing to lay the case before

before the emperor. The latter, by acknowledging his error, followed without hesitation the example of submission to usage thus set him by his minister, and soon released the president from his voluntary confinement.

However the powers of government may, in practice, be apportioned, from the emperor down to the humblest functionary, all are subject to that rigid code of usage and precedent which attained its final establishment under the Gonge. Two officers are resident at the Court of Jeddo, whose functions would be better expressed perhaps by the title of grand inquisitors than that of directors of police, which Mr. Doeff applies to them. They are charged to watch over, and report the minutest infraction of the sacred code even on the part of the emperor himself. Their agents are spread through the empire, and especially at the courts of the sixty-eight provincial sovereigns, who are under constant suspicion of an aspiration to independence, only attainable by revolution. The mode of operation is curious. The spy, usually of an inferior class, is dispatched to his post, to remain there till he receives a signal of recall, which consists in a report of some extraordinary occurrence set in circulation by his appointed successor. Whether these posts are coveted in Japan on the principle which in our service procures candidates for forlorn hopes and judges and governors for Sierra Leone, we do not learn, but certain assassination awaits the detected spy. From the province of Satsoema, in particular, it is said that none have been known to return. The invariable impunity of these murders exhibits a singular feature of weakness in the central government and independence in the provincial, but the despotism of usage overrules both. A further and formidable check on this independence of the governors is, however, to be found in their own compulsory residence at Jeddo each alternate year, and the perpetual confinement of their wives and children, natural and legitimate, in that city. Governors suspected of undue accumulation of wealth are mulcted by an ingenious process. The Dairie (or spiritual Emperor) is employed to bestow on such a title of honour, accompanied by fees of installation, which speedily reduce the means of the receiver of the Japanese Garter or Guelph to proper limits. The slightest demur would, as Mr. Doeff states, be immediately overruled by the assistance of the neighbouring princes, whose mutual jealousies he considers as, after all, the main security for that general submission which for two centuries has secured the peace of so vast an empire.

Mr. Doeff spends a good many pages on the defence of his countrymen from the old imputation, so wittily adverted to by Swift in his *Laputa*, of submitting to trample on the emblem of the

the Christian faith. The falsity of the accusation has, we believe, long been acknowledged.* We think our author less successful in relieving his countrymen from all participation in the struggle which ended in the extirpation of the last remnant of the votaries of Christianity in Japan. That the contest, indeed, was not a purely religious one he shows; but it is equally clear that the Christian remnant was engaged on the side of the revolvers in the bay of Simabarra, and that the Dutch Captain Koekebakker did, in obedience, doubtless, to a very significant request from the reigning powers, fire from his vessel some four hundred and twenty-five shots on the stronghold of the revolvers. To these the Zumalacarreguy of the period replied by an arrow, with a letter attached, containing the not unnatural interrogatory, whether native soldiers were not to be found to subdue him, and whether his countrymen were not ashamed to call in the assistance of strangers. Koekebakker was allowed hereupon to retire, and exempt himself from any share in the final and bloody catastrophe.

It appears, however, that the ceremony of trampling on the cross is still exacted from the Chinese who visit Japan, the Jesuits having diffused originally among the traders of that nation a large assortment of crucifixes, rosaries, &c. and with their usual zeal and ingenuity endeavoured to introduce their missionaries in Chinese vessels. Even in the Dutch ships careful search is made for all such emblems of Christianity, and books on religious subjects, which are taken possession of by the authorities, and only restored on the departure of the vessel. The important exception, however, is made of bibles and psalm-books.

Mr. Doeff describes the journey to the capital, which he has performed more than once, in his capacity of president, the only individual who is admitted for the one minute's audience to the presence of the emperor. The appointment of a Japanese treasurer or purse-bearer for the expenses of the journey, rendered necessary by the extortion of the purveyors of horses, proves that the family features of the tribe of postmasters are similar over the world, wherever unmodified by competition, and that human nature is the same on the road from Nangasaki to Jeddo as on that between Calais and Paris. The following passage will afford some notion of Japanese commercial opulence, and the extent of the loss to which it is sometimes subject by fire. Speaking of his residence at Jeddo, our author says—

'There is here an extensive dealer in silks, by name Itsigoja, who has large establishments besides in all the other great cities of the

* Sir Stamford Raffles represents the Dutch as themselves the authors of this unfounded allegation. See his dispatch to Lord Minto, included in Lady Raffles's very interesting Memoir. The three works we have noticed repel it with indignation.

empire. Any customer who conveys his purchase to another of these cities, Nangasaki, for example, and there tires of his acquisition, may give it back and receive the price in full. The wealth of this man must be enormous, as the following will show : During my residence at Jeddo there occurred a vast fire, which consumed everything within a space three leagues in length and a mile and a half in breadth ; among the rest our lodging. Itsigoja lost his entire shop, and a warehouse containing more than one hundred thousand bales of silk thread, which loss was unmitigated, for the Japanese know nothing of insurance. He nevertheless sent to our assistance forty of his servants, who stood us in great stead ; and on the second day he was already actively engaged in rebuilding his premises, paying every carpenter six florins per diem.'

Mr. Doeff proceeds thus to describe this conflagration :—

'On April 22, 1806, at about ten in the morning, we heard that a fire had broken out about two leagues from our lodging. We payed little attention to the intelligence, the inhabitants of Jeddo being so practised in the extinction of fires ; in fine weather there is generally a fire every night, and as this happens seldomer in rainy weather, the citizens generally wish one another joy of a wet evening. In this instance, however, the fire made rapid approaches, and towards three in the afternoon the flame, excited by a strong breeze, broke out in four places in our neighbourhood. We had, since one o'clock, employed ourselves in packing up our effects, so that we were able to take immediate flight, for the danger was pressing. On issuing into the street, we saw everything in flames ; there was great danger in endeavouring to escape before the wind, and in the same direction with the fire. We therefore took a slanting direction through a street already burning, and thus succeeded, by following the flame, in gaining an open field called Hara. It was studded over with the standards of princes, whose palaces had been destroyed, and whose wives and children had fled thither for refuge. We followed their example, and marked out a spot with our Dutch flags which we had used on our journey. We had now a full view of the fire, and never have I seen anything so terrific. The terrors of this ocean of flame were enhanced by the heart-rending cries of the fugitive women and children.'

This fire, after raging for twelve hours, was extinguished by rain. Fifty-seven palaces of princes were destroyed, and 1200 persons (among whom was a daughter of the Prince of Awa) either burnt or drowned. The young lady met this fate by the giving way of the Nipon Bas, a famous bridge in Jeddo, under the weight of the flying multitude. Thin walls of clay, timbers and partitions of deal, matted floors, and roofs of shingle, sufficiently account for catastrophes which must far exceed in frequency and violence even those of New York or Constantinople. We cannot help thinking that a fire-engine would be the most appropriate present the Dutch could make to the government which sets store
by

by their gifts.* It would certainly deserve a better reception than the wild Persian horse which broke the neck of an heir to the throne, or the elephant, which was once brought to Nagasaki, but not being transportable in a litter to Jeddo, was wisely declined by the Japanese.

The relief which such an incident afforded to the monotony of a residence at Jeddo, and this emancipation from their state of imprisonment, however brief, must have repaid the Dutch for some fright and danger, more especially as their new temporary residence afforded them a more extended prospect than that from the usual abode of the mission. They seem to have received much attention and kindness from the authorities. The Governor of Jeddo, however, took alarm at the opportunities for observation, though not extending to intercourse, which their position afforded them. From an outbuilding attached to their residence, they could see and be seen by the multitude which, equally curious with themselves, was speedily attracted to the spot, and the governor sent orders through an interpreter to prohibit any further exhibition of their persons. Here Mr. Doeff's knowledge of the Japanese code stood him in good stead. The governor had outstepped his province. The Dutch party were in all respects under the orders, not of the Governor of Jeddo, but of him of Nagasaki, who attends the mission to the capital, and during its entire progress, residence, and return, has the exclusive control of its motions. The laws of Japanese etiquette are as impartial as they are strict. Doeff's appeal to usage was as effectual as if preferred by a native. The prohibition was instantly pronounced invalid, and their friend of Nagasaki, pleased with their assertion of his right and dignity, not only continued to them the enjoyment of their interesting prospect, but caused an eminence which impeded it to be levelled for their convenience.

Our author's description of his audience of the emperor contains no new particulars. The days which intervened between his reception at court and the departure of the mission were made fatiguing by the visits of the curious, and the inquiries of the *savans* of Jeddo, especially the physicians and astronomers, who during this limited interval of three or four days have access to the strangers. The burthen of the former naturally fell on the physician of the embassy, and as the questions had been carefully prepared in anticipation, his task was not a light one. Mr. Doeff's situation, however, was more embarrassing, for albeit no astronomer, he had the choice of confessing his ignorance, or of in-

* On looking into Abel's account of Lord Amherst's Embassy to China, we find that two of these machines were among the presents offered by the British government to the Chinese sovereign on that occasion.

venting answers to the questions of men able to calculate eclipses, and who possess and use a translation of Lalande's astronomy. That eminent man, when from his observatory in the ancient Hôtel de Cluny at Paris he 'outwatched the Bear,' little thought that his labours would enable his brother sages of Japan to perplex an unfortunate Dutchman. The knowledge of this extension of celebrity would not have been ungrateful to the man who pronounced himself a '*toile cirée pour les injures et une éponge pour la louange.*' These visits generally lasted from two till nightfall, and were relieved by an active circulation of liqueurs and comfits. Mr. Doeff speaks with much affection and regard of the chief astronomer, Takahaso Sampei, whose friendship he had subsequent occasion to cultivate, and on whom he bestowed at his earnest request the name of *Globius*, as mentioned in our review of Mr. Fischer's work. This person was held in such estimation by the government for other qualifications besides those of science, that he was sent as commissioner to Matzmai in the affair of Golownin. The first physician of the emperor received in like manner from our author the name of *Johannes Botanicus*, under which appellation he held for some time a correspondence with the learned Mynheer Reinwardt, then resident at Batavia. This man's grandfather had held an intercourse of the same nature with Thunberg. It is not displeasing to trace these links, however slender, in the intercourse of human intellect, which connects nations so distant, and communicates some of the advantages of European cultivation to those who repel with contempt from their coasts the material products of our industry, and the dangerous benefits of our commerce. Mr. Doeff positively contradicts the assertion of Golownin, that a Dutchman of the name of Laxman had been encouraged or permitted to establish himself at Jeddo. In his three visits to the capital Mr. Doeff never heard mention of such a name or occurrence, and the whole tenor of Japanese policy, in our judgment, sufficiently proves the negative in the case of an alleged infraction of law and usage so gross and palpable.

On his return from Jeddo, in 1806, Mr. Doeff, suffering under a cholic, underwent the operation of acupuncture described by Kœmpfer and others as commonly practised in Japan. The pain was trifling; but a slight and temporary alleviation of the malady, how far attributable to imagination it might be perhaps hard to decide, was the only result.

The remaining portion of Mr. Doeff's volume is almost exclusively a narrative of events which took place at Nagasaki during his residence as president of the factory. Those who peruse it will be little surprised at the strong tone of hostility to England which pervades its pages. There is one passage in particular, of the

the conduct of our countrymen, of which we, on every ground, lament the tragical consequences, and specially on that ground which we suspect has supplied a topic of consolation to Mr. Doeff, —to wit, that those results have tended to place at further distance than ever the prospect of opening an intercourse between our Indian dependencies and Japan. We believe that, from the period of 1814, when Sir Stamford Raffles made an attempt of this nature on which Mr. Doeff throws some curious lights, no actual experiment has been revived in that quarter. We know, however, that with that able and excellent man, whose spirit of enterprise and talent for execution we should be the last to depreciate, the project was a favourite one; his authority is high; and the report on the coasting voyage of the *Amherst* printed for the House of Commons in 1833 leads us to suppose that his plan has again been contemplated. We think it a hopeless and dangerous one; and as the ground of this conclusion is borrowed from works which in their present shape and language are little likely to engage attention in England, we have no scruple in briefly laying the principal facts before our readers.

The views of Sir Stamford Raffles, and those who have shared them, with regard to Japan, have been founded on circumstances not unworthy, we admit, of due consideration. Our accounts of that nation have been gathered exclusively from the Dutch, whose interest it might be supposed would lead them to magnify every difficulty and to interpose every obstacle in the way of a nation long their enemy and ever their rival in the eastern seas. Various circumstances, and especially the recent voyage of the *Amherst*, have satisfied certain persons that *something* in the way of smuggling, bullying, and bribing may be effected on the coasts of an empire which in many respects bears great affinity to that of Japan. The failure of the Russian attempt under Resanoff might be accounted for by the sanguine on the supposition that the neighbourhood of the Kurile Islands and Kamschatka, in this instance, had induced a peculiar jealousy on the part of the Japanese. We are satisfied, however, that these considerations are overruled by others which, however founded on partial testimony, are borne out by all the probabilities of the case, and by every actual occurrence which has come to our knowledge.

That the English should rank next at least to the Portuguese, and equally with the Russians, among the least favoured nations in the Japanese code of restriction, or rather exclusion, is but too probable. The rumour of our vast Eastern power, and Dutch descriptions of the mode in which we had extended and exercised it, would justify superabundant caution. The Dutch, during the war in which their subjection to France involved them with this country,

try, were compelled to prosecute their usual intercourse in American hired vessels. It might at first appear that an incident which accustomed the Japanese to the sound of the English language, and some acquaintance with English customs, would be favourable to intercourse with the mother country. The Dutch, however, would have risked the continuance of their privileges by the expedient, if they had not succeeded in making the Japanese comprehend the distinction between the English proper, and the *English* (as they are called in China) *of the second chop-stick*. Once impressed with the distinction between King Jefferson and King George, they made no difficulty in admitting American vessels and crews under the Dutch flag and the usual regulations. An American, however, attempting to trade on his own account in 1807 was instantly repulsed. The failure of the Russian enterprise in 1804 is well known.

In 1808 occurred, in the harbour of Nagasaki, that act on the part of an English frigate to which we adverted in our former article, and of which we must now state our conviction that, if the project of opening a British intercourse with Japan had ever been feasible, this incident alone would have blasted it, perhaps for centuries to come. We also greatly fear, with reference to the future, that, should any English crew fall into the hands of the Japanese, they would find themselves, as Englishmen, exempted from the benefit of that code of mercy and hospitality in which these sturdy rebuffers of intrusion embrace the visitors whom shipwreck or starvation drives upon their coast, and which has not yet we believe been violated, even where that plea of necessity was doubtful. Mr. Doeff, bringing under the notice of his readers, perhaps under his own, only those circumstances of the case which national prejudice and commercial hostility would select, endeavours to stamp with the impression of deliberate criminality an act, on the part of a British officer, which we consider as a casual accident of naval service, creditable to that officer's zeal and courage, and involving no real impeachment of his humanity or discretion, though it led to consequences which humanity must deplore, and which calm discretion, assisted by an acquaintance with Japanese usages, might perhaps have obviated.

It was in the October of 1808 that an European vessel under Dutch colours appeared off the coast. The usual Dutch trader was expected; and when the governor of Nagasaki requested Mr. Doeff, then president, to send as usual two of his subordinates with the *banjoosts*, (the accustomed Japanese officers,) on board, he complied without suspicion. The Dutchmen preceding the Japanese were met by a boat from the vessel. A petty officer of the latter desired them in their own language to come into their boat, and

and the Dutchmen requesting time to wait for the Japanese officer who was following, the strangers boarded them with drawn cutlasses, and forced them on board an English frigate, the *Phaëton*. The Japanese rowed back, and communicated the strange occurrence which he had witnessed to the authorities. Mr. Doeff thus describes the effect of the intelligence:—

‘In the town everything was in frightful embarrassment and confusion. The governor especially was in a state of indescribable wrath, which fell in the first instance on the two upper banjoosts because they had returned without our countrymen, and without having learnt, on their own knowledge, to what nation the ship belonged. Before I could ask him a question, he said to me with fury in his countenance—“Be quiet, Mr. President; I shall take care that your people are restored.” The interpreters also assured me of his determination in this particular, even at the cost of breaking through some law or usage. I saw everything was preparing for defence, and even for attack, if necessary. The governor now learnt to his consternation that at the imperial guard-house (situated between the Papenberg island and Nagasaki, and at which one thousand men are by regulation stationed) only sixty or seventy were forthcoming, and the commanders absent. The governor shuddered at the intelligence, for he foresaw his inevitable lot—the knife. Towards twelve came a letter written on board by my assistant, Schimel, whose writing I recognized, with these words only—“A ship is arrived from Bengal. The captain’s name is Pellew; he asks for water and provisions.”’

The president was consulted as to compliance with this request, which he declined to sanction. “It was midnight,” he pursues, “before I heard again from the governor. His first secretary then visited me, and informed me that he had orders to rescue the Hollanders. On my questioning him as to the mode, he replied, “Your countrymen have been seized by treachery; I shall therefore go alone, obtain admission on board by every demonstration of friendship; seek an interview with the captain, and on his refusal to deliver his prisoners, stab him first, and then myself.” The president naturally dissuaded him from an enterprise hopeless in itself, and dangerous to those he proposed to liberate. The governor, adopting the same view, was obliged to interfere to prevent the attempt.

The plan now adopted was to detain the ship till all the vessels and forces of the neighbouring princes should be collected for attack, and the night passed away in military preparation which, as Mr. Doeff says, bore some marks of a want of practice of two centuries duration. In the afternoon of the following day, Gozeman, one of the *détenus*, was landed. His report was that he had been treated with gross insult, and threatened with death if it should turn out that he had violated truth in denying the presence of

of Dutch vessels in the harbour. The English Captain, however, having verified his statement, by personal inspection in his own boat, ultimately sent him on shore with the following epistle :

‘I have ordered my own boat to set Gozeman on shore, to procure me water and provisions; if he does not return with such before evening, I will sail in to-morrow early and burn the Japanese and Chinese vessels in the harbour.’

Doeff states that a threat was added, that unless Gozeman should return on board in the evening, with the provisions, the other Dutch prisoner, Schimel, should be hanged without mercy. We have very strong doubts as to the accuracy of these statements, but none at all that the Japanese were made to believe that such threats had been uttered. The governor was unwilling to allow of Gozeman's return to the vessel; but was persuaded by the president, who considered that measure the only means of securing the safety of both. He did return on board with the provisions, and shortly afterwards the Japanese authorities were enraptured by the appearance of both the *détenus*, which to some of themselves, alas not to all! was a release from the choice between honourable suicide, and the lasting infamy of public execution. The Dutchmen admitted that, after the arrival of the provisions, they had been treated with every civility by the English captain.

It was now the object of the governor to execute, if possible, to the letter, that passage of his commission which enjoins him to detain, till the pleasure of the *Provincial* Government be known, any vessel which commits any act of violence or illegality on the coast. The president was again consulted :—

‘I considered,’ he said, ‘the Japanese as not strong enough to detain by force a frigate well armed and prepared, and told them so plainly; but I advised them to detain the vessel by other means, long enough to permit a number of vessels laden with stones to be sunk in the narrowest part of the passage, between the Papenberg and the Caballes. In the course of the next day these might be got ready, and the scheme might be executed in the night following. The Japanese harbour-master, present at the discussion, demonstrated the feasibility of the scheme, and received orders to make all the preparations. I warned the governor that the east wind, which had blown for some hours, was fair for the Englishman's escape; but it was expected that he would wait for a further supply of fresh water, which had been promised him.

‘About daylight arrived the Prince of Omura, at the head of his troops, and proposed to the governor to endeavour, with three hundred boats, each manned with three rowers, and filled with straw and reeds, to burn the frigate. The men were to escape by swimming. He offered to lead the enterprise in person. During this consultation the frigate weighed, and sailed out of the harbour with a fresh breeze.’

Thus

Thus far we have pursued the Dutchman's narrative; and did it end here, some of our readers, and specially those who, like ourselves, take pleasure in the mirthful pages of Marryatt, Chamier, and Glasscock, might think that little harm was done. A frightened Dutchman, and an outwitted governor in petticoats, might be considered as excellent *dramatis personæ* for a marine farce; and we might smile at the credulity of the men, who really believed that an English officer would execute on their persons a threat, for the performance of which he would himself have been liable to capital punishment at home. The consequences, however, were such as undoubtedly the captain of the *Phaëton* could not have anticipated, and such as he, or any British officer, would deplore. Within half an hour of the *Phaëton's* departure, the governor had redeemed himself from impending disgrace, and his family from an inheritance of infamy, by the terrible expedient which Japanese custom dictates on such occasions. The officers of the neglected post, to the number we believe of six or seven, followed his example, and at once stabbed themselves in the abdomen. These men were under the orders, not of the governor of Nagasaki, but of the governor of the province of Fizen, then resident at Jeddo; and that high functionary expiated the delinquency of his subordinates by an imprisonment of one hundred days.

Before we dismiss this subject it may be well to advert to the circumstances under which the British flag appeared in these unfrequented seas. That we were at war with Holland; then a dependency of France, it is hardly necessary to mention. Captain Pellew of the *Phaëton* (the second Lord Exmouth), was ordered by Admiral Drury, commander of our fleets in the Eastern seas, to cruise off the Japanese islands, for the purpose of intercepting the Dutch traders to Nagasaki.

Whether a nation which, like Japan, refuses all intercourse with the rest of the world may claim all those privileges of neutrality for its harbours, which other civilized nations have sanctioned for their mutual convenience, is a point of international law which we are not aware has been formally mooted or decided. We have reason at least to believe that Captain Pellew's instructions contained no direction on this head, nor any information as to the peculiar usages of the people with whom his mission might bring him into contact. With reference to the Dutch, that mission was of course couched in the usual formula—take, burn, or destroy. After cruising in vain for a month in those tempestuous seas, the captain, thinking that the Dutch traders had probably reached the harbour, determined to look for them there. The skill and boldness with which this was accomplished is evident from the Dutch accounts, which also throw light on its hazard and difficulty.

We

We are enabled, on good authority, to state our belief that the Dutch have misrepresented the conduct of the English captain, in those passages which impute to him hostile demeanour or expressions with regard to the Japanese, with whom no actual collision or intercourse took place. On the same authority we can further state, that the captain, failing to discover the enemy he looked for, desired the Dutch factors who boarded him, and whom he claimed the right to consider as prisoners of war, to represent his vessel to the Japanese as an English Indiaman. The consequences of a more accurate designation must therefore rest, lamentable as they were, with those who communicated it to the native authorities.

Our readers, however, may make what allowance they please for Dutch misrepresentation or exaggeration of the occurrence in its details, and we suspect our author's narrative is not free from either; the facts stated of its consequences have never been denied or doubted, and are alluded to as notorious in the passage of Sir Stamford Raffles' Memoirs, which contain a brief and imperfect account of his own subsequent proceedings in the same quarter—to which we shall have occasion presently to advert. The prelude was certainly not auspicious. If Messrs. Meylan and Fischer had told us that the Japanese were the most forgiving and forgetful nation of their acquaintance, we, who know how seldom those qualities belong to nations professing a religion which enjoins them, might doubt the veracity of these authors. They do tell us that vindictiveness is a striking feature of their character; and that the forgiveness of an injury is considered as a specimen of disgraceful pusillanimity.

From this period up to 1810, in the spring of which year Mr. Doeffer made one of his journeys to the capital, as president of the factory, the intercourse between Batavia and Nangasaki was punctual. It was now destined to a total interruption of more than three years, the consequence of insupportable war, and our occupation of the Dutch East Indian possessions:—

'No one,' says Mr. Doeffer, 'but a resident of this period at the factory can form a conception of our state of mind. Separated from all intercourse, close prisoners in a spot which ships scarcely ever pass, much less touch at, knowing nothing, guessing nothing of events in the remainder of the globe; uncertain whether for the next ten or twenty years, or to the end of our lives, a ship of our country would ever greet our sight; living under the constant inspection of a suspicious nation which, treating us it is true with kindness, and allowing us to want for nothing which they could supply, could yet never consider us as countrymen: this was a sad lot, and sadder prospect.'

In 1811, the capture and detention of Golownin occurred, and the

the Japanese authorities paid Mr. Doeff the compliment of calling for his opinion on the circumstances of that transaction. He seems to have done his best to recommend merciful counsels, and to smooth the way for the release of the Russian.

'Our hope,' he continues, 'was now fixed on the year 1812, but alas! it passed away without relief, and without intelligence either from Europe or Batavia! All our provision from Java was by this time consumed; butter we had not seen since 1807, (for the ship, the *Goe de Frouw*, had brought us none in 1809.) To the honour of the Japanese, I must acknowledge that they did everything in their power to supply our particular deficiencies. . . . The police agent or inspector, Sige Dennozen, among others, gave himself much trouble to distil gin for us, for which purpose I supplied him with a still-kettle and a tin worm which I chanced to possess. He had tolerable success, but could not remove the resinous flavour of the ~~chip~~ ^{slipper}; the corn spirit, however, which he also managed to distil, was produced in perfection. As we had been deprived of wine since 1807, with the exception of a small quantity brought by the *Goe de Frouw*, he likewise endeavoured to press it for us from the wild grape of the country, but with less success. He obtained, indeed, a red and fermented liquid, but it was not wine. I, for my own part, endeavoured to make beer. With the help of the domestic dictionaries of Chânel and Buys, I got so far as to produce a whitish liquor, with something of the flavour of the white beer (*mol*) of Haerlem, but which would not keep above four days; seeing that I could not make it work sufficiently, nor had I any hope of imparting to it its due bitter, so as to remain longer drinkable.'

We sympathize with this unaffected narrative of a Hollander's distresses, his hopes, and his resources, and we are cheered by the picture of Japanese good nature, while we lament over the pitchy flavour of the Schiedam of Nagasaki and the perishable excellence of Doeff's *Kentere*—but further privations and embarrassments equally national remain—

'Our greatest deficiency was in the articles of shoes and winter clothing; we procured Japanese slippers of straw, and covered the instep with undressed leather, and thus draggled along the street. Long breeches made we with an old carpet which I had by me. Thus we provided for our wants as well as we could contrive. There was no distinction among us. Every one who had saved anything threw it into the common stock, and we thus lived under a literal community of goods.'

With the spring of 1813 began the fourth year of their separation from the world, and great was their delight in July to witness the approach of two vessels bearing the Dutch flag, and hoisting a private signal agreed upon in 1809. A letter was brought on

shore, announcing the arrival of Mr. W. Waardenaar, formerly president of the factory, as commissary, and Mr. Cassa appointed to replace Mr. Doeff as president, with three assistants or clerks on board the second vessel. No suspicion crossed the mind of our author: he had himself exceeded by many years the usual period of service;—the reinforcement of clerks was greatly required; Mr. Waardenaar was an old acquaintance, friend, and protector. An officer and clerk of the factory were sent on board; the former returned, saying that he had recognized Waardenaar and the captain, Voorman, but that appearances were strange on board the vessel, and Waardenaar had informed him that he could only deliver the papers with which he was charged to Mr. Doeff in person. It was remarked by the Japanese that all the officers on board spoke English, and they thence considered the vessels as hired Americans. To remove all suspicion, Mr. Doeff went on board. He was received with evident embarrassment by Waardenaar, who handed him a letter, which Doeff declined to open till he should return to his residence, whither he was accompanied by Waardenaar and his clerk. The letter there being opened, presented to the eyes of the astonished president an announcement of the mission of the two vessels, and the appointment of Waardenaar as Commissary in Japan, with supreme command over the factory, signed ‘Raffles, Lieutenant-Governor of Java and its dependencies.’ In reply to the question, ‘Who is Raffles?’ Mr. Doeff was informed that Java was in possession of the English, Holland incorporated with France; and that Waardenaar, together with an Englishman, Mr. Ainslie, were appointed by the British government as Commissioners in Japan. Doeff’s reply was prompt; he refused all compliance with the orders set forth in the letter, as coming from the government of a colony in possession of the enemy. Waardenaar tried every expedient to shake this resolution; he appealed to the capitulation of Java, of which, however, he could produce no copy, and which, as Mr. Doeff says, would at all events have been unavailing to convince him that Japan was to be considered a dependency of Java.

This bold stroke of Sir Stamford Raffles may be considered by many as a favourable specimen of that spirit of enterprise which distinguished his proceedings to the last; but, making every allowance for the partiality of the account of the transaction now before us, we cannot but think that his zeal in this instance overstepped his discretion. Success could only be gained by entire acquiescence and collusion on the part of Mr. Doeff, and the lives of the two ships’ companies were placed in the hands of that functionary, who by a word could have given them over

as Englishmen and enemies to the vengeance of a recently insulted nation. This course he appears at first to have contemplated; for after coolly acquainting his former friend with the circumstances of the situation in which he had placed himself, and his own determination to resist the appointment of any nominee of England to the chair of the factory, he called in the five chief native interpreters, and, acquainting them with the facts, demanded their instant communication of them to the authorities. They at once foresaw the terrific consequences of such an announcement, and, whether from mere humanity, or apprehending that the circumstance of the ships having entered the harbour, though by deceptive means, yet unopposed, might include themselves or some of their countrymen in the catastrophe, they paused for consideration. Waardenaar was known and respected in Japan; the ships bore the Dutch flag; no suspicion that the English had a Dutch agent in their service had yet reached the authorities. All these circumstances they pointed out to the president, and prevailed on him to keep the secret and retain his independent government, formally consenting to take upon themselves the entire responsibility in case of discovery.

The further details of the arrangement, and of Mr. Doeff's measures for turning the transaction to the commercial profit of his country, may best be found in the following extracts from a document, of which Mr. Doeff inserts a copy in his work. They will also show how completely the perilous nature of their position was admitted by the parties. The act in question purports to be an agreement between H. Doeff, president, on the one side, and W. Waardenaar and D. Ainslie, chief surgeon in Batavia, on the other. The first undersigned having communicated to the second and third his refusal to obey the instruction of the Lieutenant-Governor of Java, dated June 4, 1813, (for reasons specified,) represents in consequence the dangerous circumstances in which the ships, *Charlotte* and *Mary*, with their crews, are placed, in the event of his making known to the Japanese (however indirectly) to what nation those ships belong; inasmuch as the said ships would be forthwith burned, and all on board massacred, the which he (Doeff) could in no wise do anything to prevent, seeing the hate which the Japanese have conceived towards the English nation—especially since the affair of the *Phaeton*, &c. Then follow the conditions agreed upon, the principal being, that in order to prevent all suspicion on the part of the Japanese, the entire cargoes of the two ships shall be delivered to Doeff, who shall treat them according to the usual practice, and account for them to Waardenaar and Ainslie; that the two latter shall under-

take, on account of their government, the debt, and obligations, &c. contracted by the factory from 1809 to this year inclusive, to be paid out of the produce of the lading, &c. The ships were permitted on these conditions to discharge their goods and receive their return in copper under the usual regulations. The secrecy of the interpreters was sufficiently secured by a regard to their own safety; and Mr. Doeff's retention of his functions, and the departure of the English agents from their dangerous errand, were accounted for on various ingenious pretexts to the satisfaction of the Japanese.

We cannot but concede to Mr. Doeff his claim to total success in this struggle, and we must reluctantly, not merely on his statement, but on all the probabilities of the case, deny to Sir Stamford Raffles, all claim and pretension to the having in this transaction smoothed the way for future intercourse. Pretensions to that effect are, in his memoirs and dispatches to Lord Minto, founded on the admitted collusion of the five interpreters; and it is also suggested that, though the ships passed in the first instance for American, the fact that they were English was ascertained by the Japanese during their stay in harbour; moreover that presents of English manufacture had been complacently received at court. Mr. Doeff's reply to these allegations—viz. that the parties were too well aware of their danger to neglect any conceivable precaution against discovery; that of the Japanese, the interpreters alone were in the secret; and that the presents mentioned as received at Jeddo were forwarded in the name of the Dutch government—appears to us conclusive. The presents, he tells us, were represented as an acknowledgment for the kindness with which the Dutch had been treated during the interruption of intercourse. Two of them, a clock and an elephant, were refused,—the former because ornamented with classical images, the elephant for the reason already mentioned. Query, Did those who sent it know the relative positions of Nagasaki and Jeddo? Dr. Ainslie was in some danger of discovery. It was thought strange that Mr. Waardenaar should be attended by an American surgeon. Mr. Doeff reminded the Japanese of the Swedish Thunberg, and asserted that his countrymen looked rather to the skill than the birthplace of their medical attendants. At the court of Jeddo was established, at this period, in great splendour and favour, the son of that governor of Nagasaki who, in 1808, had committed suicide, in consequence of an English visit. At Nagasaki itself the garrison consisted of the troops of the Prince of Fizen, who had suffered one hundred days arrest for his imputed negligence in the same affair, and doubtless the friends and relations of the
other

other victims of the transaction were extant there, eager for vengeance, and with no conceivable motive for mercy.

In Sir Stamford Raffles's own memoirs, indeed, we find that not only the prince, but many of the principal Japanese, had sworn to kill every Englishman that fell in their way. We cannot but think that Mr. Doeffer might have revenged the insult he suffered in 1808 by at once obeying the order of Sir Stamford Raffles, and leaving his appointed successor and the English surgeon Ainslie to explain as they might to the Japanese the authority under which they were appointed. The destruction of the factory, the execution of its officers, and the final cessation of all intercourse with Europe, would probably have been the consequence, which the prudent course adopted by Mr. Doeffer appears to have averted.

Having stated the principal circumstances, and the result of Sir Stamford Raffles's expedition of 1813, we content ourselves with a mere brief allusion to the renewal of his attempt in the following year, when the Dutch agent Cassa was sent in the *Charlotte* to supersede Mr. Doeffer. This attempt appears to have been conducted with more skill and circumspection than the former, and Mr. Cassa succeeded at one moment in bringing over two out of the five Japanese interpreters to his interest. Doeffer, however, kept the vantage ground on which the affair of the *Phaeton* had placed him, and still refused to acknowledge the capitulation of Java as affecting the situation of the factory. With the help of his majority in the body of interpreters he overruled the minority, and attained the imperial sanction to his own continuance in office and the reshipment of his appointed successor. His difficulties were certainly greater in this instance than in the former, but his pertinacity equally triumphed. We regret to add that he attributes to Sir Stamford Raffles the infraction of some conditions which he had stipulated to his own pecuniary advantage on the former occasion. That he is mistaken in attributing to that excellent man any such unworthy mode of punishing him for adherence to his country's interests, we firmly believe; but if from oversight or any other cause he has really suffered by the non-performance of such conditions, we are satisfied that even at this distant period the justice of the English government would afford him redress. He opposed and foiled us, but he might by a word have procured the destruction of our vessels and the massacre of our countrymen.

The president bought his advantage dear. From the departure of the *Charlotte* another dreary interval of cessation of all intercourse ensued till the year 1817, when two vessels arrived, bearing the welcome intelligence of the restoration of Java to the Dutch, and

and having on board the author's friend Jan Cock Blomhoff, appointed to succeed him as president, and at the same time to convey to him the full approbation of his proceedings, and the order of the Lion of the Netherlands. Scarcely less welcome, after a nine years' abstinence, was a supply of butter, and of wine, in which they drank to the restoration of the House of Orange.

Mr. Blomhoff was destined to illustrate the tenacity with which the Japanese adhere to their regulations. His arrival, and the news of the cessation of hostilities, were hailed with great delight by the Japanese, but all his influence and exertions were vain to procure from the court of Jeddo, in favour of his wife and child, a relaxation of the rule which excludes foreign females from Decima, not indeed as such, but as coming under the larger category of all persons not expressly necessary for the purposes of the trade. 'No one may land except for special reason in Japan'—is the maxim of that empire, to which the Dutch are, equally with other foreigners, compelled to submit.

On the 6th of December, 1817, Mr. Doeffer handed over to his successor the guardianship of those interests which he had defended with so much pertinacity and success. The appendix to his narrative is a melancholy one. He embarked for Europe in 1819, in the ship of war the Admiral Evertsen. She proved not sea-worthy, and from the 30th of March to the 8th April was only kept afloat by unremitting exertion at the pumps. The Mauritius, the nearest inhabited land, was nine hundred miles distant, two companions had out-sailed them, and the fate of Troubridge awaited them in the same seas. They were saved by an American brig when within sight of the uninhabited island of Diego Garcia; but as three hundred and ninety persons were to be transferred to this small vessel, none were allowed to take with them their effects, and a few shirts and some papers of small bulk were all that our author could save of his collections accumulated with cost and diligence during his long residence at Decima. The fate of his most valuable manuscript has been already mentioned. Half the party were left on the island, the other portion, including our author and his wife, sailed for the Mauritius on board the friendly and humane American. His lady died early on the passage.

It is impossible to dismiss this curious subject without advert-
ing to the statements set forth in Sir Stamford Raffles' 'Memoirs' and in his own dispatch to Lord Minto, not only as a justification of his measures, but as involving a claim to partial success and an encouragement to future proceedings. We find in his 'Memoirs' the following passage:—

'The

'The character of the Japanese it was evident had been subject to the misrepresentation which the jealousy of the Dutch had industriously spread over the whole of their eastern possessions. They appeared to the commissioners to be a race remarkable for frankness of manner and disposition, for intelligence, inquiry, and freedom from prejudice. They are in an advanced state of civilization, in a climate where European manufactures are almost a necessary comfort, and where long use has accustomed them to many of its luxuries.'

We know not how far the Batavian colonists may have misrepresented the Japanese to the English governor, but certainly their three countrymen whose works we have brought under notice most entirely acquiesce in the description thus given by men whose authority in itself was worth little, as they had neither a knowledge of the language nor opportunity for observation. With regard, however, to the assertion that European manufactures are almost a necessary comfort to a nation which Sir Stamford Raffles rates at twenty-four, Mr. Fischer at thirty-six millions, we must say that the Japanese have satisfied themselves with a very small allowance of such objects of necessity, and have taken very singular methods to increase the supply. The fact is, that their disposition to luxury and expense in dress, which doubtless would recommend foreign commerce if once established, is constantly checked by severe and arbitrary sumptuary laws.

'The trade,' says Sir Stamford in his dispatch, 'was just as extensive as it suited the personal interest of the Resident to make it.' We have seen that the trade was limited and rigidly defined by successive orders from Jeddo. Sir Stamford points out the advantages to be derived by both parties from British intercourse, and to us especially, as a resource in the event of any interruption in the trade with China. With respect to the article of tea the accounts both of Mr. Fischer and Mr. Doeff would lead us to doubt whether the produce of Japan would answer as a substitute for that of China. Mr. Doeff describes the decoction in common use as villanous. Mr. Fischer considers the Japanese tea as a useful sudorific, but so inferior in flavour to the Chinese as to make its success in an European market very doubtful. Nothing, indeed, can be clearer than that an interchange of commodities with Japan would be profitable to both nations. The Japanese answer to Russian proposals of a similar nature proves, however, that such advantages can be appreciated by a nation which rejects them.

'With regard to the trade in commodities of many kinds of which each may be in want, possible advantage appears, yet we have maturely considered and found, that if all our useful commodities were exchanged, we might possibly find a deficiency in such of our own production, and thus it would appear as though we knew not how to govern

govern our country. Moreover, if trade be increased there would be more occasion for people of the lower orders to transgress the usages of our country, and thereto we therefore cannot agree. This is the imperial decision, and therefore must the navigation to Japan be no more attempted. Signed at Nangasaki—NANGO BOLUGNA (with a great red seal attached).'

We have said and quoted thus much in deference to an authority so justly respected as that of Sir Stamford Raffles; enough, we trust, to show that we do not lightly or irreverently venture to criticise the speculations of such a man. His reputation is one which can suffer no sensible diminution by an impeachment of his reasonings on a particular subject, treated by him with that ardour in his country's service which belonged to his character. He seems to us to have failed to perceive that the very qualities of superiority, for which he gives just credit to Japan, opposed an impenetrable obstacle to his views; that meanness, ignorance, corruption, and cowardice, may justify by the result the aggression they invite, but that courage and intelligence are not rashly to be insulted or tampered with, and that a spirit of independence may be proof against the trivial impulses of curiosity and the more degrading motives of gain. Neglecting these considerations, he argued that because the Japanese, by a fortunate accident, had forborne to close an intercourse with a nation which submitted to purchase its continuance by abject submission and humiliation, they would break through the most sacred laws and usages of their empire, sanctified by antiquity, and rigidly enforced by a strong executive, to admit one by which they had been threatened and insulted, and which was only known to them by partial and malignant statements of its power and ambition, illustrated by a calamitous example. We are as anxious as Sir Stamford Raffles could be for the ubiquity of our flag and the expansion of our commerce. For ourselves, indeed, being neither governors, merchants, nor missionaries, we have no higher motive than that which actuated the Fatima of the nursery tale, in sighing for a peep into the blue chamber of the eastern sea. That motive of curiosity is a strong one. But the key of British enterprise which has unlocked the treasure-chambers of the world has no power when applied to the steel-clenched postern of Japan. It has been shivered in the attempt, and there is blood on the fragments. We should be sorry to learn that the directors of Eastern enterprise, undeterred by former failures, or inspired by a few paltry successes on the maritime frontier of China and its corrupted dependencies, were about to renew experiments on Japan. Nothing, we are satisfied, can be more unwise than to argue from Chinese or Corean premises to Japanese conclusions; nothing

nothing more wanton and unprofitable than to risk, by any attempt to force an intercourse, the disruption of the last link which yet connects that singular country with the European family. Some great and sweeping revolution must disorganize her government, and obliterate her institutions, before we can approach her coasts in any other guise than that of invaders of an unoffending, we wish we could add unoffended, nation.

ART. VII.—*History of the War in the Peninsula, &c.* By Lieut.-Colonel W. F. P. Napier, C.B. Third Edition. 4 vols. 8vo. London. 1835.

IN our last Number we carried our observations upon Colonel Napier's History to the period when the Portuguese government was reinstated, on the expulsion of the French army under Junot. In doing so, we adverted to the following important defects in the work. First, an undue bias of partiality towards the French, and a bias of a diametrically opposite nature with respect to the Spaniards. Secondly, an infusion of bitter party prejudice against the then existing government in England. Thirdly, much distortion of facts and unfairness of colouring in the representation of events, as well as in that of the characters and motives of individuals. And, lastly, mistakes so considerable with regard to transactions in which the author's own countrymen were concerned, and British troops were engaged, as must detract greatly from the credit which can be allowed to the statements given of other details, the sources of which are much less accessible to scrutiny, although liable to no small degree of suspicion. We shall now accompany Colonel Napier in his further progress.

'Thus terminated what may be called the *convulsive struggle* of the Peninsular war.'—vol. i. p. 270.

We cannot agree with Colonel Napier in this observation. There were two periods at least subsequent to that here mentioned, which deserve much more to be regarded as periods of *convulsive struggle* in the contest. The first of these is the period when Napoleon was recalled from the Peninsula in the month of January, 1809, by an impending war with Austria, which may be truly said to have dragged the lion from his prey. And the second is that of the autumn of 1810, when the foresight, the firmness of mind, and the military skill of Lord Wellington, first checked the advance of Massena at Busaco, and then closed his prospects of success by the lines of Torres Vedras. But although we must refuse to Colonel Napier the faculty of discriminating with judgment

ment the relative importance of these epochs in the war, we readily concede to him consistency in party prejudice, when he tells us—

‘The English cabinet was, indeed, sanguine, and resolute to act, yet the ministers, while anticipating success in a preposterous manner, displayed little industry, and less judgment, in their preparations for the struggle; nor does it appear that the *real freedom* of the Peninsula was much considered in their councils. They contemplated this astonishing insurrection as a mere *military opening* through which Napoleon might be assailed, and they neglected, or rather feared, to look towards the great moral consequences of such a stupendous event,—consequences which were, indeed, above their reach of policy: they were neither able, nor willing, to seize such a singularly propitious occasion for conferring a benefit upon mankind. It is, however, certain that this opportunity for restoring the civil strength of a long degraded people, by a direct recurrence to *first principles*, was such as had seldom been granted to a sinking nation.’—p. 272.

Colonel Napier appears in this passage more as a political partizan and theorist, than as an historian, and he is so entirely engrossed by his own party animosities, and his own crude speculations, that the reader may look in vain for a true account of things as they were. The Spaniards had not applied to Britain to interfere in their internal affairs. On the contrary, they had besought her to assist them in repelling the unwelcome interference of the French emperor. The ambition and the perfidy of Napoleon, although attempted to be concealed under the pretext of *political regeneration*, had not escaped the discernment of even the most illiterate peasant in Spain; and the indignation with which that whole people instantly resented and opposed the intrusion had obtained for them the unanimous applause and the cordial sympathy of the British nation. Yet Colonel Napier imputes to the English ministers a lack of wisdom, and a neglect of the *real freedom* of the Peninsula, because, satisfied with such a strong and intelligible bond of connexion between the two countries, they did not busy themselves with theoretical speculations, which must have disturbed that harmony of feeling and paralyzed that unanimity and energy of action, which it was their duty to cherish and to promote both in Britain and in the Peninsula. But it is not difficult to discover that Colonel Napier's schemes, whether for the guidance of ministers in the cabinet, or of generals in the field, partake very little of what is called practical wisdom.

We are at a loss, we confess, to conjecture what other opening than a ‘*military opening*’ could have been available against the power of Napoleon. It was his military strength which had subdued

dued and which still overawed the continent, and it was that which enabled him to assail the interests, and aim at the overthrow of Britain. Military opposition could alone contend against or exhaust that strength, and none had yet appeared so likely to do either as the spontaneous rising of the nations of the Peninsula. As for '*a direct recurrence to first principles*,' all we need say is, that the experiments in that way which had been made in France had not yet recommended themselves by their results either to British statesmen or to the Spanish people.

After giving his view of the coincidences and the diversities which exhibited themselves in the character and in the conduct of the Portuguese and of the Spaniards, Colonel Napier proceeds as follows:—

'It was affirmed and believed, that from every quarter enthusiastic multitudes of the latter were pressing forward to complete the destruction of a baffled and dispirited enemy; the vigour, the courage, the unmatched spring of Spanish patriotism, was in every man's mouth; Napoleon's power and energy seemed weak in opposition. Few persons doubted the truth of such tales, and yet nothing could be more unsound, more eminently fallacious, than the generally entertained opinion of French weakness and of Spanish strength. The resources of the former were unbounded, almost untouched; those of the latter were *too slender even to support the weight of victory*; in Spain the whole *structure of society* was *shaken to pieces* by the violence of an effort which merely *awakened the slumbering strength of France*.'—vol. i. p. 271.

It is painful to see how perseveringly Colonel Napier labours, by the distortion of facts, by sophistical reasoning, by cold calculation, by sarcasm, and by insinuation, to check any feeling in his readers in favour of the Spaniards. He cannot endure that they should have drawn the sword and flung away the scabbard, without paying any regard either to the great abilities, to the numerous armies, or to the well-supplied arsenals of their adversary. And he is nearly as much dissatisfied with his own countrymen for having united themselves without hesitation to the cause of justice, however feeble, instead of being appalled by the array of almost unbounded resources and unlimited power which appeared on the side of her opponent. As for the paradoxical statement, that the resources of a great country, and the strength of eleven millions of people, '*were too slender even to support the weight of victory*,' it is scarcely deserving of notice. And the same remark might apply to the assertion, that the *structure of society* in Spain was *shaken to pieces*, whilst the *slumbering strength of France* was merely *awakened*, were it not that we must reproach the
historian

historian with having omitted to explain in what respect society was broken to pieces in the one country, and of what nature the slumbers of the strength of the other had been for ten years preceding the period of which he has undertaken to narrate the transactions.

After a long and violent tirade against the conduct of the Spanish generals and provincial juntas, subsequently to the victory at Baylen, Colonel Napier thus notices King Joseph's evacuation of Madrid :—

'The argument to be drawn from this state of affairs is conclusive against the policy of Joseph's retreat. Without drafting a man from the garrisons of Pampeluna and St. Sebastian—without interfering with the moveable columns employed on the communications of Biscay and Navarre—that monarch drew together about fifty thousand good troops, in twenty days after he had abandoned his capital.'—*ol i. p. 286.*

We do not feel much interested in supporting the military reputation of King Joseph against Colonel Napier's criticisms, but it appears to us that the latter does not argue very logically in this instance, for the very circumstance which enabled Joseph to assemble 50,000 men was his abandonment of the capital. Had he continued at Madrid, one-half, at least, of the above force must have been allotted to the protection of the line of communication between the capital and the Ebro. And if we advert to Napoleon's anxiety on that head, previously to the battle of Rio Seco, and to the diminution of the French force in Spain, and the increased means rendered disposable on the part of the enemy by the capture of Dupont, we shall not be disposed to think the above allotment more considerable than was necessary for that purpose.

The third chapter of Colonel Napier's third book opens as follows :—

'Napoleon, *surprised* and chagrined at the disgrace which, for the first time, his armies had sustained, was yet nothing dismayed by a resistance which he had *early contemplated as not improbable*. With a piercing glance he had observed the efforts of Spain, calculated the power of foreign influence in keeping alive the spirit of resistance, and assigning a just value to the succours which England could afford, foresaw the danger which might accrue, if he suffered an insurrection of peasants, which had already dishonoured the glory of his arms, to attain the consistency of regular government, to league with powerful nations, and to become disciplined troops. To defeat the raw levies which the Spaniards had hitherto opposed to his soldiers was an easy matter, but it was necessary to *crush them to atoms*; that a dread of his invincible power might still pervade the world, and the secret influence

fluence of his genius remain unabated. The *constitution* of Bayonne would, he was aware, weigh heavy in the scale against those *chaotic* governments, neither monarchical, nor popular, nor aristocratic, nor federal, which the Spanish revolution was *throwing up*; but before the benefit of that could be felt by *the many*, before he could draw any advantages from his *moral resources*, it was necessary to develop all his military strength.'—p. 318.

This passage affords renewed evidence of our author's extraordinary proneness to self-contradiction. Here we are told that Napoleon was *surprised* and chagrined, although we have been repeatedly informed before—and, indeed, find it confessed in the same sentence—that he had foreseen and calculated everything. Here he is said to have found it an easy matter for his soldiers to defeat the *raw* levies which the Spaniards had hitherto opposed to them, although the reason assigned in other places for the occasional successes of the Spaniards has been, that 'the French army was itself to be considered as a *raw levy* fresh from the plough.'

As for the Bayonne *constitution*, we have already given our estimate of the value attaching to it, or to any other constitution which is imposed by external dictation. The '*Spanish revolution*,' which Colonel Napier so elegantly represents as '*throwing up chaotic governments*,' we can find nowhere but in the author's imagination. The Spaniards were not occupied in making a revolution, but in opposing that which the French emperor was endeavouring to force upon them for the aggrandizement of himself and his family. The temporary governments which they suddenly established, to supply the place of that which the artifices and the power of their adversary had destroyed, were not *chaotic*, although the circumstances of the case necessarily precluded unity of system; and it may well be doubted whether an attempt to introduce it in the beginning might not have rendered their exertions less general and less efficient.

Our author has spoken before of 'a project undertaken in an evil hour,' and of 'a cause manifestly unjust;' but now we have the justification of a developement of military strength to *crush* the Spaniards to *atoms*—that being a preliminary indispensable to enable the French emperor 'to draw advantages from his *moral resources*,' and a step requisite to be taken before 'the benefit of the Bayonne constitution could be felt by *the many*.' But what were the benefits to result to the many when the object of our author's idolatry had *crushed to atoms*, like another Juggernaut, whatever came in the way of his progress? *The many*, that is the trembling survivors, were to enjoy the blessing—'that a *dread* of his invincible

cible power would still pervade the world, and the *secret influence* of his genius remain unabated.'

We do not exactly know what is meant here by the *secret influence of genius*, unless it be the hypocritical policy exhibited at Fontainebleau and at Bayonne. The *dread* of power is more easily understood; but we feel the same mistrust of benefits flowing from such sources as was felt by the nations of the Peninsula; and in spite of Colonel Napier's admiration of the political creed of Napoleon, we can view it only as a counterpart of the religious creed of Mahomet, a scheme of boundless ambition, founded on imposture, and enforced by violence.

Our author carries us next to the meeting of Napoleon and the emperor of Russia, which took place at Erfurth in October, 1808, and he gives us his own opinion as to the views of the French emperor on that occasion in the following words:—

'What his real views in proposing to treat were, it is difficult to determine. He could not have expected that Great Britain would relinquish the cause of Spain; he must therefore have been prepared to make some arrangement upon that head, unless the whole proceeding was an artifice to sow distrust among his enemies. The English ministers asserted that it was so, but what enemies were they among whom he could create this uneasy feeling? Sweden, Sicily, Portugal! the notion as applied to them was absurd; it is more probable that he was *sincere*. He said so at St. Helena, and the *peculiar circumstances* of the period at which the conferences of Erfurth took place warrant a belief in that assertion.'—p. 325.

We differ widely from Colonel Napier. In place of seeing, in the '*circumstances of the period*,' anything to induce a belief in the *sincerity* of the proposals made to the king of England, all these circumstances appear to us to justify an opposite conclusion. We care very little what Napoleon may have *said*, or been *represented to have said*, in that unleavened mass of misrepresentations and falsehoods published as his sayings at the island of St. Helena; and in the particular case before us, the usual character of his policy, and especially the specimen of it so recently exhibited at Bayonne, establish beyond all question that his real objects were to deprive the Spaniards of the aid of England, and to rob Britain of all claim to the future confidence of any nation whatsoever.

Colonel Napier has next a fling at Austria:—

'It is true that Austria was arming, yet Austria had been so often conquered, was so sure to abandon the cause of the patriots, and every other cause when pressed—so certain to sacrifice every consideration of honour or faith to the suggestions of self-interest—that the independence

pendence of Spain through the medium of war could only be regarded as the object of uncertain hope; a prize to be gained, if gained at all, by wading through torrents of blood, and sustaining every misery that famine and the fury of devastating armies could inflict. To avoid, if possible, such dreadful evils by *negotiating was worth trial*, and the force of justice, when urged by the minister of a great nation, would have been difficult to withstand; no power, no ambition, can resist it and be safe.'—p. 327.

In the first part of this passage our author gives vent, with all the zeal of a partizan, to his hatred of a power which strenuously and perseveringly, and in the end successfully, opposed French aggression, and which was at this time preparing to force from Napoleon a reprieve for Spain in the impending crisis of her fate. The last part of the passage affords a specimen of that plausible but abject sophistry with which the crafty or the timid are wont to varnish over the abandonment of national independence. Such a prize will never be gained, however, by any people who are not willing to struggle for it through all the evils which Colonel Napier has enumerated in the above passage. And in place of evading these evils by being forward to make *trial of negotiation* with a fraudulent and powerful adversary, the result will only be to increase his chances of success.

We wish much that Colonel Napier could prevail upon himself to apply occasionally to the real enormities of French policy the same moral scale which he habitually uses in measuring the imputed misdeeds of the powers which fought on the side of Britain. We shall not, however, dwell longer at present upon our author's opinions in politics or diplomacy, but proceed at once to the re-commencement of the British military operations in the Peninsula.

'It was the 6th of October [1808] before a despatch, containing the first determinate plan of campaign, arrived at Lisbon. Thirty thousand infantry and five thousand cavalry were to be employed in the north of Spain, of which ten thousand were to be embarked at the English ports, and the remainder to be composed of regiments drafted from the army then in Portugal; Sir John Moore was appointed to command the whole, and he was authorised, at his own discretion, to effect a junction by a voyage round the coast, or by a march through the interior. He chose the latter.'—p. 330.

It is proper here to state, with reference to the *insinuation* of undue delay directed against the British ministry, that the despatch from Sir Hew Dalrymple, giving an account of the transactions in Portugal which followed the battle of Vimiero, was not received in London till the 15th of September; and that the instructions
for

for the movement of a force into Spain, under Sir John Moore, were dated on the 26th of the same month. A few days' consideration and discussion, before the final adoption of an extensive and combined plan of military operations, under circumstances of unusual importance and of a novel nature, does not appear to us very extraordinary on the part of men charged with the responsibility of the result, although we can very well understand its appearing an excessive delay to a man of Colonel Napier's 'rash dexterity' in the formation of military projects. But at all events, as it had been suggested to Sir Hew Dalrymple so early as the 31st of August (the day on which the Convention, miscalled, of Cintra was ratified by him at Torres Vedras) to send Brigadier-General Anstruthur to Almeida, for the purpose of collecting information with reference to the march of the British army into Spain, and to communicate with the local authorities, both Portuguese and Spanish, on that subject, the value of time had not been lost sight of in Portugal. And the steps thus taken happening fortunately to accord with Sir John Moore's subsequent determination to move the troops by land into Spain, they were not devoid of utility.

To complete the army fully with the means of transport requisite for a march was a measure which Sir Hew Dalrymple had not, however, been at liberty to adopt; for he had been made aware that the project of sending the troops *by sea* to the north of Spain was favourably viewed in England—and, in the event of the final sanction of that plan, such an equipment would have been an encumbrance and a useless expense.

'Moore was directed to take the field immediately, to fix upon some place, either in Galicia or on the borders of Leon, for concentrating the whole army, and the specific plan of operations was to be concerted afterwards with the Spanish generals! This was a light and idle proceeding, promising no good result, for *the Ebro was to be the theatre of war*, and the head of the great French host coming from Germany was already in the passes of the Pyrenees.'—p. 331.

We do not know why Colonel Napier has here stated that *the Ebro was to be the theatre of war*. There was nothing in the instruction from England to that effect; all that was prescribed to Sir John Moore was, that he should unite his forces in Galicia, or on the borders of Leon, and concert his operations after that with the Spanish generals.

'Sir John Moore had much to execute, and with little help. He was to organize an army of *raw soldiers*; and in a poor and unsettled country, just relieved from the pressure of a harsh and griping enemy, he

he was to procure the transport necessary for his stores, ammunition, and even for the conveyance of the officers' baggage. Assisted by an experienced staff, such obstacles do not very much impede a good general; but here, few of the subordinate officers had served a campaign, and *every branch* of the administration, civil and military, was composed of men, zealous and willing indeed, yet new to a service where no energy can prevent the effects of inexperience from being severely felt.'—pp. 331-2.

If Colonel Napier undertook to write a romance or an epic poem, and should set about exalting the hero of his piece by depressing every one else, no objection could be taken to his doing so. But truth is the first and most essential element of history, and no departure from truth was necessary to give elevation to the character of Sir John Moore. We will now show, however, how little of this essential element of history is to be found in the above passage. First, the providing of means of transport for stores and ammunition rested with the commissariat and the ordnance, without any further trouble to the general than that of sanctioning the proposals submitted by these departments for his approval. Secondly, the beasts of burthen for the officers' baggage are always purchased by the officers themselves, by means of an allowance in money, which is made to them for that purpose; and, in order to obviate delay, other means of conveyance were, on this occasion, supplied to aid them, until they could gradually complete, on the march, the number of mules which they were allowed to have. Thirdly, some of the troops at Lisbon began their march on the 11th of October, four days only having intervened since the receipt of the dispatches ordering the expedition; which shows clearly that either the difficulties were not so great as Colonel Napier has stated them to have been, or that the general had more assistance than our author has represented. Colonel Napier is pleased to assert, that the staff was without experience: but this was not the case. And, as to the Commissary-General, Sir John Moore himself, in his letter of the 10th of December, to Lord Castlereagh, from Salamanca, speaks highly of Mr. Kennedy—'who without money, and under many disadvantages, has hitherto supplied us well.' (*Moore's Narrative of the Campaign*, p. 293).

But Sir John Moore had, it seems, to organize an army of *raw soldiers*. This assertion will appear very extraordinary to all those who, having some personal knowledge of the army which marched under Sir John Moore from Portugal, must be perfectly aware that it was composed of regiments as well trained, as well commanded, and of as high reputation, and as much experience as any that were to be found in the British service. But on this

point Colonel Napier has spared us the trouble of making any reference to others, by enabling us to appeal to himself successfully, for a complete refutation of his statement. In a passage which we must presently quote from page 342, for another purpose, we shall find that this army, consisting, in the beginning of October, of *raw soldiers*, had become, by Colonel Napier's own account, on the 8th of November, after a march during which the general never saw them, a *superb* body of troops of *exemplary discipline*. And if we refer back to page 168, we shall find the following passage :—

'When Sir John Moore arrived at Gibraltar, he could hear nothing of Sir Sydney Smith, nor of General Spencer, and proceeded to England, which he reached on the 31st of December, 1807. From thence, after a *detention of four months on ship-board*, he was dispatched upon that well-known and eminently foolish expedition to Sweden, which ended in such an extraordinary manner; and which seems, from the first, to have had no other object than the *factionous* one of keeping an excellent general and a *superb division* of troops at a distance from the only country where their services were really required.'—vol. i. p. 168.

What are we to think of an historian who tells us of a *superb* division of troops, detained in Sweden for a *factionous object*, in the month of June—represents these same troops as *raw soldiers* in October—and converts them again into *superb* and highly disciplined troops in the month of November?

Our chief object in referring to the passage just quoted has been to show how Colonel Napier varies his account of the qualities of the British troops, as we formerly showed he varied his account of the French soldiers, to suit the purpose of the moment. But we shall further point out, that there occur also in this passage two examples of that system of gross misrepresentation, of which it has been our duty already so often to complain in Colonel Napier's work. The first of these consists in the statement that Sir John Moore and the troops which reached England under his command, on the 31st of December, 1807, were detained for *four months on ship-board*, and then dispatched on the expedition to Sweden. Now, the fact is that the troops which arrived in England with Sir John Moore, in December, (viz., 1st and 3rd batt. First Foot Guards; 20th regiment; 2nd batt. 35th; 1st batt. 52nd; 2nd batt. 78th regiments,) were all landed at Portsmouth in January, 1808; and moreover, *one battalion only* out of these troops, viz. the 1st batt. 52nd regiment, was re embarked in the spring of the year to go to Sweden.

The second example of misrepresentation afforded by the same passage is, that Sir John Moore, and the troops employed under him

him in the Baltic, were sent there for the *factionous object* of keeping an excellent general and a superb division at a distance from the only country where their services were really required. Now, the truth is, that the expedition to Sweden was determined on in the month of April, and the insurrection in Spain did not break out till May, nor was any application for assistance to Spain received in England till near the middle of June.

If Colonel Napier were to write a political pamphlet, his readers might, possibly, on the ground of precedent, forgive an occasional attempt at artful misrepresentation. Or, if he were to make an after-dinner oration in a tavern, to an excited audience entertaining sentiments congenial with his own, the more he distorted facts, the more perhaps he might be applauded. But when he comes forward in the character of an historian, telling us of '*truth being the legitimate object of history*,' and giving, as his reason for assuming the pen,—'*that much injustice has been done, and much justice left undone*, by those authors who have hitherto written on the same subject,'—we do not know how such misrepresentations as we have pointed out can be palliated. The plea of inadvertency or of ignorance, could either be supported, would furnish an honourable escape.

But to complete the series of misrepresentations which our author has managed to accumulate within the small compass of ten lines, it remains to be mentioned that—with the exception of four *Line* battalions of the King's German Legion, which were ordered to be left in Portugal—all the other regiments which had been in Sweden with Sir John Moore accompanied him into Spain. The rest of the infantry which marched from Portugal consisted of regiments selected from among those which had fought at Roleiga and at Vimiero, together with two old regiments (the 3rd and the 42nd), which had been subsequently landed in the Tagus. Such was the army of *raw soldiers* which Colonel Napier has told us Sir John Moore had to organize.*

The real fact is, that there has seldom been brought together a finer body of infantry than that which marched from Portugal under Moore. The general officers were also unexceptionable: and the departments, both military and civil, were under the direction of men of experience in the service. These facts cannot

* The following testimony, honourable to both, is given respecting the conduct of Sir Harry Burrard at this time, in a letter from Sir John Moore, to Lord Castlereagh, dated at Lisbon on the 9th of October:—

'I cannot conclude without mentioning the very great assistance I have received from Sir Harry Burrard, who acts with a degree of candour, of which few people would be capable under such circumstances. He seems on this occasion to put himself aside and to give every thing to me, and to a service he thinks the most important, with as much liberality as if he himself were personally concerned in the conduct of it.'—*Narrative by James Moore, Esq.*, p. 244.

have been unknown to Colonel Napier; his motive for misrepresenting them can only be guessed at. But our historian, not satisfied with having given an unfaithful account of the composition of the army, in all its parts, proceeds next to exaggerate greatly the difficulties of the march. First, with regard to the subsistence of the army, he tells us—

‘ One Sataro, the same person who has been already mentioned as an agent of Junot’s in the negotiation with Sir Charles Cotton, engaged to supply the army, but dishonestly failing in his contract, so embarrassed the operations, that the general resigned all hope of being able to move with more than the light baggage, the ammunition necessary for immediate use, and a scanty supply of medicines; the formation of the magazines at Almeida was also retarded, and the future subsistence of the troops was thus thrown upon a raw commissariat unprovided with money.’—p. 335-6.

Here Sataro, who, by the bye, had been much more frequently employed by the English army and navy in Portugal, than by the French general, is first loaded with abuse, and then charged with the responsibility of having greatly impeded the service. The truth is, however, that Colonel Napier has exaggerated here both the faults and the *importance* of Sataro, as also the difficulty of obtaining supplies, quite as much as he has before done the supposed defects of the army placed under Sir John Moore’s command.

Major-General Beresford writes to Sir John Moore from Rio Mayor on the 16th of October,—

‘ With respect to Mr. Sataro’s agents, it does not appear to me they are so useful, as far as I have seen, as our own commissaries, or any other of our own officers so stationed would be; for everything they want they apply to the Juiz de Fora of the several places, and they have not so much authority as a British officer would have.’

Lieutenant-General Fraser writes also to the quartermaster-general from Abrantes on the 21st of October,—

‘ Thus far I have advanced without much difficulty. The Juiz of this place has been very attentive; indeed, in justice to the magistrates of the places through which we have passed, I must say we experienced every attention and facility in supplying our wants. No person belonging to Mr. Sataro has been with me during the march; indeed, from all I can learn, I do not think he would have been attended to had he accompanied me.’

‘ P. S. Just as I had finished the above, Captain Colleton delivered me both your letters of the 18th instant; but as I had been previously assured, by the Juiz of this place, that every thing would be provided for us to Castello Branco, and that no difficulty would occur from thence to Guarda, I have ordered the corps you halted to proceed as formerly directed.’

Lieutenant-

Lieutenant-General Hope writes thus to the quartermaster-general from Montemoro Novo, on the 30th of September, 1808.

'We have found the roads good, and the accommodation for troops beyond what I expected. Our chief want has been that of carriages; but the great error of the commissariat seems to me to be attempting to carry too much with them, particularly forage. It would have been a much easier business to have trusted more to the country, and to have sent forward to provide.'

And in another letter to the quartermaster-general of the 11th of October, General Hope says,—

'I apprehend no difficulty as to supplies for any number of troops marching in successive divisions by either route (*viz.* Villa Velha, or Alcantara), provided they are preceded by an intelligent commissary who shall bespeak them sufficiently early; and that no attempt is made to drag supplies after us. In this province (Alemtejo) they are perfectly accustomed to such operations, and willing to second them.'

These statements, coming from the general officers in command of the three different columns of the army, are very far from confirming the picture drawn by Colonel Napier, either of Sataro's supposed delinquencies, or of the degree of dependence which had been placed upon him, or of the embarrassments which were in reality encountered with respect to supplies.

We shall now point out the inaccuracy of Colonel Napier's statements on the subject of roads :—

'Many of the regiments were actually in movement when an unexpected difficulty forced the commander-in-chief to make a fresh disposition of the troops. The state of the Portuguese roads north of the Tagus was unknown, but the native officers and the people had alike declared that they were *impracticable for artillery*; the *opinion* of Colonel Lopez, a military commissary sent by the Spanish government to facilitate the march of the British, *coincided* with this information.'—p. 336.

Now putting aside all inferences that might be drawn from the historical fact of military operations having been carried on in Portugal with artillery in former wars, it was well known that the French had marched with artillery, very recently, along several of the roads between Lisbon and Almeida. General Beresford writes on this subject as follows, in a letter to Sir John Moore, dated at Leiria on the 20th October :—

'The corregidor of this place tells me that Loison *went in a chaise*, and that the French also *took artillery* from Coimbra to Almeida, and that Bacellar (a Portuguese general) *took artillery* from Oporto to Almeida.'

As for Colonel Lopez's *opinion*—he neither knew, nor *pretended* to know, anything whatever of the roads of Portugal; and the
extent

extent of his knowledge of the roads, even in Spain, may be judged of by the following extract of a letter (dated Elvas, 19th October) to the Quartermaster-General, from Lieutenant-General Hope, who saw Lopez on his way to Lisbon :—

‘ I have written to Sir John since seeing Lopez, who is of opinion that the whole troops in Alemtejo, or at least the cavalry and artillery, should take the Madrid road. Lopez seems an intelligent, zealous man, but he has *no precise information* to give about the roads, for all he has got we had before from the Spanish road-book. I have no doubt, however, that he is a valuable man.’

We return to Colonel Napier—

‘ Moore reluctantly determined to send his artillery and cavalry by the south bank of the Tagus, to Talavera de la Reyna, from whence they might gain Naval Carneiro, the Escorial, the pass of the Guadarama mountains, Espinar, Arevalo, and Salamanca. He would have marched the whole army by the same route, if this disagreeable intelligence respecting the northern roads had been obtained earlier; but when the arrangements were all made for the supplies to go to Almeida, and when most of the regiments were actually in movement towards that town, it was too late to alter their destination.’—pp. 336-7.

We can very well understand Sir John Moore's reluctance to separate a part of his army so much from the rest; but we can by no means credit Colonel Napier's assertion, that the general was at any time inclined to move the whole of the troops from Portugal by the Madrid road. First, the march through Portugal was not liable, as we have shown, to all the difficulties of which Colonel Napier has made such an exaggerated statement; and these difficulties were not by any means such as could have warranted the alteration alluded to. A lady or gentleman taking an airing may change the direction of their drive, by merely pulling the check-string, and bidding the coachman go to the right or left at the next turning, but a plan for the march of an army cannot be subjected to such sudden alterations without very serious consequences. Secondly, the change which Colonel Napier tells us Sir John Moore was desirous of making, would not only have separated him still more than he was already from Sir David Baird's corps, but would have been totally at variance also with the *instruction* given him from England, to form the junction of the army ‘in Galicia, or on the borders of Leon.’ Lastly, by such a change he would have abandoned the proper basis of his operations, casting himself, with two-thirds only of his force, into the centre of Spain, breaking off all connexion with his depôts, and leaving his retreat, should a retreat become necessary, entirely to chance. The sources of Colonel Napier's information, with
regard

regard to Sir John Moore's plans or wishes, are wholly unknown to us, and they may be, in our author's opinion, sufficiently authentic to justify the representation of them which he has given; but we are very unwilling to believe that a general of experience and reputation could seriously harbour a project so difficult to be reconciled with any sound military principles.

'The march of the British troops was as rapid as the previous preparations had been; but General Anstruther had, *unadvisedly*, halted the leading column in Almeida, and when Moore reached that town on the 5th of November, he found *the whole of the infantry* assembled there, instead of being on the road to Salamanca. The condition of the men was, however, *superb*, and their discipline *exemplary*.'—p. 342.

The latter part of this passage we have already noticed, and have shown how strangely it contrasts with what had been said a few pages before, of Sir John Moore having 'to organize an army of *raw* soldiers.' The first part of the passage requires, however, to be less briefly dealt with, or it casts a most undeserved imputation upon an officer whose intelligence and activity, as we shall clearly prove, were, at the time alluded to, of very great value to the army; and whose life became a sacrifice, not long afterwards, to his laborious and unremitting exertions in the public service.

The motives which led to the appointment of Brigadier-General Anstruther to command at Almeida have been already mentioned. The nature of the duties allotted to him, as well as his fitness to discharge them, and his zeal in doing so, may be best judged of by annexing one of his letters to the Quartermaster-general.* He was necessarily entrusted with very ample and discretionary

* Letter from Brigadier-General Anstruther to Lieut.-Colonel Murray, dated Almeida, October 21st, 1808 :—

'Dear Murray,—I received only yesterday morning your letter of the 12th, together with a very full and clear detail from Sir John Moore, of his intentions in regard to the movements of the army, and the assistance he expects from me towards their accomplishment. I need not say that nothing shall be left undone that is within my power to forward the service.

'The general outline for the movement of the troops appears to me *perfectly practicable*, and I beg leave to propose the following details, founded upon the best information I have been able to procure. First, the division under Lieutenant-General Hope, which I calculate to amount to 9000 persons and 2500 horses, to march from Alcantara to Ciudad Rodrigo, and from thence to Salamanca. From any information I can obtain, there is no other practicable route without going very near, or quite to Madrid. The roads by Placentia to Salamanca are represented as bad. On these points, however, I shall be able, I hope, to receive further information from the Spanish engineers and commissaries who are expected, and I shall not fail to give to you and to Lieutenant-Colonel Hope, full details of what I learn. Secondly, Lieutenant-General Fraser's division, which I calculate at 6000 persons and 500 horses, may occupy the cantonments of Guarda and adjacent. From the information I receive from the general commanding here, and from the principal Portuguese

cretionary authority with respect to the movements of the troops on their approach to the frontier, on account of the embarrassments which might otherwise have arisen at the point of junction of the different columns. But besides that consideration, it was most particularly enjoined by Sir John Moore's instructions to all the generals, that the troops should not be exposed on the march, in the event of heavy rains coming on, but that they should in that case be halted in cantonments till the weather improved. Now it so happened that the rains were remarkably heavy in the beginning of November, and in consequence of them, Lieutenant-General Fraser, who had then reached Almeida, directed Brigadier-General Anstruther to write the following letter suspending the march of some of the regiments of the left column.

' To Brigadier-General Fane.

' Almeida, 7th Nov. 1808.

' Sir,—I am directed by Lieut.-General Fraser to desire, that not-

Portuguese commissary, who has been long employed in this province, I think myself warranted in saying that the above cantonment is now ready for the reception of Lieut.-General Fraser's division; but as Major Montalambert is now at Castello Branco, and in communication with the corregidores of that place and of Guarda, in whose district the cantonments are, I have directed him, in case any difficulties are started, to report the circumstance to you by express, in order that General Fraser's division may be delayed until they are obviated. Thirdly, Major-General Beresford's division, which I calculate at 5000 persons and 400 horses, will occupy the cantonments of Pinhel, Celorico, and adjacents. The sixth foot, which is already here, is understood to belong to that division. Although I am satisfied in my own mind, that there will be no difficulty in respect to the subsistence of this division, especially being so near the frontiers of Spain, where every species of provision is in abundance, still I shall wait two or three days (in expectation that the commissary ordered here may arrive), before I report to General Beresford that he may commence his march. I propose that his division shall proceed from Coimbra in two columns, one by Puente de Murcella and Celorico, the other by Vizeu. The latter road is represented as the best, and it is very little about.

' I am not in possession of such information with regard to Salamanca as to enable me to say anything respecting a cantonment in that neighbourhood. But the town is itself, I am told, very large, with a prodigious number of public buildings, and it would therefore contain and supply a great proportion of the army. The road to it from Ciudad Rodrigo is very good.

' In respect to the route which the ordnance, commissariat, and medical department should follow, with their respective stores, it will perhaps be best that they should use both that by Coimbra and that by Abrantes. At the same time I am inclined to think the road by Abrantes the best. The Tagus is indeed to be twice crossed, but I understand that there are plenty of large boats to be had, so that the operation may not be very difficult.

' A Spanish commissary has reported last night his arrival at Ciudad Rodrigo. I shall give him without delay the information he requires for making his arrangements.

' I have sent the Portuguese engineer, whom I formerly mentioned to you, to repair the road about Puente Murcella, which is represented as very bad; and I have written to the commandant of the province of Beira, at Vizeu, and to the several corregidores, to do the same in their respective districts.

' Not being informed as to the exact points in which dépôts should be established in Spain, I shall not enter upon that until I have communicated with the Spanish engineers and commissaries on the subject.

Yours, &c.

ROBERT ANSTRUTHER.

withstanding

withstanding any former orders, the troops (38th regiment) may halt at Pinhel to-morrow, on account of the state of the weather. You will instantly send off orders for the 9th regiment to halt to-morrow at Celorico, and for the 60th and 85th to remain at Trancoso, and if possible, to the 79th to remain at Fornos.

‘ ROBERT ANSTRUTHER.’

The following intimation was also made by General Anstruther to Colonel Roche, who was stationed at Ciudad Rodrigo:—

‘ Lieutenant-General Fraser has directed the march of General Beresford's division to be deferred one day, apprehending that the rain of yesterday and to-day, and the day before, might have swelled the small rivers they have to pass, so as to prevent their getting on. They will proceed to-morrow, unless the weather should be as unfavourable as that of yesterday, and the arrangement for their march stands as at present, with the exception that the corps will arrive at each place one day later.’

It is made obvious by these letters, that when Sir John Moore arrived at Almeida on the 8th November, he did not find *the whole of the infantry assembled there*; and it is also *proved*, that General Anstruther had not acted *unadvisedly*, as stated by Colonel Napier, but in strict conformity with Sir John Moore's instructions, Lieutenant-General Fraser's orders, and the necessity of the case. We again express our ignorance of Colonel Napier's sources of information; but it is clear that we are fully warranted in pronouncing them to have been on this occasion, as we have already shown them to have been on several others, either exceedingly defective, or very much misapplied by our author.

‘ No general-in chief was appointed to command the Spanish armies, nor was Sir John Moore referred, by the English ministers, to any person with whom he could *communicate at all*, much less concert a plan of operations for the allied forces. He was unacquainted with the views of the Spanish government; and he was alike uninformed of the numbers, composition, and situation of the armies with whom he was to act, and those with whom he was to contend. Twenty-five thousand pounds in his military chest, and his own genius, constituted his resources for a campaign, which was to lead him far from the coast, and all its means of supply. He was first to unite the scattered portions of his forces by a winter march of three hundred miles; another three hundred were to be passed before he reached the Ebro; there he was to concert a plan of operations with generals acting each independent of the other, their corps reaching from the northern sea-coast to Zaragoza, themselves jealous and quarrelsome, their men insubordinate, differing in *customs, discipline, language, and religion*, from the English, and despising all foreigners.’—pp. 232-3.

This whole passage is a continuation of Colonel Napier's system of insinuation and sneer against the British ministers, of imputation
of

of incapacity to the Spaniards, and of exaggeration with respect to the difficulties under which he represents Sir John Moore to have laboured. The Spaniards would have acted perhaps more wisely, with reference to military operations, if they had appointed a commander-in-chief; but it must be recollected, that they had before their eyes a military usurpation in France, and the knowledge of the like having occurred elsewhere. Their choosing to pursue a different course was not by any means a novelty, nor was it a circumstance of a nature to preclude the possibility of a British army co-operating with them in the war. As to Sir John Moore not having been referred to any one with whom to communicate, we shall quote the words of his own letter of the 10th of November, to Mr. Frere :—

‘ I shall not trouble you with any detail of my movements, as you will obtain every necessary information from Mr. Stuart and Lord William Bentinck, with both of whom *I have been in correspondence ever since I was appointed to the command.* The Supreme Junta have fixed upon General Castaños as the person with whom *I am to correspond, and to combine* whatever operations are to be undertaken by the troops under my command. . . . I have written to General Castaños to give him every information with respect to the British force, and the probable period of its junction; and I have requested to know from him his plans, and his instructions with respect to the co-operation he expects from us.’

We find here, notwithstanding Colonel Napier’s assertion to the contrary, a complete system of communication; and if it was deranged by the overwhelming superiority and the rapid successes of the enemy, we do not see how the ministers in England could possibly guarantee their General against such an event.

The *temporary* want of money which the army laboured under was, no doubt, a serious evil.* The cause of it, which Colonel Napier does *not notice*, appears in several of the official letters of that period which have been published. Sir John Moore states in

* It will appear by the following letters, that it was not long before money was supplied from England :—

Extract of a letter to the Quartermaster-General, from Lieut.-Col. Bathurst, dated at Corunna, 12th Nov. 1808: ‘ We are forwarding stores and provisions as fast as we can, and shall carry forward, if possible, 50,000*l.*; but we pay for everything.’—Ditto to Ditto, dated Astorga, 29th Nov.: ‘ One hundred mules, laden with money, shoes, and blankets, will be forwarded to you to-morrow night.’—Major-General Broderick to Sir John Moore, dated at Corunna, Dec. 18, 1808: ‘ The supply of money left here by Mr. Murray (Commissary General) consisted of 120 casks, containing, according to the usual estimate, 691,200 dollars. Of these I sent, on the 13th instant, 53 casks to Villafranca. . . . Since the date of Mr. Kennedy’s letter you will have been apprized of the landing of 345,000 dollars at Oporto, for the use of your army, and of about 455,000 (the remainder of the 800,000 on board the *Lavinia* frigate) having gone to Lisbon, also for the use of the army in Spain, and at your disposal. The Loire is expected here immediately with 2,500,000 dollars on board.’

his letter of the 10th of November to Mr. Frere : ' I fear that in England, until very lately, they were not aware of the impossibility of procuring money either in Portugal or Spain.' It appears also that the like mistake had prevailed even at Madrid. For Sir John says, in another letter to Mr. Frere of November 16 :—

' You already know how much we are distressed for money. Mr. Stuart and Lord William (Bentinck) both say, that it is to be got by loan, or for bills at Madrid. This differs from the information given to me by Mr. Kennedy ; but I shall be happy to find that they are right, and that Mr. Kennedy has been misinformed.'—*Moore's Narrative*, p. 35.

We learn also from Sir John Moore's letter of the 10th of November, that Mr. Frere had made over to Sir David Baird at Corunna 40,000*l.* of the money which he had brought from England for the Spaniards.—*Moore's Narrative*, p. 30.

As to Colonel Napier's complaint that the Spaniards differed in *customs, discipline, language, and religion* from the English, it is a complaint to which every foreign war in which we can engage must be liable ; and Colonel Napier might very well have added, to his catalogue of difficulties, that the *complexion* of the Spaniards differed from that of the English. As to *despising foreigners*, our own observation, as well as the perusal of Colonel Napier's book, have led us to the conclusion that that species of injustice is not peculiar to the Spaniards.

We have already had occasion to notice Colonel Napier's topographical errors. We shall here give a specimen of geographical inaccuracy, and of mathematical pedantry, the one tending to mislead persons who have not a map of Spain at hand, the other to mystify unlearned readers, by the *misuse* of a few scientific words. After telling us that the Spanish army of the centre, consisting of 27,000 men, occupied Logroño, Lodosa, Calahorra, Centruenigo, and Tudela,—whilst the army of Arragon, 18,000 strong, was at Sanguessa, Exca, and Saragossa,—he proceeds as follows :—

' The Ebro rolled between these two corps, but viewed as one army their front lines occupied two sides of an irregular *triangle*, of which *Tudela* was the *apex*, Sanguessa and Logroño the extremities of the base. From the latter points, the rivers Ebro and Arragon, which meet at Milagro, describe, in their double course, an arc, the convex of which was opposed to the Spaniards. The streams of the Ega, the Arga, and the Zidasco, rivers descending from the *Pyrenees* in parallel courses, cut the chord of this arc at nearly equal distances, and fall, the two first into the Ebro, the last into the Arragon, and all the roads leading from Pampeluna to the Ebro follow the course of those torrents.'—p. 373.

In

The following is the account given by Colonel Napier of the French force which was assembling between the Pyrenees and the Ebro, at the time when Sir John Moore was moving forward with twenty thousand men from Portugal, and Sir David Baird was bringing ten thousand more from Corunna, to form a junction with him in the north-western part of Spain.

‘An imperial decree, issued early in September, incorporated the troops already in Spain with the grand army then marching from Germany, and the united forces were to compose eight divisions, called “Corps d’Armée,” an institution *analogous to the Roman legion*; because each “Corps d’Armée,” although adapted for action as a component part of a large army, was also provided with light cavalry, a park, and train of artillery, engineers, sappers and miners, and a complete civil administration, to enable it to take the field as an independent force. The imperial guards and the heavy cavalry of the army were, however, not included in this arrangement; the first had a constitution of their own, and at this time all the heavy cavalry, and all the artillery, not attached to the “Corps d’Armée,” were formed into a large reserve. As the columns arrived in Spain, they were united to the troops already there, and the whole was disposed conformably to the new organization.

Marshal Victor, duke of Belluno, commanded the First Corps.

Marshal Bessières, duke of Istria, ,, **Second Corps.**

Marshal Moncey, duke of Corneghiano	„	Third Corps.
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Marshal Lefèvre, duke of Dantzic	„	Fourth Corps.
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Marshal Mortier, duke of Treviso	„	Fifth Corps.
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Marshal Ney, duke of Elchingen	„	Sixth Corps.
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General St. Cyr	Seventh Corps.
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General Junot, duke of Abrantes,	„	Eighth Corps.
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* The seventh corps was appropriated to Catalonia, but the remainder

mainder were, in the latter end of October, assembled or assembling in Navarre and Biscay.*—p. 381.

Colonel Napier's discovery that a *corps d'armée* is analogous to a *Roman legion* appears to us rather extraordinary. Most of the French *corps d'armée* in Spain were more considerable armies than that commanded by Moore; and some of them were about equal to the greatest amount of British troops which at any one time served under the orders of Wellington during the Peninsular war. But who, except Colonel Napier, would think of saying that Moore's army, or the British force at the battle of Vittoria, for instance, was analogous to a Roman legion? There is, indeed, a considerable analogy between a Roman legion and that body of troops which has of late years obtained in European armies the appellation of a *DIVISION*; but if we are to look for an analogy to a *corps d'armée* in the military system of the Romans, we shall find it much more in a *consular army* than in a *legion*—and of this the commonest school-book might have informed Colonel Napier.†

The account given by Colonel Napier of the Spanish forces at this period is as follows:—

' To cover Moore's advance there were on the Ebro, in Biscay, and in the Asturias, according to the Spanish and military agents' reports	173,000
' The real number brought into the field was	103,150

' Exaggeration 69,850

' Note.—The real amount includes the sick in the field-hospitals.'—p. 627.

* The following table, taken from the Appendix to Vol. I. of Colonel Napier's work, shows the total strength of the French army, and also that of each of the above-mentioned *corps d'armée*, on the 10th October, 1808:—

	Men.	Horses.
First corps, duke of Belluno	33,937	5,830
Second corps, duke of Istria	33,051	4,418
Third corps, duke of Corneigliano	37,690	5,358
Fourth corps, duke of Dantzic	25,984	2,450
Fifth corps, duke of Treviso	26,713	3,839
Sixth corps, duke of Elchingen	38,033	4,561
Seventh corps, General St. Cyr	42,107	5,449
Eighth corps, duke of Abrantes	25,730	2,218
Reserve	42,382	21,337
1st hussars and 27th chasseurs	1,754	1,675
Artillery and engineers in march from Germany	3,446	958
Moveable columns for the defences of the French frontier	8,860	477
	319,690	61,600

Colonel Napier states the grand total of the French army in Spain on the 15th of November, 1808, at 335,223 men, and 60,728 horses.—vol. i. p. 631.

† E.G. 'Two legions, with the due number of cavalry (*cum justo equitatu*) and the allies, formed what was called a consular army (*exercitus consularis*), about 20,000 men, Liv. x. 25. In the time of Polybius, 18,600, Polyb. vi. 24.'—*Adam's Roman Antiquities*, 8th Edition, page 341.

We have quoted the numbers of the Spaniards as we have those of the French, from Colonel Napier's statements, but with respect to the correctness of these statements we give no opinion in either case.

We come now to a little attempt at stage-effect by the French emperor:—

'Napoleon, accompanied by the dukes of Dalmatia and Montebello, quitted Bayonne the morning of the 8th, and reached Vittoria in the evening. He was met by the civil and military chiefs at the gates of the town, but refusing to go to the house prepared for his reception, jumped off his horse, entered the first small inn that he observed, and calling for his maps, and a report of the situation of the armies on both sides, proceeded to arrange the plan of his campaign.'—p. 390.

This passage supplies an apt illustration of the little reliance which can be placed on our author's account, even of unimportant matters, when he has a purpose to serve. Wishing, no doubt, to give his readers a high idea of the French emperor's personal activity, he has here represented him as performing the journey from Bayonne to Vittoria on horseback in *one day*. But Savary, although he speaks, in the usual French style, of the emperor travelling with the speed of an *arrow*, tells us, however, that he went the *first day* to Tolosa, and the *second day* to Vittoria (being about sixty miles each day).—*Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo*, vol. iv. p. 12.*

As to the theatrical exhibition at Vittoria, that this should please our author does not surprise us, for his book betrays many symptoms of a taste much more *analagous* to that of our Gallic neighbours than a *corps d'armée* is to a *Roman legion*; but we will venture to assert that Napoleon's acting on this occasion was more than thrown away upon the gravity and good sense of the Spaniards; who have discernment enough to discriminate between the sublime and the ridiculous, although, by Napoleon's own acknowledgment to the Abbé de Pradt, they are sometimes very near neighbours.

In the account of the defeat of the Spaniards at Gamonal, we

* The Duc de Rovigo gives the following account of Napoleon's arrangements for his journeys:—'The establishment of saddle-horses was divided into *brigades* of nine horses each—two for the emperor, and seven for those whose duties attached them immediately to his person. The establishment of carriage-horses was divided into *relays*; each relay being composed of three sets of horses. Each brigade and each relay had also an escort attached to it. Suppose the emperor had to perform a journey of twenty leagues on horseback, six *brigades* would in general be stationed upon the road. . . . If the journey was to be performed in carriages, six *relays* were placed at the stations upon the road, in lieu of six brigades of saddle-horses. . . . The emperor's aides-de-camp were required to have a horse with each brigade when the journeys were performed on horseback; on other occasions they had places in the carriages.'—*Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo*, vol. iv. pp. 40, 41.

think Colonel Napier might as well omit, in another edition (if only out of consideration for his friend Soult), the rather ludicrous association of the Marshal with a Spanish post-horse, which appears in the following passage, especially as the construction of the sentence is so managed as to leave it somewhat equivocal whether the post-horse or the Marshal had the principal share in the exploits that are recorded :—

‘All the ammunition and stores of the defeated army were captured in Burgos; and the indefatigable Soult, who was still upon the post-horse which he had mounted at Briviesca, who had travelled from Bayonne to Burgos, taken the latter town, and gained a decisive victory all within the space of fifty hours, &c. &c.’—p. 394.

The following passage exhibits one of those traits of what we must call a malignant feeling towards the Spaniards, which occur too frequently in Colonel Napier's book; and which must tend, we cannot but think, to discredit the work with impartial readers :—

‘It has been said that, Spartan-like, Romana's soldiers died to a man in their ranks; yet in 1812, Captain Hill of the royal navy, being at Cronstadt, to receive Spaniards taken by the Russians during Napoleon's retreat, found that the greater portion were men who had escaped with Romana from the Danish Isles in 1808; captives at Espinosa, they had served Napoleon for four years, passed the ordeal of the Moscow retreat, and were still above four thousand strong.’—p. 397.

Sallust says, of Catiline's soldiers, that not one of them who was a free-born Roman suffered himself to be made prisoner either in the battle or in the flight; and it was said for Napoleon's Guards, ‘*la garde meurt, elle ne se rend pas*.’* We doubt much, however, whether these statements have ever been expected to be received as true to the very letter in either case, although justly descriptive no doubt of the high tone of military enthusiasm of which they are meant to convey an adequate idea. But Colonel Napier, though prone himself to indulge, even to excess, in figurative language, will not tolerate anything of the kind if commendatory of the Spaniards. As for Captain Hill, we do not know whether the appeal made to his authority has had his deliberate sanction, or whether it is founded only upon some loose conversational observations. We are, however, at a loss to conjecture, what could have induced that officer to institute, with respect to each Spaniard he received at Cronstadt, so very minute an investi-

* The origin of the expression ‘*la garde meurt*,’ &c. is curious, and it ought not to be lost sight of. It was attributed to General Cambrone, of the Imperial Guards, who was supposed to have been killed uttering these words on the field of Waterloo. But as it turned out afterwards that the general was not killed, but made prisoner (by a drummer, we believe) and visible in good case at the Duke of Wellington's head-quarters that same evening, it would appear that the rule admits of exceptions.

gation as to ascertain whether he had been made prisoner at Espinosa, or at some other place, or whether he might not have belonged to that portion of Romana's force (about 6000 men) which was unable to effect its escape from Denmark. Captain Hill could scarcely foresee that there was to arise an historian of the Peninsular war, who, despising to ascertain the truth with respect to many important matters connected with the operations of the British troops in Spain and in Portugal, was, nevertheless, to search the most remote parts of the Baltic for any anecdote which might furnish him with a pretext to decry the valour or the patriotism of the Spaniards. The above passage gives us, however, whether intentionally or not we cannot say, Colonel Napier's authority for believing that Napoleon unscrupulously compelled the prisoners he made in his war against the Spaniards to fight his battles in Russia.

'In passing the mountains near Tolosa, Lasnes, Duke of Montebello, fell from his horse, and was left at Vittoria, and his hurts were dangerous; a rapid and interesting cure was however effected by wrapping him in the skin of a sheep newly slain, and the emperor then directed him to assume the command of Lagrange's division and Colbert's light cavalry.'—p. 400.

We have here another example of the carelessness with which Colonel Napier sometimes constructs his sentences. A very slight change in the arrangement of the words would have shown more clearly than our author has done, that it was after his cure, not immediately on the application of the remedy, that Montebello was sent to assume the command mentioned.* We should not

* The above anecdote is taken from Baron Larrey's work upon military surgery, both by Mr. Southey and by Colonel Napier. The main object of Baron Larrey's work is to give a scientific account of the most remarkable surgical cases which came under his observation, but other matters of interest are also incidentally noticed in it. Whilst he was at Valladolid, some of the English soldiers, who were made prisoners in the retreat to Corunna, came under M. Larrey's care. 'I shall cite yet another case,' says he, 'of a cure not less important effected upon an English drumboy, the son of a corporal of the same regiment, who was also a prisoner. This child, whom the father held constantly upon his knees, was in a state of complete blindness. The disease had, according to the father's account, come upon the boy all at once during the march over the Asturian (Gallician) mountains in the rigour of winter, to which the boy had been the more sensible in consequence of his hair having been cut extremely short. It would be difficult to describe the feelings of the father, and the deep affliction into which he was thrown by the unhappy state of his son. His comrades shared also sincerely in his grief; and I observed, indeed, with much satisfaction, that all these prisoners exhibited great attachment and much generosity towards each other.'—*Larrey*, vol. iii. p. 268.

We have inserted this little anecdote because we think it is creditable to the character of British soldiers, and also because it exhibits Baron Larrey in a truly amiable light. We learn by the sequel of the story that the boy's sight was completely restored, and that his skilful and kind benefactor provided him with a Spanish cloak to protect him from the severity of the weather, when he was sent forward to France along with his fellow prisoners.

notice such slips of Colonel Napier's pen, were it not that he seems to pique himself on the graces of his style. We now return to the operations of the British army.

Sir John Moore left Almeida on the 11th of November, crossed the Spanish frontier, and arrived at Ciudad Rodrigo. He was much struck by the appearance and the manners of the Spaniards, which seemed to him to indicate manliness and independence of character; and he was received by them with loud acclamations of welcome. On the 13th he reached Salamanca, where, as we find from his letter of the 10th November to Mr. Frere (Moore's Narrative, p. 30), he purposed to remain until the troops under Sir David Baird, and those under General Hope, should be more forward. Colonel Napier tells us—

‘Sir John Moore participated at first in the universal belief, that the nation was enthusiastic, and fixed in a determination to dispute every step with the invaders; and after he had detected the exaggerations of the military agents, and perceived the want of capacity in the Spanish generals and rulers, he still trusted that the spirit of the people would compensate for their deficiency of skill. What, then, was his surprise to find, that the defeat of the Conde de Belvedere [10th November, 1808], an event which laid Castille open to the incursions of the enemy, which uncovered the march of the British, and compromised their safety, had created no sensation among the people; that the authorities had spread no alarm, taken no precautions, delivered out *no arms*, although many *thousands were stored* in the principal towns, and neither encouraged the inhabitants by proclamations, nor enrolled any of them for defence! He himself was not informed of this important occurrence *until a week after* it happened, and then only through a single official channel.’—p. 432.

Colonel Napier contrives here to represent the British general as a person neither very consistent in his opinions, nor very reasonable in his expectations. We are told he was surprised to find that the defeat of the Conde de Belvedere, which laid open the plains of Castille to the French, had not roused the unarmed population of that defenceless country to oppose the enemy, and to cover the march of the British army. There could not well have been, we should think, a less reasonable expectation. In a country of mountains, forests, or morasses, the population, *if armed*, may, under the protection afforded by such fastnesses, oppose and harass an invader; but in a country of open plains, such as Castille is, although a mounted guerrilla party, under an active and intelligent leader, may give an enemy some occasional annoyance, the citizens of ~~open~~ towns, and the husbandmen dwelling in widely-scattered villages, where neither tree nor hedge exists to afford concealment, nor ditch nor wall to check the pursuit of hostile cavalry, we do not think that the population merit

much reproach if, unarmed as they were, they did not rise to sacrifice themselves, their families, and all that belonged to them, in a vain endeavour to *cover an army*, which they might naturally enough suppose had come to assist in protecting them.

But we do not find by Sir John Moore's own letters that his sentiments with respect to the Spanish nation had undergone such a change as the above passage would imply. On the contrary, in writing to one of his brothers from Salamanca on the 26th of November, he says of the Spaniards—

'they are a fine people—a character of their own, quite distinct from other nations—and much might have been done with them.'—*Moore's Narrative*, p. 46.

It is remarkable, too, that in the very same letter we find a contradiction of Colonel Napier's statement, that the principal towns were stored with '*thousands of arms*;' for Sir John Moore, after observing that an obstinate determination to resist the French yoke *may* do much, says—

'But even in this case, the government has been improvident: *arms, ammunition, and other means are wanting*.'—*Moore's Narrative*, p. 46.

We shall make two other quotations here from Moore's own statements, as they bear directly upon the character and conduct of the Spaniards. Sir John writes to Mr. Frere, on the 19th of November, from Salamanca:—

'The *junta* of this town are endeavouring to get money for us. Nothing can exceed the attention of the Marquis of Cerralbo, the president; the clergy, with Dr. Curtis at their head, exert themselves, and even a convent of nuns have promised 5000*l.*: all this shows good-will.'—*Moore's Narrative*, p. 38.

The other quotation is as follows:—

'A circumstance occurred at this time, to the honour of the Spaniards, which is thus related in his (Sir John Moore's) journal:—“Lord Proby was at Tordesillas reconnoitring, when a patrol of French cavalry came into the town. They stayed some time. Every man in the town knew that Proby was there, for he had been two days amongst them; yet not a man betrayed him. And when the cavalry left the place, and his lordship came into the street, they all testified their satisfaction, and declared that, though they had no arms, they would have died rather than have allowed him to be taken.”’—*Moore's Narrative*, p. 47.

But

* That such sentiments and such conduct on the part of the Spaniards were not limited to one place, or to a single instance, may be learnt from the following passage in Colonel Pasley's *Essay on Military Policy*. After quoting the above anecdote respecting Lord Proby, Colonel Pasley proceeds thus:—‘A similar incident happened to me about the same time, on my way from General Blake's army to Astorga, in which, for a whole day's journey, I generally passed within a few miles

But we have not yet done with the above passage of Colonel Napier's book. He tells us that the British general was not informed of the defeat of the Conde de Belvedere until *a week* after the 10th of November, when it happened; but here, again, Moore contradicts our historian, for in his letter to Lord W. Bentinck, dated at Salamanca on the 13th, he says—

'At Ciudad Rodrigo I received a letter, by express, from the Conde de Belvedere, from Burgos, dated on the 9th, stating that he expected to be attacked by superior numbers, and begging that I would hasten to his assistance. I wrote to him that I had been marching for some time with all the haste I could; but if he was to be attacked so soon, it was impossible for me to render him any assistance, and he should report his situation to Madrid. Upon my arrival here (13th November), I was informed by the Marquis of Cerralbo that the Spanish troops had been forced to retire from Burgos, and the French were in possession of it.'—*Moore's Narrative*, p. 23.

We cannot help here remarking how seldom it is that Colonel Napier's assertions will bear the test of being compared with other accounts of undoubted authenticity. By an illusion somewhat resembling that which has been attributed to the hunted ostrich, our historian appears to imagine that, by shutting his own eyes against truth, he renders it invisible also to every one else.

The following passage is meant to show what the state of affairs was in Spain towards the end of the month of November:—

'Want of transport and supplies had obliged the British to march in small and successive divisions; it was, therefore, the 23rd of November before the centre, consisting of twelve thousand infantry, and a battery of six guns, was concentrated at Salamanca. On that day, Castaños and Palafox being defeated at Tudela, and their armies scattered without a chance of rallying again in the field, the third and sixth French corps became disposable. The emperor also, victorious on both flanks, and with a fresh base of operations fixed at Burgos, was then free to move, with the guards and the reserve, either against Madrid or in the direction of Salamanca; detachments of his army were already in possession of Valladolid, the *very town* which, a few days before, the Spanish government had indicated for the base of Sir John Moore's operations, and the formation of his magazines. The 26th the head of Sir David Baird's column was in

miles of the enemy's posts; an experiment that I should certainly not have hazarded had I doubted the good-will of the Spaniards. About dusk the second evening of my journey I reached a town in the kingdom of Leon, where I thought myself in security; but two hours afterwards it was entered by the French cavalry.'

... Nothing could exceed the anxiety which the people of the town showed on my account. It was with great difficulty I could prevail on the guides who attended me that night to accept of any recompense. . . . Under such circumstances, they seemed to think that serving a British officer was a point of duty and of honour.'—*Pasley's Military Policy*, p. 283.

Astorga, but the rear extended beyond Lugo; while the head of Hope's division was at the Escorial, and the rear at Talavera. But the second French corps was on the Deba, threatening Leon and the Asturias; the cavalry covered the plains: the fourth corps was descending from Carrion and Valladolid, to seize the pass of the Guadarama; the emperor himself was preparing to force the Somosierra.

'From this summary of contemporary events, it is evident that, notwithstanding Sir John Moore had organized, equipped, and supplied his army, and marched four hundred miles, all in the space of six weeks, he was *too late* in the field; the campaign was decided against the Spaniards before the British had, strictly speaking, entered Spain as an army. And it is certain that if, instead of being at Salamanca, Escorial, and Astorga on the 23rd, the troops had been united at Burgos on the 8th, such was the weakness of the Spanish forces, the strength of the enemy, and such the skill with which Napoleon directed his movements, that *a difficult and precarious retreat was the utmost favour that could be expected from Fortune by the English.*'—p. 431.

Colonel Napier here reproaches the Spanish government with having indicated Valladolid as the base of Sir John Moore's operations; but it is not unworthy of remark, that on the 10th of November Sir John Moore himself wrote to Mr. Frere as follows, from Salamanca:—

'My position here is a bad one, inasmuch as my movements in it are confined, and leave nothing but a barren country to retire upon. I should undoubtedly *be better at Valladolid*; but it is impossible for me to go there whilst the French in force are so near it, and the Spanish armies are at such a distance. Until my force is united I must be covered and protected.'—*Moore's Narrative*, p. 34.

It is also deserving of notice, that in the above passage Colonel Napier first points out the cause which prevented the centre of Moore's force from being reunited before the 23rd of November, then remarks upon his being *too late* in the field, and yet concludes by telling us, that if Sir John Moore had been at Burgos on the 8th instead of being only at Salamanca on the 23d, '*a difficult and precarious retreat was the utmost favour that could be expected from Fortune by the English.*' So that Colonel Napier, after imputing blame to the English government for loss of time, admits that Sir John Moore's situation would have been much worse if he had been earlier in the field. We have already observed upon the imputation of loss of time; but we must here remark, that Colonel Napier perseveres in his former misrepresentation of the Ebro being *indispensably* the theatre of the war, although Sir John Moore's instructions left him perfectly free, in concerting his operations with the Spaniards, to object to any plan which might appear to him to be either impracticable or injudicious;—

judicious ;—a latitude which it would have been absurd not to have left him, especially in such a war, and which he appears at all times to have felt that he possessed.

Sir John Moore's situation was, however, certainly one pregnant with disappointments and with difficulties ; and it was the more embarrassing, because great expectations had been formed, both in Britain and in the Peninsula, of brilliant results which were to follow from the advance of an English army into Spain. The well-earned military reputation of the general, the esteem which justly attached to his character, the discipline and valour of the troops, and the recent successes in Portugal, all contributed to carry these expectations to the greatest height ; whilst the nobleness of the cause, and the zeal with which it had been undertaken, concealed from the mass of superficial observers the arduous nature of the struggle which was impending, and the risks inseparable from the attempt to combine the regular operations of a foreign army with the desultory efforts of a people almost wholly destitute of every organized means of war. In this state of men's minds, both in the Peninsula and in England, came the sudden and successive defeats, and almost total dispersion, of the Spanish armies *. The means at the disposal of the English general were altogether insufficient to retrieve matters by any sudden effort ; and it soon became obvious, therefore, to men of reflection, that Sir John Moore could adopt no other rational line of conduct than that of a prudent and vigilant system of defensive warfare.

‘ But for many years,’ says Colonel Napier, ‘ so much ridicule had been attached to the name of an English expedition, that weak-headed men claimed a sort of prescriptive right to censure, without regard to subordination, the conduct of their general. It had been so in Egypt, where a *cabal* was formed to deprive Lord Hutchinson of the command ; it had been so at Buenos Ayres, at Ferrol, and in Portugal ; it was so at this time in Sir John Moore's army ; and it will be found, in the course of this work, that the superlative talents, vigour, and success of the Duke of Wellington could not even at a late period of the war secure him from such vexatious folly.’—p. 450.

The above passage is calculated to convey a very disadvantageous and a very untrue impression with respect to the discipline of the higher ranks of the British army. We have referred to some of those who were in habits of personal intimacy with Lord Hutchinson, and of daily official communication with him in Egypt at the period alluded to—and they have assured us that

* Colonel Napier holds very high the skill of Napoleon, and the prowess of the French troops in these affairs ; but Savary says—‘ We had such a superiority, that all these expeditions were merely marches, except in front of Burgos, where some efforts were requisite, and at Zúddá, where Marshal Lannes had to fight a battle.’—*Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo*, vol. iv. pp. 12, 13.

his lordship made a joke to all those about him of this formidable '*cabal*,' which had for its object, by Colonel Napier's account, nothing less than to *deprive him of the command of the army*; and we have the same assurance, that although there were some officers in Moore's army who viewed matters in a more sanguine light than the general himself did, there was not the shadow of *cabal* in any part of their conduct or conversation. It so happened, also, that the most conspicuous amongst those who saw things differently from the general, were persons warmly attached to him, and who founded their too confident expectations of a brilliant campaign upon nothing more than upon their high esteem for Sir John Moore, and the unlimited confidence they reposed in the discipline and valour of the troops he commanded.

We have already stated, that the situation in which Sir John Moore stood in consequence of the total discomfiture of the Spanish armies, and his becoming thereby almost the sole antagonist of the French emperor in the field, left no other course for him to follow but that of defensive warfare. The annexed letter* will explain the

* Letter from the Quartermaster-General to Brigadier-General Anstruther, dated at Salamanca, 29th November, 1808:—

'My dear Anstruther,—We received last night from Madrid the intelligence of the Spanish armies, on the side of Aragon, having been defeated on the 23rd instant, near Tudela; and in the present situation of affairs there is nothing left for us to do but to be prepared to fall back from hence towards Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida. Baird has been ordered to retire towards Corunna, that he may embark.

'You must now remain at Almeida, as your presence there will be of the greatest use, and you have turned your attention to almost everything that the present aspect of affairs may require in that quarter. You are already prepared with a plan of cantonment for the troops. The following arrangements should be put in progress with respect to supplies. Depôts to be prepared at Guarda, Celorico, and Pinhel; and, farther back, at Covilham and at Vizeu. Supplies should be sent also to Abrantes, to Coimbra, and to Lamego, by orders from Lisbon. I shall propose that one or two of Baird's victuallers shall go round to Oporto.

'I wrote to Donkin from Almeida, and again yesterday morning from hence, in order to keep them informed at Lisbon of the state of things, and aware of what they may be called upon to do. But although I entered a good deal into detail in my letter to Donkin, you had better communicate also with the general commanding at Lisbon,—probably by this time General Mackenzie. All that is requisite in your part of Portugal you can, however, have done through the authorities upon the spot, quicker and better, probably, than through Lisbon. You can use the pretext of more troops coming forward from Lisbon and Oporto, or of fresh arrivals being expected from England. Mr. Kennedy will direct Ogilvie to answer the demands you have already made upon him for provisioning Almeida; and under cover of that demand to send you as great a supply as he can.

'You will be so good as halt the third division of the ordnance and medical stores from Abrantes, (the farther back the better,) and let me know where they are stopped.

'As to our military operations on the side of Portugal (if we are put to it), I apprehend that, behind the first line of frontier, the defence of Guarda and of the valley of the Mondego must be our chief object. I should doubt our being able to maintain ourselves long in the country towards Castello Branco; but we must of course

the plan contemplated with that view at the end of November, and up to the 5th of the following month. But the movements preparatory to carrying into effect the proposed defensive system of operations, having Portugal for their basis, had scarcely commenced, when intelligence was received of such a nature as induced Sir John Moore to alter his plan. This was occasioned by the appearance of a determination, on the part of the Spaniards, to defend Madrid, and to endeavour, whilst the forces of the enemy were occupied in the siege of the capital, to re-assemble to the southward of the Tagus a sufficient body of troops to check the hitherto rapid progress of the French arms. It appeared to Sir John Moore, that under these circumstances it was incumbent upon him to aid, to the utmost of his ability, the proposed measures of his allies, and he determined to do so by threatening the French line of communication between Madrid and Burgos. He wrote, therefore, to Sir David Baird, on the 5th and 6th of December, informing him of his change of plan, and directing him to move forward the troops under his orders by Benevente, for the purpose of effecting the union of the whole army in the course of the proposed advance. He made known this change of intention also to the Marquis of Romana. Colonel Napier tells us,

‘The forward movement of the British army commenced on the 11th of December. Moore’s first intention was to march with his own and Hope’s division to Valladolid, with a view to cover the

course have a corps of observation there, and we must make preparations accordingly. It will be easy to collect supplies in that quarter sufficient for such an arrangement.

‘As for the *Tras-os-Montes*, we must trust the defence there to nature, and to the Portuguese themselves. A part of Baird’s infantry may, indeed, be thrown into that quarter, but no such order has yet been given,

‘A corps of observation for the *Alemtejo* must be sent from Lisbon.

(Signed)

‘G. MURRAY.’

*As Colonel Napier seizes every opportunity he can lay hold of both to depreciate the character of the Spaniards, and to deny the value and the duration of their enthusiasm in the cause they had embraced, we will quote here the account given by a French author of the conduct, at this time, of their defeated and dispersed soldiers:—‘Après les trois grandes défaites qui avoient dispersé les armées Espagnoles avec autant de célérité que celles-ci en avoient mises à se former, les débris des corps d’Estrémadure et de Castille, refoulés par les troupes Françaises, s’étoient repliés vers le midi de la Péninsule. Ils avoient traversé plus de cent cinquante lieues par petits détachemens, et, soutenus par le *fanatisme*, au milieu des fatigues les plus accablantes, ils étoient venus se réunir derrière le Tage.’—*Victoires et Conquêtes des Français*, vol. xviii., p. 254. It pleases this French writer to apply the term *fanaticism* to the motive of this conduct of the Spanish soldiers, but that does not alter our opinion of its true character. The proud feeling of national independence, and indomitable perseverance in asserting it, have nowhere been more conspicuous than in the nations of the Spanish Peninsula; nor should they be defrauded of the praise merited by their virtues, although they failed to accomplish, under the pressure of accumulated difficulties, and in the midst of numberless calamities, that most arduous of all political problems,—a union of the irregular energies of an excited multitude with the methodised vigour of concentrated authority.

advance

advance of his stores and to *protect the junction* of Sir David Baird's troops, the rear of which was still behind Astorga; nevertheless preparations for a retreat upon Portugal were continued, and Sir David was ordered to form magazines at Benevente, Astorga, Villa Franca, and Lugo, by which arrangement *two lines* of operation were secured, and a *greater freedom* of action obtained.'—p. 457.

It is obvious from this passage that Colonel Napier has wholly mistaken the principle upon which the proposed movement of the British army was founded, and that he has fallen into the error of those to whose over-sanguine views he has before given the colour of a cabal against the general. Colonel Napier speaks of covering the *advance of stores*, and *protecting the junction* of Sir David Baird's troops—but, the real object of the movement being to threaten the line of communication of the French, and thereby derange their plans, without imprudently committing the British, no stores or incumbrances of any kind were to be moved forward.* And as to protecting the junction of Baird's troops, the very circumstance of the junction being deferred until the army should be in the neighbourhood of Valladolid, clearly shows that no expectation was then entertained by Sir John Moore of its being obstructed by the enemy. It would appear, also, that Colonel Napier has not perceived that the *most important feature* in the change of plan determined upon by Sir John Moore on the 5th of December was, that it necessarily led to the relinquishment of Portugal, and the adoption of Galicia, as the future basis of the operations of the army; and in place of giving *greater freedom* of action, and establishing *two lines* of operation, its tendency evidently was to contract the freedom of action of the army, and to limit it to one line of operation,—a line, too, be it observed, on which there were no fortresses, as there were (Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida) on the side of Portugal, and on which no adequate

* That this was the case will clearly appear by the following extract from the instructions given by the Quartermaster-General to Lord Proby, dated at Salamanca, 12th December, 1808 :—

'Lord Proby will remain at Salamanca for the present. . . . The regiments expected from the side of Portugal are the Buffs, the 82d, and the 6th. These, together with such detachments as may arrive on their way to join the army, Lord Proby will forward by the way of Toro towards Valladolid, giving intimation of their march to the Quartermaster-General. The stores expected from the side of Portugal are a convoy of ordnance stores, and a supply of medical stores from the heavy dépôt. Both of these are to proceed to Zamora; and it is possible that Colonel Roche may have already directed them to that place from Ciudad Rodrigo. . . . Although a branch of the commissariat will remain here for some time, it is to be understood that Salamanca is entirely evacuated, except in so far as regards the passage of troops; and Zamora is to be considered as the rendezvous of whatever it is expedient to place in the rear of the army. . . . Lord Proby will take measures for being promptly informed of the movements of the enemy, particularly in the direction of Guadarama and of Avila.

' (Signed)

G. MURRAY, Quartermaster-General.

preparation

preparation for the supply of the army existed, or could be speedily made.

‘At Alaejos an intercepted despatch of the Prince of Neufchatel was brought to head-quarters, and the contents were important enough to change the direction of the march. Hope, therefore, was ordered to pass the Duero at *Tordesillas*, and direct his march upon Villalpando; head-quarters were removed to Toro; and *Valderas* was given as the *point of junction* to Baird’s division, the head of which was now at Benevente.’—pp. 457, 459.

Sir John Moore moved his head-quarters from Salamanca to Alaejos on the 13th of December. On the following morning a letter from Berthier to Soult, which had been intercepted by the Spaniards, was brought to him. This letter, which was dated at *Chamartin*, Napoleon’s head-quarters, near Madrid, on the 10th of December, gave to Sir John Moore an exact knowledge, not only of the position of Marshal Soult, and the composition of the force under his command, but also of the intentions of the emperor with respect to the movements of that corps; and likewise of the situation and the proposed movements of most of the other corps of the French army. It likewise announced the belief entertained at the French head-quarters, that the British had either already fallen back upon Portugal, or would immediately do so. Sir John Moore communicated this despatch to Lieut.-General Hope, who happened to be at head-quarters, as also to the Adjutant and the Quartermaster-General. One of these officers observed, that whatever might be attempted afterwards, it seemed proper, in the first instance, to effect a prompt union of the whole army by crossing the Duero at Toro in place of *Tordesillas*, and Sir John Moore at once adopted the suggestion.

We have in the above extract another instance of Colonel Napier’s imperfect information, as also further evidence of his want of knowledge of the principles upon which military movements are or ought to be conducted. He tells us that Hope was ordered to pass the Duero at *Tordesillas*. Now, the motive* for the change made at Alaejos, in the proposed movement of the army was, that the knowledge obtained respecting the situation and probable amount of Soult’s force rendered it obviously inexpedient to follow up the original plan of advancing to Valladolid before forming a junction with Baird; and it was determined, therefore, to effect that junction farther back, and at an earlier period, by throwing

* The motive of the change is thus expressed in Sir John Moore’s letter to the Marquess of Romana, dated at Castro-Nuevo, on the 18th of December:—‘Upon a knowledge that Marshal Soult had a corps so near as Saldanha and Sahagun, which would soon be joined by another coming from France, under General Junot, I judged it expedient to make my junction with Sir David Baird in this neighbourhood, as speediest done, rather than at Valladolid.’

the centre and the right of the army across the Duero at *Toro*, in place of *Tordesillas*. To have ordered Hope to pass the river at *Tordesillas*, which Colonel Napier informs us *was done*, would have been in direct opposition to the motive which had occasioned the change of plan, and a military error of the most gross description. For it would have been to send forward a single division towards a greatly superior force of the enemy, the approach of which had induced the general to hasten the junction of the whole of his army. But besides this cogent military reason for not sending Hope to cross the Duero at *Tordesillas*, there was another very simple one, namely, that it would have been doubling very unnecessarily the length of the march of that division to *Villalpando*. It is surprising that Colonel Napier, who indulges himself with so much latitude in criticizing the military opinions and operations of others, should not have been more upon his guard against attributing to Sir John Moore a flagrant absurdity, of which that general was not only not guilty, but which his letters, which Colonel Napier must have imperfectly consulted, show that he never contemplated; for in that of the 14th December to Sir David Baird, from *Alaejos*, he says—

‘I am induced to change my direction, and shall be to-morrow, with all the troops I have, at *Toro* and its immediate neighbourhood.’

Colonel Napier is also mistaken in supposing that *Valderas* was then given as the point of junction to Baird's division. There is nothing of the kind in Moore's letter of the 14th to Baird; and the fact is, that the determination to march forward again towards *Soult* was not formed until the 18th of December, when Moore was at *Castro Nuevo*. The following passages from the Quartermaster-General's correspondence will point out what were the arrangements ordered at *Alaejos*.

Extract of a letter from the Quartermaster-General to Lieutenant-General Lord Paget, dated at Alaejos, 14th December, 1808.

‘Information has been received since I had the honour of writing to you yesterday, which has induced Sir John Moore to make an alteration in the movement he then proposed. It is now determined, instead of moving upon *Tordesillas* and *Valladolid*, to place the divisions of lieutenant-general Fraser, and lieutenant-general Hope, to-morrow, the 15th, at and near *Toro*, and the troops under your lordship's command, as an advanced guard, in front of *Toro*. . . . The roads chiefly to be watched are those towards *Valladolid*, *Palencia*, and *Rio Seco*. We have no intelligence of the enemy being in force at present in any of these places, but it is believed that *Soult* is at *Saldanha* with a considerable corps. Sir John Moore's arrangements will have in view the junction of the whole of the British force about *Benevente*. . . . It is probable that on the 17th the troops from *Toro* will

will move upon Benevente by the direct road, in which case those under your lordship will be ordered to march by a parallel road in the same direction, covering their right; I mention this that you may direct your inquiries so as to be prepared for such a movement. But it is desirable that you should collect also such information as may be useful, in the event of the general determining to assemble the army in advance of Benevente, towards Rio Seco, by moving Sir David Baird's troops, so as to meet those from the side of Toro at an intermediate point.'

Extract of a letter from the Quartermaster-General to the Officer commanding the advance of Sir David Baird's corps, dated at Alaejos, 14th December, 1808.

'It is Sir John Moore's intention that the whole of Sir David Baird's corps shall be assembled at Benevente, which you will be pleased to communicate to the troops which succeed you in the march from Astorga. A considerable supply of ordnance stores sent to Zamora has been ordered to proceed to Benevente.'

Extract of a letter from the Quartermaster-General to Lord Proby, dated at Alaejos, 14th December, 1808.

'Circumstances have induced us to move upon Toro, instead of going towards Valladolid, and it is Sir John Moore's intention to assemble the whole of the army at Benevente. You will be so good as direct everything upon Zamora, whether *troops or stores*. . . . The whole of the country south of the Duero will be uncovered by our intended movement.'

Extract of a letter from the Quartermaster-General to Lieutenant-Colonel Bathurst, dated Alaejos, 14th December, 1808.

'We have intercepted a letter from Berthier, addressed to Soult at Saldanha. It appears that the advanced guard of a French corps, moving on Badajoz, was at Talavera de la Reyna, upon the 10th. We are supposed in full retreat towards Lisbon, and Soult is urged to press forward upon the Spaniards, and make himself master of the country between the Duero and the Asturias and Galicia, driving back the Spaniards into the latter. Sir John has determined to assemble the army at Benevente. I believe when united we shall be more than equal to Soult, even without reckoning Romana, but it is very necessary to make every preparation for our falling back upon Galicia. . . . Pray look to establishing magazines in our rear from the ships, if the country (as I suppose is the case) can furnish nothing.'

Colonel Napier proceeds:—

'From the Asturias Romana had led the remnants of Blake's force to Leon about the period of Moore's arrival at Salamanca: like others, he had been deceived as to the real state of the country, and at this time repented that he had returned to Spain. He was a person of talent, quickness, and information, but disqualified by nature for military command; a lively principle of error pervaded all his

his notions of war, and no man ever bore the title of a general who was less capable of directing an army.'—vol. i. p. 462.

That Colonel Napier is fully satisfied of his own capacity to pronounce judgment upon the ability of commanders of armies, and to criticise all their movements, many passages of his book sufficiently prove, although in so far as we have had occasion as yet to examine these passages, we must confess they have not tended to impress us with the same conviction. Let us contrast with the above extract the tribute paid by Lord Wellington to the character, the talents, and the services of the Marquis of Romana in a dispatch dated at Cartaxo on the 26th of January, 1811, in which he announces to Lord Liverpool the premature death of that Spanish nobleman :—

'I am concerned to have to report to your Lordship that the Marquis de la Romana died in this town on the 23rd instant, after a short illness. His talents, his virtues, and his patriotism were well known to his Majesty's government. In him the Spanish army has lost its brightest ornament; his country its most upright patriot; and the world the most strenuous and zealous defender of the cause in which we are engaged. I shall always acknowledge with gratitude the assistance which I have received from him, as well by his operations as by his counsel, since he has been joined with this army.'

Neither does that part of Romana's conduct which immediately followed the period above alluded to accord with Colonel Napier's low opinion of his qualifications for military command. For, after the embarkation of the British army at Corunna, the Marquis of Romana, with the small and shattered remnant of Blake's army, in the most destitute and wretched condition, and aided only by occasional risings of the peasantry, sustained, for several months, an arduous contest against two corps d'armées commanded by two of the most distinguished of the French marshals (Ney and Soult), and ultimately baffled all their endeavours to subjugate the province of Galicia. But Colonel Napier's admiration is reserved for the achievements of the '*mighty hosts*' of an ambitious conqueror, long trained and disciplined in arms, inured to war, and amply supplied with all the requisites for carrying it on with advantage; whilst he has no commiseration for the continual hardships, nor any sympathy in the occasional and hardly-earned successes, of a people destitute of every resource, save 'the unconquerable will' to maintain their country's independence. Our author continues—

'The 18th, head-quarters were at Castro Nuevo, from which place Moore wrote to Romana, informing him of his intention to fall upon Soult: he desired his co-operation, and requested that the Marquis would, according to his own plan given to the British minister in London,

London, reserve the Asturias for his own line of communication, and leave Galicia to the British.'—vol. i. p. 463.

We have already stated that it was at Castro Nuevo, and not at Alaejos, that the determination was formed to make a rapid movement against Marshal Soult's corps. The principle upon which the movement had been planned when it originally commenced at Salamanca, namely, that of threatening the French line of communication without committing the British army, was still kept in view, and Sir John Moore appeared to be strongly impressed himself with its importance.*

In the above passage there is cast upon the Marquis of Romana, most unjustly, the imputation of a breach of compact, and it is but an act of fairness to the memory of that distinguished stranger to point out to our readers the hollowness of the foundation upon which that imputation rests. When Romana was in England on his way from Denmark to Spain, he gave a memorandum to the British ministers, probably at their own request, containing some brief remarks which might be of use with reference to the operations projected by them in the Peninsula; and amongst other things he pointed out that Corunna would be a more advantageous landing place than any of the ports of the Asturias for such British force as might be sent to the north coast of Spain. This memorandum was published along with other papers laid before parliament in the year 1809, and whoever takes the trouble to refer to it will at once perceive that to designate the few suggestions which it contains as Romana's '*own plan*' is a complete misapplication of words. But even if this paper had been really a plan of campaign, it could not have been binding upon the Spanish general under circumstances totally different from those which were contemplated both by the English government and by the Marquis himself, at the time when the memorandum was written. The projects then forming in England were founded upon the expectation of a successful offensive campaign. But now, on the contrary, the only chance which Romana had of saving the wreck of his army, or of contributing to retard the conquest of Galicia, was to be sought for by directing his retreat towards that province. But besides these considerations, we have the following statement

* The last paragraph of Vol. I. of Colonel Napier's book is as follows:—'In Sir John Moore's campaign,' said the Duke of Wellington, 'I can see but one error: when he advanced to Sahagun, he should have considered it as a movement of retreat, and sent officers to the rear to mark and prepare the halting-places for every brigade. But this opinion I have formed after long experience of war, and especially of the peculiarities of a Spanish war, which must have been seen to be understood: finally, it is an opinion formed after the event.' We are not aware on what occasion these expressions were made use of by the Duke of Wellington; but we know that the words '*this must be considered as part of your retreat*,' were used at Castro Nuevo to Sir John Moore, and that the opinion was fully acquiesced in by him.

in a letter from Colonel Symes to Sir John Moore, dated at Mansilla, on the 25th of December :—

‘The Marquis says, that wherever else he may go, it is *impossible* for him to send any part of his troops into the Asturias, as the roads are now *impassable*—the snow has fallen in an *unusual quantity*.’

But we are tired, or we might more truly say, we are disgusted by Colonel Napier’s want of candour, and his continual misrepresentations with respect to the Marquis of Romana; and to prevent frequent interruptions, we shall here sum up at once such other misrepresentations on that head as remain to be noticed. Alluding to the period of Sir John Moore’s arrival at Sahagun, Colonel Napier says—

‘During these events Romana remained at Mansilla, and it was evident that no assistance could be expected from him.’—vol. i. p. 466.

Now, in refutation of this insinuation or assertion, or whatever else it may be called, we need but quote the postscript to a letter dated at Sahagun on the 23rd of December, in which Sir John Moore writes thus to Romana :—

‘I am sensible of the zeal and activity your Excellency has displayed, in thus hastening to co-operate with me; but for the reasons contained in the former part of this letter, I believe the attempt no longer advisable.’—*Moore’s Narrative*, p. 165.

Again, Colonel Napier says—

‘At Mansilla, the passage being only defended by Spaniards, was, in a manner, open to Soult, for Romana had not destroyed the arches of the bridge.’—vol. i. p. 472.

But as the river Esla was forded by the French cavalry at this very time, even so low as Benevente, and was forded also by Baird’s infantry eighteen miles higher up, at Valencia de Don Juan, what probability is there that there could be any use in destroying a bridge at Mansilla, a place much nearer the source of the Esla, and when it has not yet been joined by several tributary streams which fall into it between Mansilla and the other places we have named? * Romana is next blamed for not having defended Leon, where, Colonel Napier tells us (p. 472), the citizens were willing and even eager to fight; but Romana must have been a much better judge than Colonel Napier can be of the utility of attempting to defend Leon, and of the existence at the time of the means of doing so. †

Colonel

* Colonel Symes says in his letter to Sir John Moore, dated at Mansilla on the 25th of December, ‘Mansilla is not capable of defence; and breaking the bridge, the Marquis thinks, will not be any *material obstacle* to the enemy.’—*Moore’s Narrative*, p. 172.

† Colonel Symes writes thus about the city of Leon, in the same letter already quoted :—

Colonel Napier says—

‘ Romana, who would neither defend Leon nor Mansilla, had, *contrary to his promises, preoccupied Astorga* with his fugitive army; and when the English divisions marched in, such a tumult and confusion arose, that no orders could be executed with regularity, no distribution made, nor the destruction of the stores be effected. The disorder thus unexpectedly produced was very detrimental to the discipline of the troops, which the unwearied efforts of the general had partly restored; the resources which he had depended on for the support of his soldiers became mischievous, and contributed to disorganise instead of nourishing them. And he had the further vexation to hear Romana, the principal cause of this misfortune, proposing, with troops unable to resist a thousand light infantry, to recommence offensive operations, on a plan in comparison with which *the visions of Don Quixote were wisdom.*’—p. 478.

This passage affords another remarkable instance of our historian's systematic misrepresentation. Sir John Moore long cherished the hope that he should be able to make a stand against the enemy in the neighbourhood of Astorga, and he did not finally relinquish the intention of doing so until he reached Astorga himself, on the 30th of December—although from La Baneza he had sent the Quartermaster-General forward, on the evening of the 29th, to make the necessary arrangements for the further retrograde movement of the troops already there.* The Marquis of Romana came into Astorga on the morning of the 30th of December, and he immediately waited on the British Quartermaster-General, and arranged with him an allotment of the districts of the town, with a view to prevent confusion by the intermixture of the British and Spanish troops. Romana did not, therefore, *pre-occupy* Astorga, as stated by Colonel Napier; and it is absurd to suppose that the presence of his troops, when he did arrive, could possibly create such tumult and confusion, in a town where there were already three British divisions, as to prevent orders being executed, or to hinder the distribution or the destruction of stores from being effected. It was, in truth, the want of time, and not the presence of Romana or his troops, which created embarrassment. As to the visions imputed to Romana, before pronouncing them to be Quixotic, Colonel Napier would have done well to have told what they were; and

quoted:—‘The city of Leon is very extensive; it is surrounded by a high wall, in some places ruinous. There are old Moorish towers at irregular distances; several gateways without gates, but a little trouble may repair the chasms and blockade the gateways. The suburbs embrace the wall, which in some parts forms a back for long rows of mean houses.’ This is not the description of a very defensible city; but besides that, the possession of Leon was not necessary to enable Soult to effect a junction with the Emperor at Astorga.

* Fraser's, Hope's, and Baird's divisions.

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to have shown also to what degree they might not have been suggested by Moore's communications to the Spanish general. Sir John Moore had written to the Marquis of Romana, 'from Sahagun, on the 24th of December, as follows:—

'My hopes are to cross the river Esla before I am interrupted: when once across, my communications with the Gallicias will be secure; and, if pressed there, I shall have no objection to try an action.'—*Moore's Narrative*, p. 167.

And again, Sir John Moore wrote on the 27th December to Romana, from Benevente,—

'I shall continue my movement on Astorga. It is there, or behind it, we should fight a battle, if at all. . . . The people of this part of Spain seem to be less well disposed than those I have hitherto met with. *They perhaps think that we mean to abandon them.* It would have a good effect if you explained to them, in a proclamation, that it was by no means your intention, *or that of the British army.*'

After having received such communications, of a date so recent, from the British general, should Romana be represented as more *visionary than Don Quixote*, because, on reaching Astorga upon the same day with Moore, he sought to be informed of the English general's present intentions, and expressed his readiness to co-operate in any plan of resistance to the common enemy? * We are confident that every one of our readers who is a friend to that honest and manly principle of *fair play*, which has so long been claimed by the British nation as one of its most honourable characteristics, will approve of our having devoted a few pages to the exposure of Colonel Napier's disingenuous attacks upon the Marquis of Romana, although it has led us a little out of the exact chronological order of events;—to that order we now return.

On the 21st of December Sir John Moore reached Sahagun, and the whole army was well concentrated, the right occupying Vallada, the centre Grajal, and the left Sahagun, three small

* We extract the following passage from the '*Essay on Military Policy*,' by Colonel Pasley, who having been for some time attached to the Spanish army, and afterwards with that of Sir John Moore, during its retreat, must be considered to be quite as competent a witness with respect to the Marquis of Romana's character and conduct as Colonel Napier:—'So much for the Marquis of Romana's actions, by which alone we have a right to judge of the character of men. . . . That his intentions were as cordial as his actions, may be inferred from this consideration, that he may naturally be supposed at times to have had his doubts whether we might not retreat and re-embark, as afterwards proved the case; and if he had allowed himself to be influenced by such a suspicion it was evidently his interest, and that of his country, to deceive us, if possible, by keeping us in the dark in respect to the full extent of the danger to which we were exposed. Instead of which, with all the frankness and sincerity of a true soldier, he sent the British generals the best information in his power, stating the whole amount of the enemy's force without reserve or disguise, and giving his fair opinion as strongly as any British officer could have done, upon the defective and disorganized state of his own army.'—*Pasley*, 4th edit. p. 204.

towns situated at a short distance from each other, and forming a line of front, as it were, towards the enemy.

It was the intention of Sir John Moore to move forward against Soult by a night march, and the columns had already begun to advance with that view on the evening of the 23rd of December, when intelligence was received from Romana, both of the near approach of reinforcements to the corps against which the attack was to be directed, and of a part of the French army at Madrid having been put in motion to act against the right flank and the rear of the British.* It became obvious, therefore, that the diversion which had been undertaken to favour the Spaniards in the centre and south of the kingdom, had been pushed quite as far as it could be without exposing the British corps to the most imminent risk. Sir John Moore gave orders, to suspend the intended movement against Soult—and made arrangements for retreating behind the river Esla without delay.

It is not our intention to accompany Colonel Napier, step by step, in the account he has given of the retreat to Corunna, but to touch only upon a few parts of this narrative. We have already stated that Moore did not come to the final determination of continuing his retrograde movement beyond Astorga, until he had reached that place—or, at soonest, at La Baneza, on the evening of the 29th of December. The plan of the retreat was as follows:—Each of the four divisions of infantry (Fraser's, Hope's, Baird's, and Paget's) was to march separately, with such intervals between them as should prevent their impeding one another, but admit, however, of their speedy reunion whenever circumstances might render that necessary or expedient. The cavalry, under the command of Lord Paget, was to move in the rear of

* When Sir John Moore had perused Romana's letter he put it into the hands of the Quartermaster-General, who happened to be with him, and desired to know his sentiments upon it. The Quartermaster-General observed, that the halt which it had been necessary to make at Sahagun had done away any chance which there might originally have been of coming upon Marshal Soult by surprise; that the near approach of reinforcements to the French general (a circumstance learnt from General Hope as well as from Romana) would probably induce him to fall back to meet them instead of risking an action; that in the meanwhile the corps from Madrid would have time to interpose itself between the British and their line of retreat; and that, for these reasons, it appeared to him that the army should be forthwith withdrawn behind the Esla. Sir John Moore expressed his concurrence in this opinion; but Lieut.-General Lord Paget being quartered in the same building, and not yet gone out to join the troops, as the body of the cavalry was to march in the rear of the column, Sir John communicated with his lordship, also, on the subject, and then sent the Quartermaster-General to countermand the movement against Soult. Lieut.-Colonel Murray returned in about an hour to Sir John Moore, who told him that a *general officer* had been with him during the greater part of that time still arguing earnestly in favour of the continuance of the forward movement. So much did the zeal and boldness of some men in that army outrun their judgment; without their conduct being in the least degree tainted, however, with the spirit of *cabal*.

The infantry, until the mountainous nature of the country should require a different arrangement. The above bodies of troops were to proceed by the great road leading to Corunna, till they reached Lugo, and were there to turn off to their left to march to Vigo, which had been fixed upon as the place of embarkation. Two brigades of infantry (Alten's and Crawford's) were ordered to march by the direct road from Astorga to Orense, that they might seize and keep possession of the bridge which crosses the river Minho at the latter place; and a body of four thousand Spanish troops, which had been placed, some time before, by the Marquis of Romana, at the Puebla de Sanabria, was to guard the road which leads to Orense from Benevento.

The force with which the enemy was advancing towards Astorga was understood to amount to eighty thousand men. The British army did not exceed a third of that number; and the wretched condition of the straggling and exhausted troops who were with Romana precluded all hope of their being able to render any effectual assistance in a general action; notwithstanding the good will of the soldiers, and the zeal of their commander.

To risk a battle in the vicinity of Astorga, with such an inequality of numbers, seemed to be out of the question, more especially as the position of Manzanal behind Astorga, though the best in that neighbourhood, and presenting strong features of ground towards the front, is liable to be turned on both flanks. It was hoped, however, that the difficulty of procuring supplies would limit the amount of French force which might be able to penetrate into Galicia, especially at so unfavourable a season of the year, and that an opportunity might therefore occur, during the retreat, of fighting a battle upon less unequal terms than could have been possible at Astorga.

'On the 31st the flank brigades separated from the army at Bonillas, and bent their course by cross-roads towards Orense and Vigo, being detached *to lessen the pressure on the commissariat, and to cover the flanks of the army.*'—vol. i. p. 478.

Colonel Napier here informs us that the two brigades were detached '*to lessen the pressure on the commissariat, and to cover the flanks of the army.*' Of the weight due to the first of these considerations, the commander-in-chief, one should imagine, would satisfy himself by communicating with the commissary-general; and of the importance of the second, he must be supposed to have been a competent judge himself; but Colonel Napier tells us, a little farther on—

'The separation of his light brigades, a measure which he *reluctantly* adopted, by the advice of his *Quartermaster-General*, had weakened the army by three thousand men.'—p. 482.

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We must infer, therefore, from the account which Colonel Napier here gives of the matter—on what authority we know not—that the separation of those two brigades was neither necessary ‘*to lessen the pressure on the commissariat,*’ nor required ‘*to cover the flanks of the army ;*’ but that Moore, although aware that these were bad reasons, accepted them as sufficient when they were suggested to him by his quartermaster-general. Now such an inference leads directly to a conclusion which we are not disposed to come to, upon Colonel Napier’s authority, namely, that Sir John Moore was deficient both in ability and in firmness for the command of an army. The truth, however, is that another example here presents itself of the inaccuracy of the historian’s information, and of his want of capacity to judge of military movements. Any person who will take the trouble to cast his eye over the most ordinary map of Spain will be able at once to comprehend (Vigo being the place of embarkation) the necessity there was for securing the bridge at Orense, independently of any such imaginary motives as Colonel Napier has assigned for that arrangement.

Our author’s imagination is much more legitimately employed in the following hyperbolic account of the march performed by the French emperor,

‘Who, in ten days, and in the depth of winter, crossing the snowy ridge of the Carpentinos, had traversed two hundred miles of *hostile* country, and *transported* fifty thousand men from Madrid to Astorga in a *shorter time than a Spanish courier* would have taken to travel the same distance.’—p. 480.

We will venture to say that Napoleon met with no act of *hostility* whatever on this occasion in traversing the country, until he encountered the British cavalry. But lest any of our readers should *underrate* the speed with which the emperor *transported* (that is, marched) his fifty thousand men, it is right to mention that no couriers surpass those of Spain in enduring fatigue, and in performing journeys rapidly on horseback.

Another example of our author’s contempt for plain matter-of-fact occurs in the same page from which the above passage is taken. He tells us—

‘Thus, including Laborde, *Heudelet*, and Loison’s divisions, nearly sixty thousand men and *ninety-one* guns were put on the track of the English army.’

The precision with which the number of guns is here mentioned is calculated to convey the idea of very scrupulous accuracy on the part of the historian, but we have the means of knowing, with respect to *Heudelet’s* division at least, what is the real value of this

assumed accuracy, for we happen to have now before us the original manuscript register of the movements of that division.*

Heudelet's division entered Spain on the 18th of December, and formed at that period the third division of the eighth corps d'armée, commanded by Junot. That corps d'armée was dissolved, however, by an order from the emperor, dated on the 2nd of January, and the division of Heudelet then became the fifth division of the corps d'armée of Marshal Soult. It was at Valladolid till the 12th of January—on the 17th it reached Astorga—and it remained there until the 20th. We do not mention these particulars on account of any great importance attaching to them, but merely to show that Colonel Napier's statements, with respect even to the military operations of the corps d'armée of his friend Marshal Soult, cannot be always implicitly relied upon. A division can hardly be said to have been put upon the track of the English army, in its retreat, which did not even enter Astorga till that army had embarked at Corunna, there being a distance of about two hundred miles between these places.

'Thus Sir John Moore, after having twice baffled the emperor's combinations, was still pressed in his retreat with a *fury that seemed to increase every moment*. The separation of his light brigades, a measure which he reluctantly adopted by the advice of his quartermaster-general, had weakened the army by three thousand men, yet he still possessed nineteen thousand of all arms, good soldiers to fight, and strong to march, although shaken in discipline by the disorders at Valderas and Astorga; for the general's exertions to restore order and regularity were by many officers *slightly seconded*, and by some with *scandalous levity* disregarded.'—p. 482.

As the French emperor, and a very considerable portion of his army, did not pass beyond Astorga, it can hardly be said, that *the fury of the pursuit increased every moment*. The real truth we apprehend to be, that Moore's soldierly desire to risk an action, before withdrawing from Astorga, led to his deferring too long the arrangements for his further retreat. The consequence of this was, that the plan of the retreat became disturbed almost at its very commencement. For Baird's division, without having halted a sufficient length of time at Manzanal, was thrown back in the night upon Hope's division at Bem-bivire, forcing it also prematurely from its cantonment. Over-fatigue to the soldiers, and a considerable degree of confusion, were the inevitable results; and these evils were grievously augmented by the large quantities of wine in the place, which was the more accessible to the exhausted soldiers, in consequence of the flight

* This document was one of the many which fell into the hands of the English after the battle of Vittoria.

of most of the inhabitants to seek for places of refuge among the adjoining mountains.

The charge which Colonel Napier has brought against the officers, at the conclusion of the above passage, if merited at all—which we are very far from believing that it was, in the general way in which it has been applied—would seem to have been rather the consequence than the cause of the evils which we have mentioned, and which it soon exceeded their power to control.

‘It was now only the fifteenth day since Sir John Moore had left Salamanca, and already the *torrent of war*, diverted from the south, was *foaming among the rocks* of Galicia. Nineteen thousand British troops, posted in strong ground, might have offered battle to very superior numbers, but where was the use of merely fighting an enemy who had three hundred thousand men in Spain? Nothing could be gained by such a display of courage, and the English general, by a quick retreat, might reach his ships unmolested, embark, and, carrying his army from the narrow corner in which it was cooped to the southern provinces, establish there a good base of operations, and renew the war under favourable circumstances. It was by this combination of a fleet and army, that the *greatest assistance could be given to Spain*, and the strength of England become *most formidable*. A few days’ sailing would carry the troops to Cadiz, but six weeks’ constant marching would not bring the French army from Galicia to that neighbourhood. The northern provinces were broken, subdued in spirit, and possessed few resources; the southern provinces had scarcely seen an enemy, were rich and fertile, and there also was the seat of government. Sir John Moore, *reasoning thus*, resolved to fall down to the coast and embark, with as little loss or delay as might be; but Vigo, Corunna, and Ferrol were the principal harbours, and their relative advantages could not be determined except by the reports of the engineers, none of which, so *rapidly had the crisis* of affairs come on, were yet received; and as those reports could only be obtained from day to day, the line of retreat became of necessity *subject to daily change*.’—pp. 483-4.

This appears to us to be a very extraordinary passage. As for the ‘*torrent of war foaming among the rocks of Galicia*,’ it may please readers who are in search of picturesque descriptions of military affairs; and to such we leave it. But the opinions of a military historian upon the means by which ‘*the greatest assistance could be given to Spain, and the strength of England become most formidable*,’ are not matters of so much indifference as are the rhetorical embellishments of his work. Colonel Napier recommends here a sort of hide-and-seek system of warfare, by which the British army, aided by the navy, was to contrive always to be where the enemy was not; and he seems desirous to cause it to be supposed by his readers, that such was the system which

Sir

Sir John Moore had it actually in contemplation to adopt. The concluding words of Moore's last dispatch to the English government, dated on the day of his death, do not, however, support this interpretation of his intentions:—

'If I succeed,' says he, 'in embarking the army, I shall send it to England; it is quite unfit for further service until it has been refitted, which can be best done there.'

We see, therefore, that Colonel Napier's mode of rendering the strength of England *most formidable*, was liable to become both precarious and costly; and that the *greatest assistance which could be given to Spain* was, that, after having drawn a ruinous war into her northern provinces, her supposed defenders were to abandon them and proceed to bring the like calamity upon the provinces in the south, which were still rich and fertile. The system of warfare here proposed would not have been at all suited, we should think, to the chivalrous spirit of Sir John Moore; and fortunately, both for the interests of the Peninsula and for the honour of England, the general to whom, after Moore's fall, the British army was entrusted, confided rather in his own foresight, in the skill of his engineers, and in the valour of his soldiers, than in a system which has been so often imputed to Britain by her enemies as the greatest reproach they could cast upon her.

Colonel Napier concludes the above remarkable passage by informing us that '*the line of retreat became of necessity subject to daily change.*' This sentence would seem to imply—first, that there was much room for choice with respect to the direction of the line of retreat; next, that there was a great want of information; and, lastly, that the plans of the general were subject to continual fluctuation. Now the only alternatives which offered with respect to the direction to be given to the line of retreat were two—namely, whether to turn off to the left at Lugo for the purpose of embarking at Vigo, or to continue the march along the great road which leads by Betanzos to Corunna. The motives assigned by those who preferred Vigo to Corunna as a place of embarkation had all been known for a considerable time to the general;—for when Lieutenant-Colonel Bathurst was sent from Lisbon by the quartermaster-general, to be at the head of that branch of the service with Sir David Baird's corps, he was instructed to obtain all the information he could respecting the roads, in Galicia, as well with reference to the advance of that corps, as with reference to the possibility of the events of the war rendering it necessary at any time that the army should fall back towards the coast through that province;—and he was likewise directed to suggest to Sir David Baird the selection, in concert with the navy, of the most advantageous port for the re-embarkation of the army,

army, in the event of such a step becoming requisite. In consequence of this latter part of Lieutenant-Colonel Bathurst's instructions, Sir David Baird and Admiral De Courcy recommended Vigo in preference to Corunna as the place where the army might be re-embarked with most facility and security. We annex some extracts from the letters which passed upon this subject.* But although Sir John Moore had acquiesced originally in the suggestion offered to him by Sir David Baird and by Admiral De Courcy with respect to Vigo, he retained an impression, from what he had himself seen of the coast when sent to reconnoitre Ferrol in the year 1804, that the peninsula of Betanzos might be occupied with advantage as a defensible position; and he sent, therefore, an officer of engineers to examine it, and make a report to him upon it. The report of the engineer did not accord, however, with the general's expectations, and the march was in consequence continued to Corunna. The determination not to effect the embarkation of the army at Vigo was formed, however, by Sir John Moore when he left Villafranca on the 3d January; and he sent from Herrerias, where he halted for a few hours that night, a dispatch to the admiral commanding at Vigo, requesting that the transports might be brought round to Corunna. At the same time he transmitted an order to the general officers in command of the divisions in front to halt at Lugo, for the purpose of assembling the army at that place. An unfortunate delay occurred in consequence of these dispatches having

* Extract of letter from Sir David Baird to Sir John Moore, dated at Astorga, November 19, 1808:—

‘Corunna would be a bad point to retire on, as the harbour is completely commanded from the surrounding heights. I have sent directions to have Vigo and the neighbouring sea-ports examined, and I expect reports on the subject very soon.’—*Hook's Life of Sir David Baird*, vol. ii., p. 216.

Admiral De Courcy to Sir David Baird, dated at Corunna, 1st December, 1808:—

‘Captain Bowen describes Vigo as more favourable for embarkation than Corunna, and Brigade-Major Hazen applauds it as a strong military position.’

Extract of letter from Sir John Moore to Sir David Baird, dated at Salamanca, 12th December, 1808:—

‘I am much obliged to you for your opinion upon the Galicia and Vigo; and it is that which now, probably, I shall follow, should such a measure become necessary.’—*Moore's Narrative*, p. 117.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bathurst to the Quartermaster-general, dated Corunna, 3rd November, 1808:—

‘With regard to a plan of re-embarkation I think *this very bad*, as the difficulty of getting out is very great, and the harbour is commanded. *Vigo or Pontevedra* are the best places—good harbours—ships may be out of shot—*islands at the mouth*—many fishing-boats round about—but this I hope is only a precaution not likely to be required.’

Ditto to Ditto, dated at Villa Franca, December 11, 1808:—

‘With regard to Vigo, every account states it as the most advantageous point of re-embarkation; defensible on the land side to a certain degree, and in no way exposed when once on board, with boats in the neighbourhood to embark 10,000 men at once.’

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been dropped on the road; but as they were picked up and brought to the general, and again forwarded by him from Nogales upon the 4th of January, it is obvious that the line of retreat was not 'subject to daily change,' for no line but that leading by Betanzos to Corunna could any longer be adopted after the transmission to the admiral of the dispatch above-mentioned. The destination of the two brigades which had been sent to Orense, in conformity with the general's original intention of embarking at Vigo, continued of necessity the same; and transports for their reception were accordingly ordered to remain at that port.

The accident above-mentioned with regard to the general's dispatches was the cause that General Fraser's division proceeded a considerable way on the road towards Vigo before it was overtaken by the order to halt at Lugo; and consequently that division, which had hitherto been less harassed than the others, had to undergo the fatigue of a double march over the same ground. With the exception of the two flank brigades, the army was united at Lugo on the 7th January.

On this occasion, as upon every other where there was a prospect of coming to action, discipline revived; and the high spirit of the army showed itself in a conspicuous manner. The enemy made a partial attack on the 7th, which was vigorously repulsed; and a considerable number of prisoners were taken. The accounts obtained of the enemy were, that three divisions of infantry, with a considerable body of cavalry, had arrived, and that they were commanded by Marshal Soult. Sir John Moore was exceedingly desirous to try the issue of a battle, which he expected now to be able to do with much less disadvantage in point of numbers than he could have done at Astorga; and hoping that the enemy would attack on the following morning, he determined to continue in the position which he occupied. The ground presented no very remarkable feature of advantage to either army. It was what might be called an undulated country, and being partly open and partly inclosed, infantry and artillery could be employed everywhere, and cavalry could also be occasionally brought into action. The British remained in expectation of being attacked during the whole of the 8th; but as no movement was made by the enemy, it seemed probable that the expectation of reinforcements was the cause of his delay. With respect to the possible amount of these reinforcements, the British general could not obtain, however, any correct information, nor had he the means of forming even any probable conjecture on the subject.* Under these circumstances, Sir John Moore could not have
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* It should always be borne in mind, that Sir John Moore had no knowledge during

been justified in continuing longer to offer battle to the enemy in a position which, whilst it afforded no particular advantage in front, was liable to be turned on the left flank; and from which there was no retreat except by a single bridge over the Miño, a large and unfordable river. But besides these considerations, the supplies remaining at Lugo were not more than sufficient to enable the army to continue its retreat. Orders were therefore issued for the troops to march in the beginning of the night. The left was to retire first, and the right, which occupied that part of the position through which the great road to Lugo passed, was to follow and cover the retreat. But owing to the intricacy of the cross roads and lanes, and the darkness of the night, the difficulty of bringing the left wing from the ground which it occupied into the main road was very great; and although the officer charged with conducting the troops had spared no pains, and had gone several times over the ground in the day-time for the express purpose of enabling him to guide the column without mistake, considerable delay took place.

From Lugo the army continued its retreat to Corunna, and arrived in the neighbourhood of that place on the 11th of January.* The position which it was necessary to occupy laboured under several disadvantages. There is a hill of very considerable elevation on that side of the bay forming the harbour which is opposite to the town and citadel of Corunna, and field-artillery even, placed upon that hill, can range almost quite across the bay. This circumstance required that the enemy should be excluded from the possession of the hill above-mentioned, and determined

doing the retreat of any other impediment to hinder Napoleon and the whole force he brought to Astorga from following the British army, except the difficulty which might arise from the want of provisions.

* Colonel Napier appears to have elicited from his friend Marshal Soult the following curious *certificate* that the whole of the retreat to Corunna was ably conducted:—

‘ Dans la même lettre que vous m’avez fait l’honneur de m’écrire, vous me priez aussi, Monsieur, de vous donner quelques lumières sur la poursuite de Mr. le général Sir John Moore, quand il fit sa retraite sur la Corogne en 1809. Je ne pense pas que vous désiriez des détails sur cette opération, car ils doivent vous être parfaitement connus, mais je saisisrai avec empressement l’occasion que vous me procurez pour rendre à la mémoire de Sir John Moore le témoignage que ses dispositions furent toujours les plus convenables aux circonstances, et qu’en profitant habilement des avantages que les localités pouvaient lui offrir pour seconder sa valeur, il m’opposa partout la résistance la plus énergique et la mieux calculée; c’est ainsi qu’il trouva une mort glorieuse devant la Corogne, au milieu d’un combat qui doit honorer son souvenir.

‘ Paris, ce 15 Novembre, 1824.’

We set no great value upon *certificates* which bear the appearance of having been solicited; and in our opinion the name of Sir John Moore, honoured as it is, and deserves to be, in his own country, stood in need of no such extraneous support. The French marshal takes very good care also to lose nothing himself, whilst *he seems* to be bestowing praise upon another.

therefore,

therefore, imperatively, the position of the left wing of the army. The ground here was, however, advantageous, as it commanded that in front of it to a very considerable distance, and the river Mero prevented its being turned on the left. But the ground gradually sloped to a lower elevation in the direction where it was requisite to place the right wing; and the village of Elvina, which was occupied by the advanced posts in that quarter, as well as the ground behind it, forming the extreme right of the position, was commanded by a hill, which, being out of the general line of the position, and also of very great extent, it was impossible to occupy. Another disadvantage of the position was, that the great road from St. Jago completely turned the right, and led directly to Coruña, at the distance of about two miles in rear of the position.

The fleet from Vigo did not begin to come in sight till the afternoon of the 14th. On its arrival in the harbour the preparations for the embarkation proceeded with dispatch, the navy affording every assistance with the most perfect cordiality and all their accustomed alacrity. By mid-day on the 16th all the arrangements for the final embarkation were completed. The embarkation of the infantry was necessarily deferred, however, until the evening, it being impossible to move the divisions of Baird and Hope in the day-time from the ground they occupied, without affording an immediate opportunity to the enemy to place his artillery upon the hill which commanded the harbour. Paget's and Fraser's divisions continued also at their respective posts, as necessary supports to the first line. The cavalry and the greater part of the artillery had been, however, already embarked.

Things were in this situation when the enemy commenced his attack about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th of January, directing his greatest efforts against the village of Elvina and the right of Baird's division. Colonel Napier has stated, in his description of the battle, that 'the French battery on the rocks raked the whole of the line.'—vol. i. p. 503.

This, however, is incorrect, for the ground which was occupied by the left and centre of the British line was considerably more elevated than that on which it had been necessary to place the right; besides which, the distance was too great to admit of the centre and left being raked by the French battery, although it plunged into the village of Elvina, and commanded the extreme right of the position. This defect of the right had not been unobserved when the position was originally chosen, and Sir David Baird was instructed therefore to keep his troops behind the crest of the ground until the enemy's columns of attack, after driving in
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his skirmishers, should be so far advanced as to become a check upon the fire of their own artillery. This instruction was strictly attended to by Sir David Baird, and the result was such as had been anticipated. For when the impatience of the troops was freed from the restraint which had been thus imposed upon it, and their ardour was also stimulated by the presence and the example of Moore and of Baird, their attack was irresistible, and the enemy was suddenly divested of the hope which he had probably begun already to form of obtaining an easy and a signal triumph. But the glory of success was clouded by the fall of the general. He was struck on the breast, near the left shoulder, by a cannon-ball, in the moment of victory. To his friends and his family his loss can never be repaired; but whilst they enjoy, in common with his fellow-soldiers and with his country, the thoughts of his lasting fame, they have this gratifying reflection also left to console them under their bereavement, that the breast in which the hand of war opened so broad a wound had been the habitation throughout life of unsullied virtue as well as of dauntless courage.

Colonel Napier has informed us that

‘Soul, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory.’—v. i. p. 510.

We should be glad if we could find anywhere a confirmation of this passage. Unfortunately, however, this statement of our historian, like several others which we have had occasion to notice, is not only without confirmation, but appears to be absolutely contradicted. The history of Soul’s Campaign in Galicia by *Le Noble*, whose work Colonel Napier has frequently referred to, contains an account of this matter much less creditable to the sentiments of the French Marshal—

‘Whilst the army continued in the neighbourhood of Corunna, the Marshal examined the field of battle; and being informed of the spot where General Moore had been killed, he caused an inscription to be cut upon an adjoining rock, to record *that event*, and the battle *gained by the French army* on the 16th of January, 1809.’—*Le Noble*, p. 45.

Colonel Napier’s discernment must be much sharper than ours, if he discovers *here* any mark of respect for Sir John Moore, or any trace of noble feeling in Marshal Soul. We trust we shall not incur the reproach of being blinded by ‘*the mists of prejudice*,’ when we confess that we see nothing in Soul’s conduct on this occasion but a superabundance of vanity and a lack of truth. But if the ‘*noble feeling*’ commended in the text has been attributed by our author to Marshal Soul, in the face of the fact related by *Le Noble*, we must view the statement as an additional proof of the strong bias of undue partiality

tiality to which we have been obliged so often to allude; for we cannot possibly consider it in the light of a tribute paid for 'those documents which the confidence of a great mind, disdaining national prejudices, placed at the historian's disposal, without even a remark to check the freedom of his pen.'*

The admirable dispatch of General Hope (late Earl of Hope-toun), who succeeded to the command of the British army during the action, is a sufficient refutation of Marshal Soult's pretensions to the victory in the battle of Corunna. But in order that no imputations may rest upon us of national partiality, we will adduce the testimony also of two foreign authorities on this subject. The Spanish historian of the war says—

'The French being unable to force the right wing of the British, by an attack in front, took measures to envelope it. This being perceived, General Paget advanced with the reserve, drove back the dragoons of La Houssaye, who had dismounted to act as infantry, checked the other troops which were supporting them, and pushed forward even near to the height on which the French battery of eleven guns was placed. At the same time the whole British line was gaining ground to the port, and had it not been for the approach of night the situation of Marshal Soult might perhaps have become critical, for a scarcity of ammunition began to be felt in his camp; but the English, satisfied with what they had effected, resumed their original position, having it in contemplation to complete the embarkation of the army during the night.'—*Toreno, Guerra de España*, vol. ii. p. 228.

And even the in all respects French author of the work entitled '*Victoires et Conquêtes des Français*' makes the following admission. After mentioning the wound of Baird and the fall of Moore, he says—

'These losses did not in the least degree discourage the enemy's troops; they continued to sustain the combat with advantage as well upon the right as in the centre and on the left. At the time of the arrival of the transports, the English generals had decided that the embarkation of the troops should take place on the evening of the sixteenth, and it would have been so effected had not the attack of Marshal Soult obliged Sir John Moore to fight a battle.'—*Victoires et Conquêtes*, vol. xviii. p. 250.

The transactions which occurred in the Peninsula during the period comprehending the expulsion of Junot's army from Portugal and the campaign of Sir John Moore in Spain, have given rise, we believe, to more controversial writings in this country than the events of all the remaining years of the war. To that circumstance

* See extract from Colonel Napier's Preface in our last Number, p. 132.

chiefly

chiefly must be attributed the extent of our observations upon the first volume of Colonel Napier's history: for although so long a time has elapsed since the events spoken of took place, the spirit of partizanship seems to have lost nothing of its original force and asperity with Colonel Napier. It has appeared to us, therefore, that we should act with most fairness, and, consequently, in a manner to give most satisfaction to the majority of our readers, by blending with our observations upon Colonel Napier's work a brief, and we trust an impartial, narrative of some of the most prominent transactions; and by introducing occasionally, as tests of the historian's accuracy, as well as of our own, some extracts from original documents connected with the operations of the war during its actual progress. Such documents supply authentic information, and by their nature they are free from the taint either of personal or of party feeling. And if Colonel Napier be right, as we think he undoubtedly is, when he states that 'truth is the legitimate object of history,' we trust that in enabling the readers of his work to judge how far that aim has been always kept in view by the author, we are adhering to what is both the legitimate object, and the imperative duty of criticism.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Chinese: a General Description of the Empire of China and its Inhabitants.* By John Francis Davis, Esq., F.R.S., late his Majesty's Chief Superintendent in China. London. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1836.

2. *A Historical and Descriptive Account of China.* By Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E.; J. Crawford, Esq.; P. Gordon, Esq.; Capt. T. Lyon; W. Wallace, F.R.S.E., Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh; and G. Burnett, Esq., late Professor of Botany, King's College, London. With a Map, &c. Edinburgh. 3 vols. 12mo. 1836.

WE deem it not too much to say, that there is no country in the world, civilized or savage, so little understood generally at this day, and so much misrepresented, as the ancient, perhaps the most ancient, empire of China; by whose laws, customs, and institutions its multitudinous population has been for ages, and continues to be, efficiently governed and kept in the most orderly and peaceable submission to the authorities charged with their administration. We have not to allege that this want of exact knowledge arises from any pretension to mystery or concealment on the part of the government, or from the lack of written or recorded information. There is abundance of authentic native publications

lications of every description, and we have also many translations from them into the languages of Europe ; but, unfortunately, such translations, from being either too free or too literal, or from the difficulties arising out of the very singular construction of this original language, and the numerous metaphors and local allusions it abounds with, are not always strictly to be relied upon. Taking these obstacles into consideration, together with the rigid restriction on the intercourse of foreigners with the inhabitants, amounting almost to an entire prohibition, except at the single port of Canton, we have a key at once to that want of accurate information to which we have alluded ; for it must be observed that the commercial intercourse held at this outport, confined chiefly to the exchange of broadcloth for bohea, and an illicit traffic in opium, is conducted through the medium of a jargon of a mongrel kind, half English, half Chinese, with a sprinkling of bad Portuguese ; and in fact the *port* of Canton—for our people are not admitted into the *city*—is in comparison with the rest of China what Kilibegs is to Ireland.

We have endeavoured from time to time, in various articles in this Journal, to extract from the best published authorities and other sources within our reach, such information on various subjects connected with this vast region and its inhabitants, as might convey a just estimate of the rank which, in our conception, they are entitled to hold among civilized nations ; and we have done so under the conviction that an empire, which comprehends about the twelfth part of the habitable portion of the globe, containing a population more than that of all Europe, is a phenomenon in the science of government and statistics not unworthy the notice of the western world. The surface of China, by the most correct maps, may be taken at 1,080,000 square miles, or 1,075,200,000 acres. A recent census makes the population amount to the enormous sum of 360,000,000, which is nearly 30,000,000 more than that which was given to Lord Macartney—but take it at 300,000,000, and we have about 180 persons to a square mile, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres to each person. If Ireland has 31,250 square miles, or 20,000,000 acres, these would give her about 3 acres to each individual, and 224 persons on every square mile. But the two countries and nations in all other respects are quite different : the distribution of the land in China is, not perhaps quite equally, but fairly portioned out ; there are in consequence no overgrown landlords or starving tenants. In China, moreover, there are no priests to incite to assassinations ; no riotous assemblies ; no midnight murders. Compared with Ireland it is a terrestrial paradise.

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In Mr. Davis's account of China, we find every subject brought forward that can throw light on the laws and institutions of a people to whom, we think, that justice has not been rendered, by foreigners, which is their due. Mr. Davis brings to his task advantages which have fallen to the lot of few Europeans. He resided twenty years at Canton, where he at length rose to be chief of the factory; he accompanied Lord Amherst's embassy to Peking; and he ranks as one of the few Europeans who have ever really mastered the language and literature of China. He has rendered into English several pieces from their romances, their poetry, and their dramatic works; of which last class in all tongues, but more especially in the unique tongue of China, it is particularly difficult to preserve the spirit in a translation. We have a right, therefore, to consider the statements which he has now submitted to the public as containing as full and correct a view of this singular people, of their government, laws, and institutions—and in short, of the whole frame of their society, as the many difficulties with which the subject is beset will admit. His arrangement, perhaps, is not quite as methodical as might have been—and repetitions frequently occur; but everything—with the one exception of the Natural History of China—will be found within the covers of the two volumes.

There are strong grounds for entertaining a belief that the Chinese are an original race; that is to say, that they were the first to establish themselves on the plains of China at a very remote period of antiquity; but whether they descended from the mountainous territories that bound their empire to the west and north-west, or whether the present inhabitants of these upper regions are offshoots from them, is a question that admits only of a conjectural answer. Both, however, are apparently sprung from one and the same source; and the change from pastoral and venatorial pursuits to those of agriculture may perhaps be considered more probable than the contrary.

'Without attempting,' says Mr. Davis, 'to deny to China a very high degree of antiquity, it is now pretty universally admitted, on the testimony of the most respectable native historians, that this is a point which has been very much exaggerated. China has, in fact, her *mythology*, in common with all other nations; and under this head we must range the persons styled *Foh-shin-woong*, *Hoang-ty*, and their immediate successors, who, like the demigods and heroes of Grecian fable, rescued mankind, by their ability or enterprise, from the most primitive barbarism, and have since been invested with superhuman attributes.'

Nothing more natural than that men immersed in a state of barbarism should look up to those, who had the merit of rescuing them
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from such a condition, as something more than human; and if *Shin-woong*, or the 'divine husbandman,' instructed the barbarians in the art of agriculture, and *Hoang-ty* partitioned the lands, and contrived a cycle of sixty years to enable them to register events, and to mark the progress of times and seasons—no wonder that such benefactors should excite the gratitude of their unenlightened countrymen, and make them desirous of conferring on them traditional renown. We do not admit that the early history of the country being mixed up with fable is any proof whatever that such men did not exist.

Their best historians relate that, to these chiefs, succeeded the 'five sovereigns,' the two last of whom, *Yaou* and *Shun*, are held up as the patterns of all emperors, down to the present day. To the age of *Shun* is referred that extensive flood which inundated all the low lands of China, and which has very foolishly been interpreted, by some of the early Romish missionaries, as identical with the Mosaic deluge; though it was evidently nothing more than what has periodically happened since that time—the bursting of the banks of the Yellow River. *Yu*, the Great, having employed himself eight years in drawing off the waters, was chosen by *Shun* for his successor. This appears to have been about two thousand years before the birth of Christ. 'But,' says Mr. Davis, 'the Chinese have no existing records older than the compilations of Confucius, who was nearly contemporary with Herodotus, and to whom Pope has given a very lofty niche in his 'Temple of Fame'—

"Superior and alone Confucius stood,

Who taught that useful science—to be good."

Confucius was born 550 years before Christ; and how far his compilations took a retrospect, the Chinese, we believe, are not quite agreed. They embraced, however, the *annals*, whatever these were, of *Yaou* and *Shun*, whose doctrines and conversations are frequently quoted by him, and whose merits and examples are held forth, in various parts of his works, for imitation. Civilization, therefore, must have made great advances long before the reigns of these two rulers. The 'Sacred Instructions,' which, by order of each succeeding emperor, are twice a-year delivered to the assembled multitude, in urging the necessity of parental authority, say, 'The wisdom of the ancient emperors, *Yaou* and *Shun*, had its foundation in these essential ties of human society.' Again, the emperor *Kia-King*, when he set aside his eldest son from the succession, justified the act by the example of *Shun*, who conferred the empire on *Yu*, to the exclusion of his own family. If such princes, still revered as the 'wise and holy' patterns of the existing polity,

polity, existed two thousand years before Christ, the civilization of China may have preceded that period by many centuries. Voltaire says, 'S'ils ont plus de quatre mille ans d'annales, il faut bien, que la nation ait été rassemblée et flourishing depuis plus de cinquante siècles;' and, though his 'cinquante siècles' is a large allowance, we need not be told men do not jump into wisdom, sobriety, and good government all at once.

We think it was De Guignes who first hazarded the conjecture that the Chinese were a colony from Egypt. That shrewd critic and commentator on the writings of the Jesuits on China, M. Pauw, exposed the absurdity of this supposition; and we entirely agree with Mr. Davis, that such an assumption is not supported by any testimony either direct or circumstantial. In truth, there exists not the slightest shadow of resemblance between the Chinese written characters or symbols and the hieroglyphics of Egypt; and, we may add, neither do the physical characteristics of colour, form, and features in the two races in the least accord—whether we take the present Copts, the figures on the temples, or the mummies in the tombs, to be the true representatives of the ancient Egyptians. And as to those gigantic structures—the pyramids, obelisks, temples, and tombs—which have stood the wear and tear of some thirty centuries or more—the Chinese, so far from having anything to compare with them, probably have not a single building, with the exception of the great wall, that has stood the test of two centuries. We had occasion, however, to notice, in an article of our Review (No. CV.) on Egypt and Thebes, a piece of news, which might seem to give some colour to the notion of an early intercourse having existed between Egypt and China. It was contained in a note to the following effect:—'Signor Rosellini showed the other day, to a friend of ours, at Florence, a sort of smelling-bottle, evidently of *Chinese porcelain*, and with characters to all appearance *Chinese*! This was found by Rosellini himself in a tomb which, as far as could be ascertained, had not been opened since the days of the Pharaohs.'

Such was the information that had then reached us; but we now suspect it had been hastily and inaccurately communicated by our friend at Florence. We have since seen two of these smelling-bottles, which Lord Prudhoe purchased from a fellah at Coptos. His lordship was offered others of the same kind at Cairo, where he learned they had been brought from Upper Egypt—but not a word of their having been found in a tomb. Mr. Davis gives an accurate engraving of one which Mr. Pettigrew lent him for the purpose; and there is no doubt of the characters upon this being Chinese. The following is a *fac simile* taken from Mr. Davis's book:—



The characters 1 and 2, in the running hand, are too contracted to be made out here; 3 is *sung*, a species of tree; 4, *chung*, middle, or in the midst; and 5, *ming*, which signifies porcelain; but as the latter three are probably used in connexion with the first two—without the knowledge of what these are, it is impossible to make the inscription intelligible. That they are Chinese, however, we can give unquestionable proof. Lord Prudhoe sent to China a *fac simile* of the characters and flowers on one of these little bottles, altogether different from those on Mr. Pettigrew's, and more of the old running-hand;* and so difficult that neither Gutzlaff, Morrison, nor Midhurst, three excellent Chinese scholars, would venture to pronounce with certainty what they were.

A Chinese, however, read off the inscription instantly, and without the slightest hesitation; and afterwards, in succession, four or five Chinese did the same. That inscription turned out to be the commencement of a well-known Ode to the new year—'The flower opens, and lo! another year.' There was, as on Mr. Davis's little bottle, a flower painted on the reverse.

That these bottles did not come out of a tomb of any of the Pharaohs must be obvious from the single circumstance of the porcelain manufacture of China being of a comparatively recent date.

'The first porcelain furnace on record,' says Mr. Davis, 'was in Kiang-see, (the same province where it is now principally made,) about the commencement of the seventh century of our era.'

How, then, these Chinese porcelain bottles came into Egypt is the question? to which our answer is—undoubtedly through the medium of the Arabs, who are known to have carried on an

* The following is a *fac simile* of the running-hand symbols on the bottle of Lord Prudhoe:—

Running hand.

yi	一	花	hoa
nien	年	開	kai
		又	you

Plain hand.

一	花
年	開
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intercourse

intercourse by sea with India and China from the shores of the Red Sea, as early as in the first century of the Christian era. These people are mentioned in the Chinese annals as trading with them about the year A.D. 140; and the two Mahomedans, who visited China in the ninth century, learned that several of their countrymen were there resident; in fact, they were found most useful to the Chinese in regulating their calendar, as the Roman Catholic missionaries subsequently were, by whom the Arabs were superseded. These bottles (used for snuff chiefly) are common enough in China, but the same kind in shape and size, cut out of agate or rock-crystal, are mostly in use by the wealthy.

Of the *government* and *legislation* of China, Mr. Davis, we think, has taken the right view. 'It is well known,' he says, 'that *parental authority* is the model or type of political rule in China.' This authority, the most natural, and familiar to every one from infancy, may have induced the Chinese legislators to consider it as the least likely ever to be called in question.

'There is nothing,' says Mr. Davis, 'more remarkable in their ritual, and in their criminal code, than the exact parallel which is studiously kept up between the relations in which every person stands to his own parents, and to the Emperor. For similar offences against both he suffers similar punishments; at the death of both he mourns the same time, and goes the same period unshaven; and both possess nearly the same power over his person. Thus he is bred up to civil obedience, "*tenero ab ungui*," with every chance of proving a *quiet* subject, at least. Such institutions certainly do not denote the existence of much liberty; but if peaceful obedience and universal order be the sole objects in view, they argue, on the part of the governors, some knowledge of human nature, and an adaptation of the means to the end.

'In the book of Sacred Instructions, addressed to the people, founded on their ancient writings, and read publicly by the principal magistrates on the days that correspond to the new and full moon, the sixteen discourses of which it consists are *headed* by that which teaches the duties of children to parents, of juniors to elders, and (thence) of the people to the Government. The principle is extended thus, in a quotation from the *sacred* books:—"In our general conduct, not to be orderly is to fail in filial duty; in serving our Sovereign, not to be faithful is to fail in filial duty; in acting as a magistrate, not to be careful is to fail in filial duty; in the intercourse of friends, not to be sincere is to fail in filial duty; in arms and in war, not to be brave is to fail in filial duty." The claims of elders are enforced thus:—"The duty to parents and the duty to elders are indeed similar in obligation; for he who can be a pious son will also prove an obedient younger brother; and he who is *both* will, while at home, prove an honest and orderly subject, and in active service, from home, a courageous and faithful soldier. . . . May you all, O soldiers and people,

conform to these our instructions, evincing your good dispositions by your conduct and actions, each fulfilling his duty as a son and a junior, according to the example which is left you by the wise and holy men of former times. Mencius has said, 'Were all men to honour their kindred and respect their elders, the world would be at peace.'"—vol. i. pp. 201-3.

These ancient maxims certainly evince a civilized state of society. Mr. Davis shows, however, that the government, as it now exists, does not confine itself to preaching; it calls to its aid the bamboo and the *cangue*; it can act on occasions with an extraordinary degree of severity, cruelty, and inhumanity; it pries into the secrets of domestic life: it gives to a father the power of life and death over a son; yet can construe a quarrel or broil, in a private family, into rebellion, and, when it suits its purpose, treat it nearly in all respects as treason. The last Emperor gave a dreadful proof with what ease he ventured to go beyond the established law, in a case wholly of a private nature, without submitting it, in the first instance, to any tribunal; and yet these people proclaim, and so does the Emperor himself, that he is equally amenable to the law as the poorest of his subjects.

'A man and his wife had beaten and otherwise severely ill-used the mother of the former. This being reported by the Viceroy to Peking, it was determined to enforce in a signal manner the fundamental principle of the empire. The very place where it occurred was anathematized, as it were, and made accursed. The principal offenders were put to death; the mother of the wife was bamboosed, branded, and exiled for her daughter's crime; the scholars of the district for three years were not permitted to attend the public examination, and their promotion thereby stopped; the magistrates were deprived of their office and banished. The house in which the offenders dwelt was dug up from the foundations. "Let the Viceroy," the edict adds, "make known this proclamation, and let it be dispersed through the whole empire, that the people may all learn it. And if there be any rebellious children who oppose, beat, or degrade their parents, they shall be punished in like manner. If ye people indeed know the renovating principle, then fear and obey the imperial will, nor look on this as empty declamation. I instruct the magistrates of every province severely to warn the heads of families, and elders of villages; and on the 2nd and 16th of every month to read the Sacred Instructions, in order to show the importance of the relations of life, that persons may not rebel against their parents—for I intend to render the empire filial." This was addressed to a population, estimated commonly at 300,000,000.'

Thus, however beautiful in theory, and we believe generally efficacious in practice, is the administration of this government, we see, in the case we have cited, that an Emperor of China can be

as despotic as the Grand Seignior or the tyrant of Morocco. ‘In practice,’ says Mr. Davis, ‘there is of course a great deal of inevitable abuse; but upon the whole, and with relation to ultimate effects, the machine works well; and we repeat that the surest proofs of this are apparent on the very face of the most *cheerfully* industrious, and *orderly*, and the most *wealthy* nation of Asia.’ This system of parental authority on which the government is founded—this filial piety, so extolled by the Jesuits—seems to have been duly appreciated by the late Sir George Staunton, who observes—‘It might much more properly be considered as a general rule of action, than as the expression of any particular sentiment of affection.’ He admits, however, that through all the various changes and revolutions which the state has undergone, it continues to this day powerfully enforced both by positive laws and by public opinion. Mr. Davis adds:—

‘A government constituted upon the basis of parental authority, thus highly estimated and extensively applied, has certainly the advantage of being directly sanctioned by the immutable and ever-operating laws of nature, and must thereby acquire a degree of firmness and durability to which governments, founded on the fortuitous superiority of particular individuals, either in strength or abilities, and continued only through the hereditary influence of particular families, can never be expected to attain. Parental authority and prerogative seem to be, obviously, the most respectable of titles, and parental regard and affection the most amiable of characters, with which sovereign and magisterial power can be invested; and are those under which it is natural to suppose it may most easily be perpetuated. By such principles the Chinese have been distinguished ever since their first existence as a nation; by such ties the vast and increasing population of China is still united as one people, subject to one supreme government, and uniform in its habits, manners, and language. In this state, in spite of every internal and external convulsion, it may possibly very long continue.’—vol. i. pp. 205, 206.

But the Chinese are too wise to trust to such a theory alone. On the contrary, they seem to have perfectly understood the workings and propensities of human nature—and above all, not to have neglected the maxim of *divide et impera*, by preventing all associations, combinations, and assemblies of the people. The vigilance rigidly exercised by means of the law relating to *hundreds* and *tithings* in the districts and towns—the prohibition of marriage between parties of the same name—the prohibition regarding every viceroy, governor, or magistrate of a province, district, or city, against forming a matrimonial connexion with a family within the limits of his rule—the limitation of every civil officer to three years’ residence in one place—‘the terrible round of espionage,’ as Mr. Davis calls it, are so many proofs of a jealous and suspicious vigilance, that men should

should not have the opportunity of conspiring together against the government. But with all this vigilance, the government has found it utterly impossible to prevent a feeling of clanship among the lower orders, generally of those who claim a common descent. If a quarrel ensues between two clans they usually fight it out, and many fall in the affray, which is frequently obliged to be quelled by the military. They carry this feeling abroad, and when a large party of Chinese were not long ago sent to St. Helena, two clans, which happened to be among them, met to have a pitched battle. A sergeant's party turned out to quell the rioters; one set joined the soldiers, but the other would not give in, and many of them were killed. In Ireland they manage these matters differently—both parties generally uniting to oppose the soldiers.

There exist, moreover, certain secret associations, under various names, in spite of all the vigilance of the government, to whom they give considerable uneasiness. Their object, however, is not the overturn of the civil institutions of the country, but the expulsion of the Tartar dynasty. Like freemasons, they style each other 'brothers;' and indeed they seem to be not unlike freemasons in other respects.

'The ceremony of initiation is said to take place at night. The oath of secrecy is taken before an idol, and a sum of money given to support the general expense. There is likewise a ceremony called *kuo-keou*, "passing the bridge," which bridge is formed of swords, either laid between two tables, or else set up on the hilts and meeting at the points, in form of an arch. The persons who receive the oath take it under this bridge, and the *ye-ko*, or chief-brother, reads the articles of the oath, to each of which an affirmative response is given by the new member; after which he cuts off the head of a cock, which is the usual form of a Chinese oath, intimating, "Thus perish all who divulge the secret." Some of the marks by which they make themselves known to each other consist of mystical numbers, of which the chief is the number *three*. Certain motions of the fingers constitute a class of signs. To discover if one of the fraternity is in company, a brother will take up his teacup, or its cover, in a particular way with three fingers, and this will be answered by a corresponding sign. They have a common seal, consisting of a pentagonal figure, in which are inscribed certain characters in a sense understood only by the initiated.'—vol. ii. p. 17.

They are sworn to secrecy, and though some of them have been detected and put to torture before execution, they have never been known to divulge their object or their associates. A paper was found by one of the gentlemen of the Canton factory, who, seeing it to be of a seditious character, sent it to the mandarin of the district; but this functionary earnestly entreated that the matter might not be made public, as the mere finding such a paper

paper within his jurisdiction would be quite sure to bring down upon him a severe punishment. It was an appeal to the Chinese against the 'Tartars, calling on them to 'display the flowing standard,' and 'to exterminate the Manchou race.'

The Chinese, with these insignificant exceptions, look up with great veneration to the *Ta Whang-ti*, the Mighty Emperor, and Father of the People. His name appears before them on all occasions in the character of benefactor. When a criminal is convicted, the emperor's grace mitigates the sentence; when a famine rages, he opens the public granaries; when the Yellow River bursts its banks, as it frequently does, he opens the public treasury to indemnify the sufferers; when the rains fail and the crops suffer, he humbles himself, and offers up a solemn sacrifice at the temple dedicated to the *Earth*;—he encourages agriculture, by holding the plough with his own hand in the spring of the year; he prepares a feast, to which the poor and the aged are invited, and distributes food and clothing with his own hands. The late *Kia-King* rose from his seat to take by the hand a very aged public servant who appeared before him; all such acts of grace and benevolence are published in the *Pekin Gazette*.

The emperor just mentioned, on the occurrence of his sixtieth anniversary, had his birth-day celebrated by an universal jubilee throughout the empire. This national jubilee was observed, as usual, by a remission of all arrears of land-tax, by a general pardon, or mitigation of punishment, to criminals, and by the admission of double the number of candidates to degrees at the public examinations. 'This celebration of one man's age,' as Mr. Davis observes, 'by *three hundred millions* of people, is rather an imposing festival, and could happen to none but to an Emperor of China.' At the same time every device is made use of to create the impression of awe. No person must pass the outer gate of the palace in any vehicle, or on horseback. All ranks must bow the head to a *yellow* screen of silk; in the Emperor's presence none must speak but in a whisper; an imperial dispatch is received by the burning of incense and prostration; the Emperor alone must pass through the middle gate of the palace,—and a variety of other marks of special homage are to be observed. He is styled the 'Son of Heaven,' and divine honours are paid to him; yet in his real character of Son he performs that humiliating ceremony of prostration before his mother. He alone, surrounded by his ministers, offers incense and victims in the temples of Confucius, of Heaven, and of Earth.

The machinery of government seems well calculated to preserve to the nation peace and durability. The great council of the state consists of four principal ministers, two Tartars and two Chinese :

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to these are attached a certain number of assessors, chosen from the imperial college of *Hün-lin*, where the sacred books of Confucius are studied and expounded. These may be considered as the cabinet; but the real business of the empire is executed by the *Lew-poo*, or Six Boards, consisting of—1. The Board of Official Appointments, which has cognizance of the conduct of all civil officers; 2. The Board of Revenue, which regulates all fiscal matters; 3. The Board of Rites and Ceremonies, which regulates the customs and manners of the people; 4. The Military Board; 5. The Supreme Court of Criminal Jurisdiction; 6. The Board of Public Works. From these tribunals in the capital emanate the multitude of appointments for the government of the provinces and cities of the empire. To the former are appointed viceroys; and over the latter, which are divided into three classes, according to their size and importance, are placed governors or civil magistrates, who take rank according to the class of cities they govern. The number of these civil magistrates in the whole empire is estimated at about fourteen thousand. Once in three years the viceroys report to the Board of Civil Appointments the names, the conduct, and character of every official servant under their charge, on which report they are raised or degraded so many degrees; ‘a plan,’ says Mr. Davis, ‘not unlike that which has lately been adopted in the civil government of British India.’

The most extraordinary feature in this government is the office of Censors.

‘There are two presidents, a Tartar and a Chinese, and the members consist in all of about forty or fifty, of which several are sent to various parts of the empire, as imperial inspectors, or perhaps, more properly speaking, spies. By the ancient custom of the empire they are privileged to present any advice or remonstrance to the sovereign without danger of losing their lives; but they are frequently degraded or punished when their addresses are unpalatable. An example of the office, and the fate of one of these, occurs at the commencement of the romance of the “Fortunate Union,” published by the Oriental Translation Committee. A living example, however, is conspicuous in Soong-ta-jin, the conductor of Lord Macartney’s embassy, who, at a very advanced age, is in a state of what may be styled respectable disgrace, for the boldness and honesty with which he has always spoken out.’—vol. i. p. 220.

To enable the preceding boards and their subordinate officers to carry the laws into execution, and to control the vast and densely-thronged population, they are supplied with a code congenial with the dispositions and habits of those for whom it has been formed. Its arrangement is extremely lucid and methodical: offences and their punishments are classed under six general heads, corresponding with the six boards or tribunals already mentioned.

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In general, its provisions are brief, clear, intelligible, and consistent. It is not, however, faultless, and Mr. Davis points out some of its defects, the principal of which appears to be a minute attention to trifles in some instances, and vague generalities in others. Of the latter he quotes the following as a specimen—

“Whoever is guilty of *improper conduct*, and such as is contrary to the *spirit* of the laws, though not a breach of any specific article, shall be punished at the least with forty blows; and when the *impropriety* is of a *serious nature*, with eighty blows.” The Chinese’ (he adds) ‘may justly say that it is “difficult to escape from the net of the law,” when its meshes are thus closed against the exit of the minutest of the frý.’—vol. i. p. 235.

In this code of laws, the bamboo appears to perform a most conspicuous part. Every offence, from the most trivial to the most grave, is visited by so many *blows of the bamboo*, which would lead a stranger to conclude that all China was entirely kept in order by flogging. This, however, is not the case; the number of blows with the bamboo serves as a scale for measuring the degree of criminality, and the nominal punishment is generally allowed to be commuted into a payment of money corresponding with the number of blows. By this regulation, those who can afford it have the power in most cases of escaping corporal punishment. There are offences, however, the punishment of which cannot be commuted into payment of money.

We need not here enter into any examination of the details of this penal code, having considered it fully in our review of Sir George Staunton’s Translation of the *Leu-lee*.* One feature, however, we must notice of the remorseless and unrelenting cruelty, and we may add, injustice, which mark all its provisions against what is construed into the crime of treason. ‘In China,’ observes Mr. Davis, ‘every species of advantage and protection is afforded to the criminal in ordinary cases of a capital nature, and taken away from the traitor; in England, every possible safeguard is afforded him.’ In fact, every indulgence to the criminal in capital cases throughout the code is always stated with this reserve, ‘except in cases of high treason.’ Not only the traitor, but his innocent family too, is consigned to destruction. Mr. Davis says, that ‘in 1803 an attempt was made on the life of the emperor by a single assassin. He was condemned to a lingering death, and his sons, “being of a tender age,” to be strangled.’

There is no aristocracy of birth or wealth in China, and no eminence but that which is acquired by education and talent, which leads to official rank. Such rank is almost invariably personal. The sons even of the emperor and their families melt into the

* Quarterly Review, No. VI.

common mass, should they fail by study to qualify themselves for office; though honorary distinctions without office—such as buttons on the caps—are sometimes conferred, and, it is strongly suspected, not unfrequently sold. The lineal descendants of Confucius make, however, a remarkable exception: they have hereditary honours, and the head of that family repairs annually to Peking, and receives marks of distinction from the emperor. But every official person, from the highest to the lowest, whose name is enrolled in their voluminous Red Book, three times the size of our own, and published and corrected four times in the year, must have passed a strict examination, first in the provincial hall of Confucius, and afterwards in the imperial college of *Hân-lin*. There is no exclusion but in the cases of domestic servants and stage-players; the poorest peasant's or artificer's son may offer himself as a candidate, and by talent and application raise himself to the highest office in the state; nay, instances of such promotion are by no means rare in China. Some bad consequences must be traced to this universal liberality: the poor peasant's son enters on the duties of his office poor; his pay and allowances are small; he must make an appearance suitable to the situation to which he is appointed; and to effect this he is tempted to put in practice unworthy means, and to be guilty sometimes of detestable extortion. Every *Gazette* announces some delinquency of this kind. One good result, however, flows from this general admission to office:—schools for youth are abundant in every part of the empire, and education is so very general, and the cost of it so reasonable, that the poorest peasant can afford to send his children to school; in fact, reading and writing may be said to be all but universal.

‘The process of early instruction in the language is this: they first teach children a few of the principal characters (as the names of the chief objects in nature or art) exactly as we do the letters, by rude pictures, having the characters attached. Then follows the *Santse-king*, or “trimetrical classic,” being a summary of infant erudition, conveyed in chiming lines of three words, or feet. They soon after proceed to the “Four Books,” which contain the doctrines of Confucius, and which, with the “Five Classics” subsequently added, are in fact the Chinese scriptures. The Four Books they learn by heart entirely, and the whole business of the literary class is afterwards to comment on them, or compose essays on their texts. Writing is taught by tracing the characters, with the hair pencil, on transparent paper placed over the copy, and they commence with very large characters in the first instance. Specimens of this species of calligraphy are contained in the *Royal Asiatic Transactions*. In lieu of slates, they generally use boards painted white to save paper, washing out the writing when finished. Instructors are of course very plentiful, on account of the numbers who enter the learned profession, and fail in attaining the higher degrees.’—vol. i. p. 290. There

There are no other religious duties whatever inculcated into the minds of youth but what are contained in these works of Confucius, or those of his numerous commentators. All other books, excepting what are prescribed by the government, are prohibited in the schools, the object evidently being, as Dr. Morrison has said, not to extend the bounds of knowledge, but to impart the knowledge already possessed to as large a portion as possible of the rising generation—which unquestionably may be one great cause of the stationary and unprogressive character of the Chinese maxims of government, and also of the continuance and permanency of the regulations founded on these. One good effect is certainly produced by this system of general education, limited as it is. The works of Confucius and of his immediate follower Mencius are full of excellent moral maxims and rules for conduct in every stage of life. For instance, ‘There are three things,’ said Confucius, ‘to beware of through life. When a man is young, let him beware of his appetites; when middle-aged, of his passions; and when old, of covetousness especially.’ From the following passage it may be presumed that the Chinese officials, at this early period, were actuated pretty much by the same motives that have been so often ascribed, in other quarters of the world, by those *out* of place to those who are *in*. ‘How can a mean man (asks the sage contemporary of Herodotus) serve his prince? When out of office, his sole object is to *attain* it; when he has attained it, his only anxiety is to *keep* it; and in his unprincipled dread of *losing* it, he is ready to go all lengths.’

There is no state-religion in China—no tithes for the support of a priesthood—no congregational worship. Ask a Chinese, however, how many religions there are in his country, he will answer *three*—*Yu*, the doctrine of Confucius; *Fo*, or Buddhism; and *Taou*, or that of the ‘Rationalists;’ but the two latter, at least, though tolerated, and swarming with priests, are in no way supported by the state. Their principal means are derived from alms, and from contributions made by those who resort to their temples to consult their destiny, or to know the result of any important undertaking—a practice almost universal from the highest to the lowest, not excepting the Confucionists. The resemblance of the dress and ceremonies of the Buddhists is most striking to those of the monks and others of the Roman Catholic clergy. They shave the head, are professed mendicants, and practise celibacy—but have women in their temples; they have their *Shing-mog*, or holy mother, to whom they pray; they fast and pray for the dead; they burn incense, light candles on the altar, and tinkle their bells; sprinkle holy water, count their rosaries, chaunt their prayers, worship relics, and kneel before their gigantic images. So strong, indeed,

is the resemblance, that Father Prémare was quite shocked, and said he could only explain it by concluding that the devil, out of pure spite, had practised a trick to annoy his friends the Jesuits. All those tall nine-storied pagodas, so numerous in China, were built by the Budhists, but, Mr. Davis says, they are now generally in a state of decay.

The *Taou-tse*, 'doctors of reason,' profess the science of magic, pretend to alchemy, and to be possessed of the elixir of long life, practise all kinds of impositions on the ignorant persons who apply to them, and inculcate the most puerile superstitions. The belief in ghosts and evil spirits is encouraged by these impostors, and pervades a great part of the population; spells and talismans, lucky and unlucky birds, are equally in fashion; so likewise is the *fung-shuey* (wind and water), a system of tricks respecting the lucky choice of a situation for building a house or a tomb,—besides a hundred idle practices by which these 'doctors of reason' contrive to keep their carcasses in plump condition. But enough on these subjects.

Mr. Davis observes that, as the eighth discourse, periodically read to the people, inculcates the necessity of a general acquaintance with the penal code, which is published for that purpose in a cheap shape, none can plead ignorance of the penalty of infringing the law. 'This,' says Mr. Davis, 'may be considered as a branch of that *preventive* justice which Blackstone has affirmed to be, on every principle of reason, of humanity, and of sound policy, preferable in all respects to *punishing* justice.' The edition of the penal code, circulated for the benefit of the public, is so concisely framed as to be comprehended in little more space than is occupied by one of our statutes. Indeed, the whole code does not contain 2000 different characters or words, so studious have the legislators of China been to simplify and adapt it to common capacities. The *Opera Omnia* of Confucius are said to contain even fewer words than the criminal code; and yet this prolific language has been extended to more than 40,000 characters, and the number is capable of being increased almost *ad infinitum*.

Having on so many occasions detailed the nature and construction of this ingenious and singular language,* we shall here content ourselves with remarking that, among all the plans which some years ago were brought forward, as specimens of a system of *pasigraphy*, or an universal language, none are deserving to be put in competition with the Chinese written symbols, whether in point of principle or in their application to practice. By their original and peculiar construction they speak at once to the eye, every character being the symbol of an idea. The advantage is not

* See Nos. X. XXV. and XXX. of the Quarterly Review.

merely confined to the universal use, to which they may be applied as a language—(as the Arabic numerals and the notation of musical sounds are in universal use throughout Europe, and, indeed, the whole civilized world, with the exception only of the Chinese):—they possess another and a most important advantage,—that of affording a beautiful system of classification, under which all the objects of nature and art are capable of being simply and methodically arranged. To a certain degree the Chinese have fallen into this plan of arrangement in their natural history—but they have left it very imperfect. It would almost appear, indeed, as if they had hit upon it by accident, and consequently what little has been done by them in this way has been effected in a very bungling manner, even in cases where it was barely possible for them to have mistaken their path. M. Rémusat, who studied their language deeply, calls it ‘a fortunate instinct’ that guided the framers of it, and which led them, as he says, instead of forming characters altogether new, to express new objects by the ingenious combination of those elementary symbols which they already possessed.

‘Thus,’ he says, ‘for instance, among the roots we find *horse*, *dog*, *metal*, &c.; and the addition of some other significant symbol, expressive of some peculiar property or characteristic, serves to designate the different species comprised under these principal genera. In this manner, each natural object becomes provided with a binary denomination, inasmuch as the complex character is necessarily formed of two parts; one for the class, order, or genus, the other for the species or variety. Thus they express, *horse*, *horse-ass*, *horse-mule*; *dog*, *dog-wolf*, *dog-fox*; *metal*, *metal-iron*, *metal-copper*, *metal-silver*; the elementary or generic words, *horse*, *dog*, *metal*, being those under which the compounds are arranged in the dictionary.’ ‘Thousands of terms (adds Mr. Davis) have been thus compounded, and thousands more may be constructed in the same way; for the process by which they are created, and which is strictly analogous to the principle of the Linnæan nomenclature, is one which cannot be exhausted by repetition.’—vol. ii. pp. 150, 151.

The structure of the language is simply this. In its origin there is little doubt, and indeed it can be shown, that the few characters in use were pictorial representations of natural objects; and that in process of time they were abridged, and the circular and curved lines reduced into squares and straight lines, as being more convenient for the purpose of writing. Thus ☉ represented the sun, ☾ the moon, 山 a mountain, 屋 a house, 木 a plant or tree, 口 a mouth, 目 an eye, and so on. A certain number of

of these general objects were selected as the roots, or indices, or *keys* as they are generally called, which were to stand at the head and to form so many classes of subjects; and which keys, by being united with and forming a part of other characters, became so many separate species, each arranged under its proper genus. Thus, by combining the key or genus *tree* with other characters, invented and suffered to become conventional, the several species of forest trees might be arranged; the genus *fish* might include the names of the whole family; the same of birds, &c. Two or three examples will be sufficient to illustrate the manner in which these combined or compound characters (still monosyllables) are formed.

For instance, the symbol 人, a man, is a key; and combined with 田, a field, thus, 佃, it signifies a *farmer*; 中, middle, combined with 心, a heart, thus 忠, signifies *fidelity*; 禾, rice, with 口, mouth, thus, 和, *ease*, or *comfort*; 言, a word, and 寺, temple,

thus combined, 詩, *verses*, or *poetry*. The last example we shall give is curious, as showing what, in the minds of the Chinese, is considered as the most efficient ingredient in the government,—

竹, a *bamboo*, combined with 𠂔, a *stroke*, makes the verb

𦵏 to govern. In this manner the Chinese might have formed

a very extensive and rational classification, not merely of natural objects, arranged according to their several genera and species, but also of the affections of the mind, the operations of the physical powers, the productions of human art: in short, they might have brought the whole of their picturesque symbols under a clear and systematic arrangement, so as to constitute a highly beautiful written language; but they have spoiled it by a capricious selection of the governing characters. The language, as it at present stands, has 214 of these *keys*, nearly one-half of which are so ill chosen as to be of no other use than as regards the drawing up of their numerous characters in the same number of classes in their dictionaries. Under this arrangement, they can be more readily found, which would otherwise be next to impossible among a mass of 40,000 symbols.

The spoken language is as barren of words as the written is exuberant in symbols. An Englishman would write the whole language in about 300 meagre monosyllables, which the Chinese are said to be able to extend to 1200, or thereabouts, by inflexion and intonation of their flexible organs: of these, and their binary combinations,

combinations, the whole of their colloquial language is comprised. Though Kang-hy's dictionary is said to contain 40,000 characters, yet some 12,000 are supposed to be sufficient for all ordinary purposes. If, then, 1200 monosyllables are represented by 12,000 symbols, it will be obvious that to every individual monosyllable may be applied the average of twelve symbols, all of the same sound, but of different significations. Owing to this imperfection—for so it must be called—of the oral language, it is sometimes found necessary in conversation to draw the figure of the root or character in the air, by which the intended meaning is at once understood. But the more common plan is to make use of dissyllables, in the manner following. The syllable *foo* has probably not fewer than twenty different symbols, and as many significations; if the speaker means to use it as *father*, he usually adds to it the syllable *tsin*, which signifies *kindred*, when all ambiguity is immediately removed. In like manner, by means of expletives or auxiliaries, are designated the moods, tenses, numbers, and persons of verbs, as well as the numbers and cases of nouns—all of them being undeclinable monosyllables. The poverty of the spoken language, and the means used to make it intelligible, have had the natural effect of creating a different colloquial dialect in almost every province of China. 'They understand each other,' says Mr. Davis, 'perfectly on *paper*, but are mutually unintelligible in speech. Thus,' he instances, 'the Chinese numerals 22 are read *urh-she-urh* by the native of Pekin, while the Canton man calls them *ee-shap-ce*; they both write them exactly alike (= + =; two, ten, two).'

This awkward and inconvenient manner of expressing numerals by their symbols only, is quite sufficient to account for their very limited knowledge of arithmetic and mathematics, and of the exact sciences generally. It is a strong proof of their determined tenacity of their own methods, however imperfect, that, during the many centuries the Arabs have had communication with China and, it is stated, instructed them in calculating eclipses and in the lower branches of astronomy, they have resisted the adoption of the Arabic numerals, the advantages of which have been long since appreciated by every other civilized nation on the face of the globe. The Chinese, however, have gone on to this day with their *swan-pan*, or calculating dish, a sort of *abacus* supposed to have been in use among the Romans, and which is still so in Russia. We have heard, indeed, and we believe it, that by this mechanical contrivance the tradesman of Canton will obtain the true result of a long calculation in less time than the European who bargains with him will do by the use of the Arabic figures. But under such a system, we may conclude that the
Chinese

Chinese have not made, nor are likely to make, any progress in the abstract sciences.

In the mechanical arts, however, and in useful inventions, so far from being behind other nations, they have gone before them in many of the very first importance—and in some of these their excellence still remains unapproached. The art of printing was practised in China in the tenth century of our era. Mr. Davis says,—

‘History states that the first essay in printing was to transfer the pages from stone blocks, on which the writing had been engraved—a process by which the ground of the paper was black, and the letters white. This at length led to the improved invention of wooden stereotype blocks, on which the characters were cut in relief, as at present, and the effect thereby reversed, the paper page remaining white, and the characters being impressed in ink.’—vol. ii. p. 222.

The popular works of China are exceedingly cheap. Mr. Davis tells us, that four volumes of an ordinary work, of the octavo size and shape, may be had for a sum equivalent to two shillings. With regard to paper he says—

‘The date of the invention of paper seems to prove that some of the most important arts, connected with the progress of civilization, are not extremely ancient in China. In the time of Confucius they wrote on the finely-pared bark of the bamboo with a style; they next used silk and linen, which explains why the character *chy*, paper, is compounded of that for *silk*. It was not until A.D. 95, that paper was invented. The materials which they use in the manufacture are various. A coarse yellowish paper, used for wrapping parcels, is made from rice-straw. The better kinds are composed of the *liber* or inner bark of a species of *morus*, as well as of cotton, but principally of *bamboo*.’—vol. ii. p. 226.

The ink, which we generally miscall *Indian ink*, is manufactured entirely from lamp-black and gluten, with the addition of a little musk to give it a ~~pleasant~~ agreeable odour. Among the early discoveries of the Chinese may be reckoned that of gunpowder. They carry back the invention of this compound of ‘sulphur, saltpetre, and willow charcoal’ to a remote period; but it does not appear that it was used for other purposes than that of making fire-works. They clothe fire with every possible shape. On one of their festival evenings may be seen all kinds of birds, beasts, and fishes, brilliantly lighted up from within, and skimming through the air each with its peculiar motion; fiery dragons 100 feet long; junks in full sail, and crackers and rockets without end. For their knowledge of the use of cannon they are indebted entirely to the early Roman Catholic missionaries. Mr. Davis, in referring to a table of the different quantities of nitre, charcoal,

charcoal, and sulphur, used by different nations, states, as deserving notice, that the English and Chinese proportions are almost precisely the same. The latter is said to be much inferior in strength, probably from the imperfection of the mixture and the inferiority of the materials. Mr. Davis, however, found it tolerably efficient—for he saw a seaman killed at his gun on board the *Imogene* frigate, as she was passing the Bocca Tigris, by a shot which first went through her side.

The discovery of the directive power of the magnet is very generally ascribed to Giovia of Amalfi, in the early part of the thirteenth century. We never acceded to this decision; and Mr. Davis tells us that 'the property of communicating polarity to iron is, for the first time, explicitly noticed in a Chinese dictionary finished in A.D. 121.' And in another dictionary, published in the reign of *Kang-hi*, he says it is stated that, under the *Tsin* dynasty (previous to A.D. 419), ships were steered to the south by the magnet. The sagacious and industrious Klaproth, in a letter to M. de Humboldt 'On the Invention of the Compass,' quotes a Chinese work on medicine, wherein it is stated that a magnetic needle has the property of pointing south, 'yet that it declines to the eastward, and is not due south;' and hence he infers that the variation of the compass must have been known to them at a very early period. Klaproth also refers to a work called *Le Trésor*, written in French by *Brunetto Latini*, about the year 1260, in which, after stating that the magnetic needle would be highly useful at sea, he observes, 'No master mariner dares to use it, lest he should fall under the suspicion of being a magician; nor would the sailors even venture themselves out to sea under his command, if he took with him an instrument which carries so great an appearance of being constructed under the influence of some infernal spirit.' It is mentioned by *Haylak*, an Arabian writer, about 1242, that the directive power of the magnetic needle was generally known to the navigators of the sea of Syria: we have very little doubt it was known to them long before that time; and that, in the voyage performed by the two Arabs in the ninth century, they were aided by the mariner's compass. It seems highly probable that the Franks received the knowledge of it from these people during the first crusades.

In all the industrious and handicraft arts the Chinese are exceedingly expert, and in possession of very ingenious contrivances. Their gongs and bells, and their ancient vases and tripods of bronze, and other vessels, prove a very intimate practical knowledge of metallurgy at a remote period. Mr. Davis gives an engraving of a metal tea-pot, covering, or lined with, one of earthenware, which would probably puzzle the most ingenious of

our manufacturers to imitate; and he notices a still more puzzling specimen of their ingenuity, which appeared as nothing less than magic, until the mystery was solved by the ingenious author of the *Letters on Natural Magic*. We allude to one of their highly-polished metal mirrors, which have this remarkable property, that, when the rays of the sun are reflected from the polished surface, the image of the ornamental border and of the circles stamped *upon the back*, is seen distinctly reflected on the wall, or on a sheet of paper.

‘Like all other conjurors (says Sir David Brewster), the artist has contrived to make the observer deceive himself. The stamped figures on the back are used for this purpose. The spectrum in the luminous area *is not an image of the figures on the back*. The figures are a copy of the picture which the artist has *drawn on the face of the mirror*, and so concealed by polishing, that it is invisible in ordinary lights, and can be brought out only in the sun’s rays. Let it be required, for example, to produce the dragon as exhibited by one of the Chinese mirrors. When the surface of the mirror is ready for polishing, the figure of the dragon may be delineated upon it in extremely shallow lines, or it may be eaten out by an acid much diluted, so as to remove the smallest possible portion of the metal. The surface must then be highly polished, not upon pitch, like glass and specula, because this would polish away the figure, but upon cloth, in the way that lenses are sometimes polished. In this way the sunk part of the shallow lines will be as highly polished as the rest, and the figure will only be visible in very strong lights, by reflecting the sun’s rays from the metallic surface.’

Their spectacles, with enormous rock-crystal lenses, are quite original, as appears at once from their size and shape, and the strange way in which they are worn: they ride across the nose, but are slung over the upper part of the ears with silken strings, with weights at their ends to keep them steady.

In carving wood and ivory, and other substances, the Chinese have no rivals. We cannot approach them in their ivory work-baskets, fans, and other articles: no European artist, we believe, has even attempted to cut out from one solid ball of ivory seven or eight interior ones, each separate from the rest, and as beautifully carved as the exterior one. They are all cut by means of the several circular holes that are, in the first instance, bored through the solid ball.

‘Their skill and industry,’ observes Mr. Davis, ‘are not less shown in cutting the hardest materials, as exemplified in their snuff-bottles of agate and rock-crystal, which are hollowed into perfect bottles of about two inches in length, through openings in the neck not a quarter of an inch in diameter: but more than this, the crystal bottles are inscribed on the *inside* with minute characters, so as to be read through the transparent substance!’—vol. ii. p. 250. We

We believe we may safely say that their silk and satin manufactures are unrivalled: so, indeed, is their porcelain, so far as the material itself—the biscuit—is concerned; and their *lacquered* or varnish ware, though inferior to that of Japan, is nevertheless a very beautiful species of manufacture. In the fine arts they are less successful. These indeed can only be expected to flourish in a nation where great wealth is possessed by numerous individuals, which is very far from being the case in China: few of its vast multitudes can indulge in luxuries of any kind; however, they have native artists who paint insects, birds, fruits, and flowers very beautifully, and the splendour and variety of their colours are nowhere excelled. Their music and musical instruments are very indifferent: in short, luxuries and refinements of this kind can hardly be said to exist—at least those which we consider to be so. At the same time, however, it must be admitted that, in all that regards the common comforts and necessities of life, as lodging, food, and clothing, the people of China are far superior to those of any other nation of the eastern, and to very many of the western world. Few instances of beggary or abject misery are to be met with.

With all the sober precepts and rules of conduct so liberally circulated throughout the empire, and among all descriptions of the population, the Chinese can scarcely be called a moral people, ‘The advantageous features of their characters,’ says Mr. Davis, ‘as mildness, docility, industry, peaceableness, subordination, and respect for the aged, are accompanied by the vices of specious insincerity, falsehood, mutual distrust, and jealousy;’ and, it may be added, this unfavourable side of their character pervades all ranks. The lower orders are passionately addicted to gambling, for which they have their peculiar kind of cards and dice. They are, besides, fond of training quails, and even crickets, for fighting. The habitual honesty of the tradesmen may be estimated from a very frequent notice written up in front of their shops—‘They do not cheat here.’ The most common mode of travelling is in the public passage-boats on rivers and canals, which are crowded, inside and out, with hosts of passengers. ‘That the company on board the public transports,’ says Mr. Davis, ‘is not of the most select order, is plain from a caution generally posted against the mast, *kin shin ho paou*—mind your purses.’

Mr. Davis is of opinion, that although infanticide is not uncommon in China, the extent of it has been exaggerated by travellers. The following passage on the subject is from the pen of a Chinese author.

“The drowning of infants, though it be the work of cruel women, yet results from the will of the husband: if the husband be deter-

mined against drowning the infant, the woman can have nothing in her power. If the child be born of a *handmaid*, and the *wife* will not endure it, you may pass it over after the first month to some other family, and give it a name different from your own ; by which means its life will be happily preserved.

“ The nature of the tiger is most cruel, yet it knows the relation between parent and offspring. Shall man, who is the superior essence of all things, be surpassed by the tiger ? I have heard that when female children are killed, the pain inflicted is beyond comparison—long suffering ere they die. Alas ! the hearts of parents that can endure this ! The disposition of daughters is most tender. They love their parents better than sons do. Many sons go from home ; daughters cleave to their parents. Many sons disobey their parents ; daughters are obedient. Sons have little feeling ; daughters always mourn for their parents. Daughters love their virtuous husbands, and in many cases increase their parents’ honour. The magistrates sometimes wrote tablets in their praise ; and the Emperor graciously conferred presents on them. Some were made ladies of the palace ; others wives of great men. If you preserve the lives of your daughters a sure reward will be the consequence.”—vol. ii. pp. 30, 31.

Robbery is not uncommon, but is very seldom accompanied with murder ; the people, however, quiet and submissive as they generally are, when once roused by intolerable oppression of a magistrate, will rise *en masse* against him, and destroy him if they can ; and in such cases the government of Peking generally conclude that the magistrate has been in fault. They are so revengeful, under real or supposed injury, that they are sometimes little scrupulous how they accomplish their purpose, either upon themselves or the object of their hatred. ‘ Women,’ says Mr. Davis, ‘ will sometimes hang or drown themselves, merely to bring those with whom they have quarrelled into trouble.’

The manners, customs, and habits of Chinese society are undoubtedly best explained in their own writings, and these are sufficiently numerous on all subjects connected with domestic economy and the ordinary transactions and occupations of life : for instance, in their *belles lettres*, comprised under the three heads of the drama, poetry, and romances or novels. We have formerly observed that ‘ there appears no readier or more agreeable mode of becoming intimately acquainted with a people from whom Europeans have so little to learn on the score of either moral or physical science, than by drawing largely on the inexhaustible stores of their ornamental literature,’—in which Mr. Davis fully concurs.

The best collection of dramatic pieces is that which contains the ‘ Hundred Plays of Yuen,’ and from one of which Voltaire took his ‘ Orphan of China.’ Another has been translated by Mr. Davis,

Davis, under the title of 'Heir in Old Age,' which illustrates some very important points connected with Chinese character and customs.

'It shows,' says Mr. Davis, 'the consequence which they attach to the due performance of the oblations at the tombs of departed ancestors, as well as to the leaving male representatives, who may continue them; and at the same time describes the ceremonies at the tombs very exactly in detail. The play serves, moreover, to display the true relation of the handmaid to the legitimate wife, and proves a point on which we have before had occasion to insist, that the former is merely a domestic slave, and that both herself and offspring belong to the *wife*, properly so called, of which a man can legally have only one.'—vol. ii. pp. 193, 194.

We may here observe that, in point of fact, the second or assistant wife, or handmaid, is most frequently purchased, or taken by consent of her parents into a family where the legitimate wife proves barren or produces only daughters—it being the cause of great affliction, both to the man and the wife, when there is no son to perform the required obsequies at the family tomb. The misery suffered by the old couple is strongly depicted in this play, on the supposed loss or destruction of the second wife and her son; and the excess of joy in recovering them after a long lapse of time is as powerfully described. The effect, however, which is too frequently produced in an establishment where an inferior wife is admitted, even with the consent of the legal one, is not of the most harmonious nature. The handmaid Hagar, whom Abraham took for the same purpose, at the request of Sarah, proved to be the source of family broils; and Chinese Hagar is very often persecuted, precisely in the same manner as the unfortunate mother of Ishmael. The offspring, however, of these handmaids are considered in all respects as the children of the first wife.

Mr. Davis has translated also a play of a tragic cast, which turns on the misfortunes of one of the Chinese emperors at the time when the Mongol Tartars made their first incursions. Another specimen from the 'Hundred Plays' has been translated by M. Julien, professor of Chinese in Paris, which he calls *Le Cercle de Craie*—'The Chalk Ring or Circle.'

'It is founded,' says Mr. Davis, 'on the principal incident in the piece, which is in fact so like the *Judgment of Solomon*, that it might lead one to believe the Chinese play had been borrowed from some obscure tradition or report of it. Two women claim to be the mothers of the same child before a judge, who, in order to get at the truth, orders a chalk ring to be drawn on the floor of the court, and the contested child placed in the middle of it: he then declares that the child shall belong to whichever of the women may succeed against the

the other in pulling it out of the circle. The feigned mother, having no compunction for the infant, gets the better of the real one, who, from her maternal tenderness for the child, is afraid of exerting her whole strength; and the sagacious judge, "a second Daniel come to judgment," gives the cause in favour of the right claimant.'—vol. ii. pp. 201, 202.

From the same collection, Sir George Staunton has translated the *argument* of another play called 'The Student's Daughter Revenged.' As the story gives a fair specimen of the manner in which the Chinese work up the plot, though at the same time it offers not a very favourable view of their morality, we shall give it in the translator's words.

'ARGUMENT.—FIRST PART.

'A rich old woman has one son, a child of eight years. A poor student, who has a daughter aged seven years, borrows a small sum of money from the old woman, which he is unable to repay. In lieu of payment he delivers up his daughter to the old woman, to be affianced as the future wife of her son.'

SECOND PART.

'Thirteen years after, the student's daughter, being now twenty years of age, is still living with the old woman; though, her son having died young, the intended marriage never took place. One day the old woman goes to an apothecary, to demand payment of a debt. The apothecary, under pretence of an intention to pay the debt, leads her into a bye place, and is going to kill her; but they are accidentally met by two men, father and son, who interfere, and save her life. These strangers, in return for this service, demand the old woman and the student's daughter in marriage; the old woman at first refuses, but the strangers threaten; upon which she consents, and brings them home to her house. The student's daughter, on being informed of this engagement, positively refuses on her part to fulfil it. However, the old woman marries the elder stranger, and she receives both as inmates into her house, in the expectation that the student's daughter may at length be brought to consent to a match with the younger.

THIRD PART.

'The younger stranger, being unable to obtain the student's daughter in marriage, conceives he may attain his object by first contriving to get rid of the old woman, and he therefore goes to the before-mentioned apothecary to purchase some poison. The apothecary, in the first instance, makes objections; but, upon being recognised and threatened with a discovery of his former attempt to commit murder, he complies, and the young man having obtained the poison, puts it into some broth which had been prepared for the old woman, who was sick. By some mistake, however, the elder stranger (the father of the younger) takes the broth in her stead, and dies immediately.

diately. The younger stranger, finding his scheme thus frustrated, repeats his demand for the student's daughter in marriage, and he threatens to accuse both her and the old woman of the murder of his father, if his demand is again refused. Still he cannot prevail on the student's daughter to give her consent; and he thereupon, out of revenge, brings both before a magistrate on the charge of murder. The magistrate subjects the student's daughter to the torture, in order to oblige her to confess; she, however, firmly resists, until she sees the old woman about to be tortured likewise, to prevent which she then accuses herself of the murder, though innocent. The magistrate, upon receiving this extorted confession, declares himself satisfied; and having pronounced sentence of death upon the young woman, is thanked by the false accuser for his righteous judgment.

FOURTH PART.

'The student's daughter is brought out for execution; she attests her innocence, and begs her life, but is not spared. Just before her execution she declares aloud that, in testimony of her innocence, it will snow, though in the midst of summer; that her blood will fly upwards, and stain the ensigns of the tribunal; and, lastly, that there will be a drought for three years in the district in which she is executed. All these prodigies happen accordingly.

FIFTH PART.

'The poor student mentioned in the first part becomes, in the mean while, a great mandarin; and, in the execution of his office, he occasionally reverses the proceedings of inferior magistrates. One day he happens to read the record of the trial and sentence which had been passed upon his own daughter, of whom he had heard nothing since he had parted from her when a child; when, suddenly, her ghost appears to him, relates the injustice which had been committed, and calls for revenge. Upon this he immediately summons all the surviving parties before him, institutes a new trial, and, by rectifying the sentence, appeases the ghost. The false accuser (who was himself, in fact, the murderer) is sentenced to be cut into ten thousand pieces; the wicked apothecary is banished for life; and the magistrate who had pronounced the unjust sentence is himself condemned to suffer one hundred blows, and moreover dismissed from his office.'

The dramatist has taken care that poetical justice should be executed on the culpable, and the ghost of the young lady may very properly have been avenged; but Sir George Staunton's observation on the 'Orphan of China' seems applicable to this and most of their dramatic productions—viz. that the *moral* most offensive to the European reader is, the dreadful and systematic spirit of revenge it expressly recommends and inculcates—that, in bringing about the catastrophe, the gratification of revenge seems evidently a primary consideration, and the satisfaction of justice only a secondary one. Sir George, however, adds that, before we exclusively condemn the Chinese, we should recollect how nearly their

their sentiments on this subject will be found to correspond with those of the most polished nations of European antiquity.

Of their poetry we have little to say, except that an Englishman will not find much harmony in stringing together their lean monosyllables in lines of three, five, and seven feet, every monosyllable being a foot. The reader will find some very interesting specimens of the tone and spirit of their odes and popular songs in the work now before us; but we do not think the impression left is, on the whole, different from that of an article which we devoted three or four years ago to the same subject. Several of these specimens are, indeed, taken from the article in question.*

Mr. Davis says, that many of the Chinese novels and romances which were written in the fifteenth century of our era, and some much earlier than that date, would contrast very advantageously, either as literary compositions or as pictures of society, with their contemporaries of Europe; and that they have the advantage of painting society as it really exists.

In some of their romances and tales we find a considerable share of wit as well as sentiment. From one of these Voltaire has not disdained to borrow one of the best stories in his 'Zadig.' A disciple of the sect of *Taou-tse*, or 'Doctors of Reason,' while meditating among the tombs, observed a young lady seated by one of them, eagerly employed in fanning the structure. On approaching the spot, and seeing her in tears, he ventured to ask whose tomb it might be, and why she took such pains in fanning it? The lady, with great simplicity, replied, 'You see a widow at the tomb of her husband: He was most dear to me, and he loved me in return with equal tenderness. Afflicted at the idea of parting with me, even in death, his last words were these—"My dearest wife, should you ever think of marrying again, I conjure you to wait, at least, until the plaster of my tomb be entirely dry; after which you have my sanction to take another husband."' Now, said she, as the materials are still damp, and not likely soon to dry, I thought I would just fan it a little to assist in dissipating the moisture.' 'This woman,' thought the philosopher, 'is in a monstrous hurry;' and having recently taken to himself a beautiful wife, he hastened home to apprise her of the adventure. 'Oh the wretch!' she exclaimed, 'what an unfeeling monster! How can a virtuous woman ever think of a second husband? If, for my misfortune, I should ever lose you, be assured I should remain single for the rest of my life.'

'Fair promises,' thought the philosopher, 'are easily made, but we shall see.' He suddenly became dangerously ill; a tender scene

* Quarterly Review, vol. xli. p. 85.

occurred; the lady vowed eternal remembrance, and repeated her resolution to remain a widow to her dying day. 'Enough,' said the philosopher, 'my eyes are now closing for ever;' and so saying, the breath departed from his body. The desponding widow, with loud lamentations, embraced the lifeless body, and held it locked in her arms. Among the mourners who assembled on the melancholy occasion was a youth of fair exterior, who said he had come from a distance to place himself as a pupil under the deceased sage. With great difficulty he procured a sight of the widow; she was struck with his appearance;—she saw him again on the following day; they dined together, supped together, and exchanged tender looks and expressions. The youth was half smitten, the lady wholly so; a marriage was speedily agreed upon: the youth, however, previously demanded three conditions, one of which may suffice for our notice: it was that the widow should forthwith turn out of the house the unsightly coffin that contained the remains of her late husband. The lady readily consented; the coffin was sent into an old shed at the bottom of the garden.

Preparations were now made for the marriage feast, but the bridegroom was suddenly seized with convulsions and fell on the floor. The bride was desired by his domestic not to be alarmed, for that these fits were not unusual, and that there was a cure for them—the only and certain cure,—the brain of a man recently deceased taken in warm wine. 'Oh!' said the lady, 'my late husband has been dead only a few days; get me a hatchet, and I will go myself and open the coffin, and take out the remedy.' Thus fortified she posted away to the bottom of the garden, and striking a blow with all her might—behold! the lid flew open, a groan was heard, and, to her great horror, the dead man, rising up, very coolly said, 'My dear wife, lend me your hand to get out.' The unhappy innamorata, finding all her intrigues discovered, and unable to survive her shame, hung herself to one of the beams. The philosopher found her, and having satisfied himself that she was quite dead, cut her down very coolly; and having repaired his own coffin, laid her in it, fully determined never to take another wife.

The Chinese author goes circumstantially through all the details of the story, but Voltaire has taken only the pith of this bitter satire on the ladies, substituting the labour of turning a brook from the side of the tomb, for that of drying it with a fan; and the readiness of one fair dame '*pour couper le nez à Zadig*,' for the other's zeal in fracturing the husband's skull to get at his brains.

The press in China is free, the printer and writer being held responsible:

responsible: no licence is required, no restrictions are imposed; but the *Leu-lee* declares, that 'whoever is guilty of editing wicked and corrupt books, with the view of misleading the people—and whoever attempts to excite sedition by letters or hand-bills, shall suffer death by being beheaded.' Nor is this vague definition meant to be, nor is it in fact, a dead letter. The multitude of books published, however, is immense. The history of China, from the earliest period to the Mongol dynasty, consists of 300 volumes. *Sing poo*, a biographical work, fills 120 volumes; *Ta-tsing-ye-tung-che*, a dictionary of their arts and inventions, 240 volumes; the civil code, 261 volumes; a collection of plays, 200 volumes. The commentaries on the works of Confucius are innumerable. Statistical accounts of the several provinces are nearly so; compilations of moral tales and aphorisms are without end.*

We have no intention to follow Mr. Davis through the account he has given of our commercial concerns with China. The following brief statement will show that opium smuggled into China from India forms about *one-half* of the total value of *imports*, and *tea* something less than the same proportion of *exports*.

Imports in 1833.		Exports in 1833.	
	Dollars.		Dollars.
Opium . . .	11,618,167	Tea . . .	9,133,749
Other imports . .	11,858,077	Other exports . .	11,309,521
	<hr/> 23,476,244		<hr/> 20,443,270

'The amount of the opium imported by us has thus been greater than that of the tea exported. The pernicious drug, sold to the Chinese, has exceeded in market-value the wholesome leaf that has been purchased from them; and the balance of the trade has been paid to us in silver.'—vol. ii. p. 457.

It is a curious circumstance that we grow the poppy in our Indian territories to poison the people of China, in return for a wholesome beverage which they prepare, almost exclusively, for us.

The increased severity of the Chinese law against the smuggling of opium seems to have had the effect of diminishing the sale of that pernicious drug from about fifteen millions in 1832 to twelve millions in 1833; but even as to harmless articles, extension of foreign trade is in point of fact no object of the Chinese government. It has ascertained, by long experience, that the extensive and well-watered territory of China is amply sufficient to supply

* It is stated (*Mém. sur les Chinois*) that the emperor Kien-lung caused a reprint to be made, at the imperial press, of all the standard works throughout China; that in five years they completed 168,000 volumes, and that it was expected the whole would extend to 600,000 volumes.

its vast but industrious population with all the necessities of life : this, together with the rooted aversion from intercourse with foreigners, render it hopeless for our merchants to obtain any other port than that of Canton, which, after all, is by far the best and most convenient port for commerce in the southern part of China : the navigation of the Strait of Formosa is very dangerous, and subject to those tremendous gales called *typhoons*. Indeed we are quite satisfied it is of no avail for this country to endeavour, by negotiation, much less by force, which some have been wicked and absurd enough to advocate, to induce the Chinese to alter their system : it will be well if we can preserve our footing as it stands.

It cannot be disguised, however, that the position in which we are just now is far from satisfactory, and that the continuance of our commerce, restricted as it is, is rather precarious. It seems to us, indeed, that the consequences we apprehended, and fairly stated, on first hearing of the appointment of Lord Napier, are fast approaching their consummation. Our opinion of what the result of that amiable and respectable nobleman's mission would be has been confirmed *au pied de la lettre*.* Mr. Davis, for some prudential reason no doubt, does not even touch upon this point ; but that young gentleman, Mr. Hamilton Lindsay, of whose pranks on the eastern coast of China we had some little time ago occasion to speak in terms of animadversion, has felt himself under no such reserve. In a published letter to Lord Palmerston, he boldly puts forth two propositions, so monstrous in principle, or rather so devoid of all honourable principle in a political and international view, that, judging from these specimens alone, we are tolerably certain his lordship will have informed him, if he has noticed his letter at all, that he has no occasion for those services which Mr. Lindsay frankly offers on his return to China—a country from which, if Mr. Lindsay has not already gone thither, we should strongly recommend him to stay away.

This gentleman's first recommendation is, that an ambassador should be sent from England (we have had enough of them already), and, in conjunction with the admiral of the India station, and a fleet of one line-of-battle ship, two large frigates, six corvettes, and three or four armed steamers, having on board a land force of about 600 men, should demand redress for injuries sustained—that is, for their calling us, as he says, *barbarians*,—which epithet if they did so apply it, the breaking forcibly into a court of justice would be quite enough to authorise.

This force, he says, would be 'amply adequate to compel sub-

* Quarterly Review, No. C.

mission.' Some misgiving, however, seems to have seized him as to its 'ample adequacy' to subdue three hundred millions of people; for in the next page we find, that 'poltroons as the Chinese appear to be, yet, were we to arouse the spirit of the nation against us, they *might* and *would* prove more formidable than we imagine.' In such a contingency he calls to his aid his second proposition, which is as monstrous as his first—namely, 'to avoid irritating the *people*, and on every occasion to disclaim any hostile feeling towards *them*.—Your government has injured us,' we should say, 'and against *them* our hostility is directed, not against *you*.'—In plain terms, his advice is, to set the people against the government!—an honourable employment, truly, for a king's ambassador, and a British admiral! Are we then, we would ask, wantonly to trample on all law, right, and justice, to forward the views chiefly of a set of opium-smugglers and unprincipled adventurers? Are we thus to force ourselves on a peaceable people, who are willing to receive us, but not over-desirous of the connexion, knowing, as they but too well do, how reluctant we always have been, but more so now than ever, to conform to the laws and regulations of their empire?—But Mr. Lindsay has been so completely answered by Sir George Staunton, as to leave us nothing further to add on this part of the subject.

There is one question put by Mr. Lindsay to Lord Palmerston, which certainly requires an answer. 'Are we (he asks) to continue to maintain an establishment at Macao, at an expense of more than 20,000*l.* a-year, without any assignable duties whatever?' We trust his lordship can answer, that this not merely useless, but mischievous, establishment is, before this, broken up. The squandering of such a sum is, in itself, bad and unjustifiable; but, what is worse, through it the national character has grievously suffered in the eyes of every foreigner that frequents Macao. They see that the Chinese take every occasion to pass some slight on the king's commissioners; that they are not permitted to show themselves, where alone they could be of any use, at Canton; while the traders of all descriptions, who go and return to and from Canton when it suits them, laugh at the poor prisoners shut up in Macao, nearly a hundred miles from where they ought to be; their only business, and only consolation, we suppose, being that of drawing quarterly for their large salaries. Their situation is degrading enough, and we only hope they have had notice to quit. If we were asked what we would recommend as a substitute, our answer would be—Meet the wishes of the Chinese government, by sending out some intelligent person conversant with commercial concerns, and let him be armed with the usual *consular* powers to control the irregular proceedings carrying on by our too often rude and

and thoughtless countrymen at Canton. The Chinese wish it, our position requires it, and there is a precedent for it. In November, 1699, a consul's commission was sent out for the chief of the Company's factory. If this, or something of the kind, be not done, and done speedily, we augur a total cessation, and that at no distant period, of our intercourse with China.

Almost simultaneously with Mr. Davis's work, there has appeared, in a popular miscellany entitled 'The Edinburgh Cabinet Library,' a very careful and elaborate compilation on the history and condition of the Chinese empire. We strongly recommend these volumes also, to all who wish to understand the subject; and we would, in particular, point attention to that part of the third volume which treats of the zoology and botany of China. These essays are in all respects admirable—and they supply almost the only deficiency of any importance in Mr. Davis's book. Altogether, what we have seen of the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library' impresses us with respect for the caution and sagacity of its conductors; and we hope their enterprise may be more permanently successful than so many others of the same sort which have lately disappointed the ardent projectors both here and in Scotland.

ART. IX.—*A Popular and Practical Introduction to Law Studies.* By Samuel Warren, Esq., F.R.S., of the Inner Temple. London. 12mo. 1835.

THE influence of lawyers on the political institutions of their country is, doubtless, like all other influences, of a mixed nature, good and evil—but it would not be difficult to show that it must be, in the main, of a beneficial character. He who has a tenacious reverence to the inviolate authority of jurisprudence is already half a statesman. But not only does the jurist assist in preserving amongst the people a disposition of undisputing obedience to established rules,—the lawyers are always, as a body, disposed to assume a fixed and uncompromising attitude against the governing power, whenever this would break in upon the peaceable supremacy of the law. Willing to be controlled to the utmost even by the *words* of a statute, or the perchance almost fortuitous authority of a precedent, they look with extreme jealousy upon all *extraneous* control. They are a sort of civil priesthood administering the rites of society, and love not to be too much interfered with. Regarding their profession as based on the very first necessity of social man, and their science as composed of that which is no longer valuable when it ceases to be recognized as permanent and
supreme,

supreme, they have a natural tendency to resist the encroachment of all sudden, self-willed, unlegislating power. If judges, when reduced to a perpetual dependence upon the monarch, have proved the instruments of an arbitrary dominion, it must be remembered that their influence was in these cases rather overborne than exercised. It was the weakness of the lawyers, not their strength, that was in fault.

In England, a Bar which practices before an independent judge, and appeals to a *jury* for a verdict, must become as much distinguished for its spirit of freedom as for its attachment to established law. It has become, indeed, the best representative of the true genius of our commonwealth. Here it is that the old chartered spirit of English liberty will ever find a shelter and a sanctuary; and here it is, we will venture to add, that the new temper of French democracy will meet its sternest opposition. It is quite fitting and highly politic in the innovators of our time to speak bitterly of the bar, and of the influence of lawyers. Never were two things more utterly repugnant than the love of liberty—as expressed and preserved in the institutions of our country—and the late-imported passion which now assumes the same captivating name;—the one, a bold assertion of individual *rights*—the other, a league of a class for the attainment of *power*;—the one, flinching nothing from its fullest claim, and detracting nothing from an acknowledged obedience—the other, a blind desire for dominion, to be attained only by a stiff, blinder subjection to the will of a vast conspiracy. As the one has found, and will continue to find, its bold and faithful champion in the higher orders of the legal profession, so we predict with confidence that the latter will encounter its most persevering antagonist in the same body of men;—a body too learned to idolize ignorance, and too well pleased with having escaped all degrading dependence upon the crown, to risk its dignity, and the value of its services, to the capricious forbearance of a despot populace.

But not only on our political institutions do the lawyers exert a notorious influence,—they bear no trivial sway over the manners, temper, and opinions of private society. No profession more tasks all the varied qualities of the mind—none calls for greater intellectual energy, or more diversified attainments—none more than their's is capable of rearing up those busy, forward, domineering spirits, so well fitted to mould and indoctrinate the private circle which surrounds them. No knowledge lies dead and unprofitable in their store-house—all is for use. Not, surely, that their appropriate science of jurisprudence requires a wider scope of information than that which falls beneath the view of the physician, or the divine;—but from their habits of contention and display they

they become, at all times, greedy and avaricious of whatever it is a pride amongst men to be informed of. They are the chief traffickers in thought—they are merchants in this commodity of knowledge—they are great diffusers of the intellectual capital of the country—direct antagonists to the principle of sloth and dormancy—ever vocal—perpetual challengers to the endless war of words. Wherever, in the family group, there is a son educating for the bar, there may be observed a process of wholesome agitation of the mind. His profession courts the public gaze, and calls on all mankind to be spectators. The brilliant prizes which hang over it give to the humblest member some stirrings of ambition. If not Lord Chancellor, and never likely to become so, yet is he of the stuff of which Lord Chancellors are made. It is through his profession almost exclusively that the plebeian can hope to rise by his own efforts, and take rank with the nobles of the land. And he who contemplates that extinction of the peerage which some talk or rave of would do well to reflect on the loss that would follow if those few but glittering honours were withdrawn which urge on the erudite labours of the already encumbered advocate, and throw their star-like splendour over the dim and colourless multitude of the profession. Truly all is vanity, as the wise king has declared; but yet we like some diversity in our vanities, and prefer a mixture of such follies, as the love of fame, and station, and intellectual pre-eminence, to the uniform lust of gold which would occupy their place. ●

Here we shall probably be encountered by the objection that the morality, at least, of society is indebted for no improvement to a body of men—‘hired masters of tongue-fence,’ as Milton, in one of his prose works, has called them—whose occupation it is to argue on either side of every question, according to their retainer. It may be worth while, for a moment, to look this objection in the face. In the first place, it will hardly be contended that such a profession as that of the bar is unnecessary. The rules of law must partake of the intricacy and complication of those circumstances of life over which they are to preside. Were there no such institution as that of advocates, every man who had a cause to plead must first apply himself to a laborious study of jurisprudence—a science surrounded with unavoidable technicalities, and often embodying a wisdom necessarily subtle and remote. A class of scientific interpreters who can speak to the judge in the language of the law becomes indispensable. Neither ought these interpreters to limit themselves to a statement of their own strict and impartial view of the case of him whom they represent. By so doing they would, as Dr. Johnson has observed, be taking on themselves the office of their superior

superior on the bench. At all events, they would not diminish the difficulties of the judge, who would still be presented with the facts of the case as seen through the preconceptions of another, and who would find himself removed even yet further from the real parties to the suit. But by reasoning in the spirit, and with the passions of the several litigants, the rival advocates afford the judge almost the same materials on which to form his decision, as if he had heard the parties themselves, speaking with all the advantage they would have acquired from a full knowledge of the law.

There are times, indeed, when our indignation is apt to arise on observing a villainous transaction laboriously defended. But whenever this shock to our own moral sensibility is felt, we may be sure that, as far, at least, as we are ourselves concerned, no bad influence has followed on the efforts of the orator. In truth, however, we do not think that cases can often arise in which the counsel need feel reluctant to exert himself to the utmost for his client. So much obscurity hangs over the real motives of human conduct—it is so difficult to determine to what strength of temptation the conscience of the culprit had, at length, submitted—that there are, perhaps, few occasions on which a man is not entitled to have all that can be said in his favour urged upon his judges. There are hidden virtues of the vile, as there are secret failings of the good; and we are never more liable to error than in the opinion we form either of extraordinary turpitude or surpassing excellence. Indeed, those very instances in which the indignant voice of the public would at once decide the fate of the accused—in which they would listen most impatiently to the least suggestion in favour of the criminal—are those which most imperatively demand the fearless assistance of the advocate.

But—the necessity of this system of advocacy being admitted—it will still be urged that the habit of arguing, at convenience, on either side of every question must be detrimental to integrity of character, both in him who practises, and in the public who witness it. This is a sort of *à priori* conclusion, based on a narrow apprehension of the subject, and not justified by an appeal to experience. That which is openly avowed, and by all society admitted, cannot be the object of a moral reproach to the agent himself. The advocate, therefore, of a person whose conduct he secretly condemns, or of a cause whose justice he would in private deny, commits no violence upon his conscience,—forces no scruple of reluctant integrity,—and cannot be supposed to have injured the general susceptibility of his moral feelings. On all other occasions he will exhibit the same love of truth, and the same jealous regard to the reputation of his word, as distinguish every other liberal and

and enlightened class of men. Out of court the barrister possesses the punctilious honour of the soldier; just as this latter, when away from the wars, displays the humanity and peaceful deportment of the civilian. Every order of mankind has its admitted practises, found necessary for conducting the great business of life. In this very article of adherence to truth other professions than that of the bar have their licensed and allowed exceptions. The physician could tell of cases whereon a casuist might exert himself: the diplomatist is expected to be *learned* in dissimulation; even the divine, for love of peace and avoidance of schisms, must, as to non-essential matters, shrink from the too rigid assertion of private judgment. As to the injury imagined to public morals by the practice of advocating causes, we hold it to be a piece of ethical precision,—a moral prudery,—a conjectural alarm of such as will not pause to test their conclusions by experience. Men of the world make distinctions (and adhere to them) which to the speculative mind are but encroachments upon principle. Very different are the moral distinctions observed in *life* from those which *logic* would prescribe. And thus, when a man is beheld devoting his talents and his knowledge to the service of another, the spectators grant to him a license of speech which they would withhold from him on any other occasion, and which they never think of assuming to themselves. The influence of any custom in a country hardly admits of being reasoned on; we must live amongst the people before we can determine how far it has trenched on the general principles of right and wrong. Here, we may remark, lies the secret sophistry of such satires on mankind as have been written by Swift and others. A custom is stated, and we are led to conclude that it regulates the principle—instead of being regulated and controlled by it.

We have been drawn into these general observations upon the legal profession by the perusal of what proved to be a very entertaining book, under a very unattractive title,—Mr. Warren's 'Popular and Practical Introduction to Law Studies.' This work, we frankly admit, had been lying before us unopened for some time, the title-page seeming to mark it out as scarcely within the limits of our critical jurisdiction. What had we to do with the pupillary state of counsel learned in the law? But being casually informed that the volume proceeded from a pen heretofore advantageously exercised on subjects of a far different description, we opened it, and found ourselves carried forward by a free, animated, and often picturesque style, till we had perused nearly the whole. It is calculated, we think, to give the general reader a very good insight into the chamber studies of the barrister, presenting him, as it were, with an interior view of those high and

dark quadrangles that constitute our inns of court. Something is abstracted, it must be confessed, from that illusion which rests upon the bar to those whose attention has been drawn only to its more distinguished members. It is going into Constantinople after viewing, at a distance, its swelling domes and glittering minarets. We lose the glory of the city, but we are compensated by mingling with its busy inhabitants, noting their ways, hearing their very speech. We have the whole race of lawyers brought before us, whether it be the special pleader studious of 'replication, rejoinder, and surrejoinder;' or the equity-draftsman, with his emulous variety of bill, cross-bill, and bill of reviver;' or the conveyancer, whose path in the profession is, it seems, 'a delightful walk for a patient and contemplative cast of mind;' or whether it be the common lawyer, 'long buffeted about in a sea of troubles till a sudden wave, as it were, at length lifts him out of it all, and places him on the bench, there to end his days in the dignified serenity of judicial repose.'

The book is written with that utter frankness of disposition, and with some portion of that quaintness, which is supposed to distinguish our older writers. There is a spice of Montaigne in its composition. Innumerable quotations, sometimes out of place, but welcome nevertheless. Maxims, imbued throughout with the personal feelings and habits of the writer. No vague advice, so generalized that it spreads like mist before the inquirer, but good practical counsel, the manifest result of his own experience, told as if still warm with the feelings which accompanied the first acquisition of it for himself. Nor is the writer checked by any timidity, or fastidious refinement, from giving counsel or information to whomsoever, or on whatsoever subject it may be necessary. The wealthy idler is told what to expect if he intrudes with supercilious air into 'the stern republic of the bar;' while if one of straightened means is anxiously inquisitive as to the amount of income sufficient to sustain a course of legal studies, Mr. Warren will not put him off with distant expressions upon the necessity of a *competent provision*,—he names a sum, and tells him at once that he cannot guarantee him from the disturbance of duns under 150*l.* per annum, at the very lowest.

But we have far better things to say of this little volume than that it may amuse the listless leisure of one who takes up a book merely because the evening is hot, or the hour for breakfast has not arrived. It is eminently fitted for its purpose, and that no unimportant one. It is the very work to put into the hands of a young law student on the entrance of his career, and will set him forth on his way, sound at heart, and with as clear a view of the path before him as we think it possible to present. Nor can any

one fail, be his attainments or ability what they may, of finding sundry observations on mental discipline very applicable to himself. Even those who have earned at our universities the highest honours,—our first-class men and our senior wranglers,—may peruse the book with profit. For not only will the author satisfy their understanding that certain ‘business habits *must* be acquired—promptitude—and decision;’ but there is so much *heart* in his writing, that he will inspire them before the book is closed with the very temper itself that is so requisite, shaking them from their humour of more leisurely and abstracted study. He will caution them, also, against an error into which they, of all men, are most likely to fall, that of confining themselves too exclusively to a study of the abstruser principles of the law. He who mingles not with his reading an insight at least into the actual litigation that is going on around him, will be liable, it is evident, to bestow his greatest labour on subjects of the least utility, and will be slow and uncertain in his application of those principles of law which are still in operation.

It will, at first, perhaps, somewhat surprise the reader to learn that the author of this essay, in which is manifested so practical a habit of thought, produced the striking series of papers published some six or eight years ago by Mr. Blackwood, under the title of ‘*Passages from the Diary of a Physician.*’ But on a recollection of the impression those tales had left on his mind, he will see evidence, we think, of the same kind of talents having been employed in both these works. There is here a style even more graphic, free, and copious, than in the ‘*Diary*’; while the ‘*Diary*’ betrays the same pertinacity of purpose, the same untiring energy that are manifest in this professional lucubration. According to our impression the effect of those tales was derived, not so much from any peculiar refinement of sentiment, or from a singular pathos of language, but from a most true and complete account of the very real distresses of their heroes and heroines. The writer trusted not to individual sentences delicately wrought, in which a single word misplaced mars all; but relied on a fruitful and persevering invention, laying incident on the back of incident, till the mind could no longer resist the impression he had determined to convey. He accumulates evidence of the sad truths of which he treats, till the judgment is borne down and the feelings inevitably follow after. He makes out a clear case for grief and commiseration. To take a phrase from his present book, he is *strong in all his points*, and, accordingly, seldom fails of success.

We regard the fair exposition presented in the Introduction to Law Studies, of the various toils of the bar, and the temper and habits

habits fitted to encounter them, as a great help to a young man meditating an entrance to this profession. Whatever is discouraging and whatever is alluring in the prospect, is placed with equal force before him, and he may consult with his own heart which of these two representations ought to have the greatest weight with him. The following extract upon this subject will afford a fair specimen of the author's manner :—

‘He must not think, with puerile eagerness, of shutting his elementary law-books, to hurry into court, there to harangue a jury, or argue before the judges. In the tedious interval that must elapse between preparation and employment will be required all the young lawyer's fortitude and philosophy. He must be content to “bide his time”—to “cast his bread upon the waters, to be found after many days.” He must never give up; he must not think of slackening his exertions, thankless and unprofitable though they seem to be. Does he imagine that his is the only unwatered fleece? Let him consider the multitude of his competitors, and the peculiar obstacles which, in the legal profession, serve to keep the young man's “candle,” be it never so bright, so long “under a bushel.” How many with pretensions superior to his own are still pining in undeserved obscurity, after years of patient and profound preparation! It is impossible to disguise this sad fact—it would be cruel and foolish to attempt it. The student of great, but undiscovered merit will sometimes be called upon, his heart aching—but not with ignoble envy—to give his laborious and friendly assistance to those who, immeasurably his inferiors in point of ability and learning, are rising rapidly into business and reputation, through accident or connection. This also our student must learn to bear. He must repress the sigh, force back the tear, and check the indignant throbblings of his heart, when in the sad seclusion of unfrequented chambers, or the sadder seclusion of crowded courts, he watches year, perhaps, after year passing over him, “each leaving—as it found him.” ’Tis a melancholy but a noble struggle, to preserve amid such trials as these his equanimity—“in patience to possess his soul”—to be

“True as the dial to the sun,

Although it be not shone upon.”

Let him neither desert, however, nor slumber for a moment at his post. There never yet, said a great judge, was a man who did justice to the law, to whom it did not, at one time or another, amply do justice. His success is often as sudden as splendid and permanent. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the desolate darkness is dissipated; the portals of wealth, popularity, and power are thrown open; and he does not walk, but is in a manner thrust onward into their radiant regions. *Non it sed fertur.* For all this he is fully prepared; the “*viginti annorum lucubrationes*” bear him up under the most unexpected accumulation of business, and enable him calmly to take advantage of this “*ocasion sudden*”—doing honour to himself as well as to those who are honouring him!—p. 56.

Nothing

Nothing is more apt to stimulate the zeal of a student on his entrance into a new path of inquiry, than to give him, at once, as a generous boon, a fragment or sample of that knowledge which he is shortly to acquire, in full measure, by his own laborious endeavours. This piece of gold brought from the mountains, to one who is exploring his way to El Dorado, must needs afford a wonderful encouragement. Accordingly, Mr. Warren has presented his student, here and there, with a specimen of the real craft of special pleading, and given him a little law upon easy terms. These specimens cannot fail to whet the appetite of any one, not obstinately and most unnaturally averse to a science which Lord Coke tells us was called pleading, from *placet*, because of its exceeding pleasantness! Moreover, though these portions of the work are written with such clearness as to be not altogether unintelligible to the most ignorant in the law; yet is there a politic mystery hanging over them, which, be it known, is to be dissipated only to the initiated. Throughout the whole work the author shows an intimate acquaintance with the logic of idleness. He will be found not only to suggest good counsel to the student, but by his admirable diagnosis of our mental perversities, to teach him a better knowledge than he possessed before of his own failings and deficiencies. He is, if we may use the term, a good practical metaphysician.

We shall conclude with the quotation of an eloquent passage on the study of history. On this subject we are inclined to think that Mr. Warren has underrated the proficiency already made by those who are entering on the studies of the bar. But he knows better, perhaps, than ourselves the average of information possessed by those whom he is addressing, and, above all, there is a great difference between reading, and that extensively, on English history, and mastering, in the manner prescribed by him, a single volume of Hume or Hallam.

‘Surely the intelligent practitioner must contemplate the structure and working of the law with deeper interest, who has accustomed himself to the comparison of past with actual and possible exigencies and emergencies; observing the altered circumstances in which society is placed with reference to particular laws—the vastly different purposes to which the lapse of time has appropriated them, from those to which they were originally dedicated. He is using, for most ordinary and peaceful purposes, the machinery which was originally intended to aim a mortal blow at the aristocracy, at the clergy, at the liberties of the people, or at the prerogatives of the crown—calling forth at one time the tempestuous spirit of lay rebellion—at another, the profound subtlety of ecclesiastical machination: and which, having answered its great purposes, having, in process of time, effected a silent revolution, at length discharges the sole, the comparatively humble

humble but useful functions of securing and transmitting property from individual to individual. The little instrument by which the modern conveyancer secures 20l. a-year to Mary Higgins and her children is, in truth, the lever by which a king might have been prized from his throne; which was applied with consummate craft to the destruction of the banded power of the aristocracy—of the huge and gloomy fabric of ecclesiastical domination. Thus the water which might at first have been seen forming part of the magnificent confluence of Niagara, and then precipitated, amid clouds of mist and foam, down its tremendous falls, after passing over great tracts of country, through innumerable channels and rivulets, serves, at length, quietly to turn the peasants' mill.'—p. 176.

Mr. Warren might find it difficult to bring historical authority for every assertion in this passage—but it contains a general truth brilliantly and powerfully stated; and we leave him with the expression of our sincere hope that the duties of his profession may not be found incompatible with the future exertion of his literary talents—which certainly was not the case in the best days of our law and our literature.

ART. X.—1. *England im jahre 1835.* Von Friedrich von Raumer. Leipsig. 1836.

2. *England in 1835: being a Series of Letters written to Friends in Germany, during a Residence in London, and Excursions into the Provinces.* By Frederick von Raumer, Professor of History at the University of Berlin; Author of the 'History of the Hohenstauffen;' of the 'History of Europe from the End of the 15th Century;' of 'Illustrations of the History of the 16th and 17th Centuries,' &c. Translated from the German by Sarah Austin and H. E. Lloyd. London. John Murray. 3 vols. 12mo. 1836.

WE believe this was the first English journal that took any notice of Professor Raumer's merits as an industrious explorer of antiquarian documents; but, thankful as we had been to him for his services in that department, we did not expect much from the announcement of the present more ambitious undertaking. We have read in the Apologue that there was, once upon a time, a family of owlets who fancied themselves eagles—Mr. Raumer's readers will be convinced that this breed is not extinct. The humble diligence which loves to grope about in the obscurity of registers and records is seldom equal to the broader daylight and higher views of existing society. Tom Hearne, we suspect, would have given but a bungling portraiture of the court of France, if he had happened to fall into that *terra incognita*; and we should have been *à priori* very much surprised if the compiler

compiler of certain 'Letters illustrative of the 16th and 17th Centuries' (compared with whom Hearne is an intellectual giant) should have given us even a tolerable sketch of the existing manners and politics of England. But we confess we were not prepared for so extraordinary a failure as that which it now becomes our duty to expose. This work contrives, by a singular but unlucky ingenuity, to combine the most heterogeneous defects: it is vapid though vague—hasty and heavy—purblind yet presumptuous. Nine-tenths of it are composed of extracts from the commonest publications, so garbled as to be scarcely recognizable, and of statistical accounts so mistaken and mangled as to become laughable. The book is a mass of bold trivialities—solemn inaccuracies—unconscious contradictions—where, in one word, everything is commonplace, and yet nothing is true.

But this is not the worst—the mere blunders of a foreign antiquarian would be natural and venial—but we are sorry to say, Professor Raumer has made his work throughout a *party*, and in some instances, a *personal* libel on the Conservatives of England. Hence the phenomenon which we have lately witnessed of the ministerial leader in the House of Commons quiting against the House of Lords the calumnies of this Berlin doctor. We think, before we have done with this subject, we shall give Lord John Russell some reason to regret his indiscreet and indecorous quotation.

It may be asked what should have biassed the mind of such a gentleman? Why should this painful decypherer of old parchments have adopted the prejudices of one of our parties rather than the other? What, in short, but truth and reason could have influenced a spectator so indifferent in point of interest and so independent by his neutral position? We might answer, in the first place, that impartiality loses all its authority when it happens to be combined with entire ignorance of the questions to be decided; and secondly, that 'the Germans,' as Colonel Napier says, 'plodding even to a proverb, possess the most extravagant imaginations on the face of the earth,' so that it is just as *natural* for a German system-monger to go wrong, as it is for any other man to go right;—but we have some additional and more individual reasons to suggest for Mr. Raumer's bias. Prefixed to Mrs. Austin's translation is a memoir of the Professor, extracted from a German biographical dictionary, and written in a style of high-flown panegyric. This *éloge* gives a very confused (and as far as we can understand it) inconsistent account of Mr. Raumer's life and principles; but through the obscurity of some passages, we think we discover that his politics had been, long before his visit to England, censured both for violence and inconsistency.

'The part he has taken in politics has given rise to many *misconstructions*,

structions, as must happen when party rage can see only party opinions. Raumer is a truly free man, who opposes absolutism in every shape; but most strenuously when it assumes that of the despotism of exclusive political creeds, given out as the only means of political salvation. As the absolute principle in government changed with the disturbed times and the agitations of his country, his opposition changed likewise. He has remained perfectly steadfast and consistent; but the objects of his opposition have altered with time.—pp. xxiv, xxv.

And again:—

‘When the idea of legitimacy degenerated from a useful fiction into an idolatry destructive of all intellectual life and progress; when, amid the incense offered at the foot of the throne and the altar, the spirit of feudal aristocracy began to rise from its long slumber, Raumer’s sound and acute understanding immediately perceived whence the greatest danger was likely to arise. . . . His voice was raised alone. His former fellow-labourers were grown old, or spiritless, or were elevated to posts in which they found it convenient to be silent. Raumer’s name was now hailed with acclamation by the liberals; they extolled him to the skies, and exulted in the accession to their party of a man who was as far from sharing in their dreams of freedom, as in the short-sighted obstinacy which had driven him (apparently, and for a moment) into their ranks.’—pp. xxvi, xxvii.

From all this we conclude that Raumer was once an *ultra-liberal*, but that being *now*—like those ‘fellow-labourers’ referred to in the extract—*elevated to a post*. (Professor of Political Science in the University of Berlin) in which he finds it convenient to be silent on questions of domestic government, he endeavours to cloak his own conversion on the subject of Prussian politics, by affecting a great zeal for religious liberty (a point on which that *drumhead* government has always retained the indifference of the great Frederick), and by throwing himself heels-over-head into the muddy overflow of English Reform. This hypothesis is at least consistent with the few facts stated in the memoir; and accords with the whole form and spirit of his new work, which affords in every second page the strange and at first sight unaccountable inconsistency, of advocating *revolutionary reform* in England and *military despotism* in Prussia; but there is another, and, we fancy, still more weighty, because more personal bias on Mr. Raumer’s opinions. His journey to England was, ostensibly at least, for the purpose of searching our Museum—as he had already done the Royal Library at Paris—for historical documents; and it is not surprising that he should have brought with him such letters of recommendation as might be necessary to obtain permission to that effect: but he took such superabundant care in this respect, that he was provided, he says in one place, with one hundred and twelve letters of introduction, and we think he

he mentions a subsequent supply. It seems that the greater, or at least the most effective portion of these letters happened, as was probably natural from the tendency of Raumer's own principles, to be addressed to persons professing *liberal* politics—and the only person in London with whom he appears to have had much previous acquaintance, happened to be the clever Whig lady who has subsequently translated his effusions—so that, naturally enough, he was at once elected, as it were, and initiated into the society and views of that party. Besides, it is notorious that the great Whig houses are more frequently opened for the *purpose of proselytism* than those of the Tories, who are in general too proud, too delicate—or—as some may be inclined to say—too short-sighted, to beat up for political recruits in this manner. We might make some not unimportant observations on the effect that this difference in the habits of the two great parties produces amongst foreigners—and of course throughout Europe—but we have not leisure at present for such a digression: suffice it to say, that the general fact is so, and that Mr. Raumer's case was no exception: for, although he was by accident admitted to two or three Tory houses of eminence in the political and fashionable world, his habitual society, high as well as low, evidently was amongst Whigs. It must be admitted, that if by this reserve the Tories occasionally lose the acquaintance of agreeable and respectable foreigners, they, on the other hand, escape the annoyance of being exposed to the disagreeable criticisms, or still more disagreeable praises of travelling book-makers, and we suspect that those who were so unlucky as to admit the acquaintance of such persons as Prince Puckler Muskau, or Mr. N. P. Willis—now rather regret their hospitality. It is, however, but justice to Mr. Raumer to say that he is much less offensive than the writers we have named. He himself professes great horror at the practice of publishing private anecdotes of the society into which one is admitted, and is very indignant with Prince Puckler's calumnious caricatures—(especially, no doubt, that of the Duke of Devonshire)—but he does, nevertheless, occasionally fall into the same *kind*, though not the same *degree* of error, and in other instances (even when he violates no hospitality) he makes remarks on individuals which are inconsistent often with taste, and sometimes, though we do not impute any wilful falsification, with truth: but his trespasses in this way are of little importance, and we only thus slightly notice them, because he seems to be under the mistake of supposing that he has eschewed them altogether.

His friend and admirer, Mrs. Austin, seems to have been very zealous and very successful in bringing Mr. Raumer into the best Whig circles; for we find that the second night after his arrival in London,—

‘ When

'When he was drest all in his best
To walk abroad with Sally.'

she introduced him at Devonshire House. Mr. Raumer tells us that another of his friends afterwards informed him that ~~to have~~ been invited to Devonshire House was a high distinction. We rather wonder at the want of sense as well as gallantry which the Professor shows by recording this so solemnly. The compliment, whatever might be its worth, he owed entirely to Mrs. Austin, and we should have thought a gentleman who affects such overweening devotion to the ladies would have felt that she had paid him a much higher one by admitting him to her personal confidence and domestic circle, than by leading him to stare about a fine house, among a crowd of five hundred strangers, however fine.

We cannot complain that Mrs. Austin should have introduced her Berlin *lion* (such a *lion* as Shakspeare's Snug the Joiner) to her Whig acquaintance—'non equidem invidio, miror magis'—or that she communicated to him her own Whig opinions—this clique of people are naturally propagandists; but what we do complain of is, that Raumer retails the *ex parte* statements which he picks up in this society—the cavils of this coterie, the prejudices of his *prompter*, as if they were the *natural and spontaneous results of his own impartial inquiry and observation*. If he had told us honestly and truly that he knew nothing of what he was writing about; that he was supremely ignorant of the language, manners, and political state of England; but that he had, by a diligent cultivation of Whig society, obtained such and such information, and heard such and such arguments, and had arrived at such and such opinions, the public in Germany and here would have known what to trust to, and would have listened, with a due appreciation of its value, to the prating of the parrot. A man of not strong faculties, and very strong self-conceit, may have easily been led to overrate his own qualifications for observing, and been in a great measure unconscious of the tricks played off upon and through him: but the result is a real fraud on the public—and the kind of importance which has been attached to his book is derived from this species of imposition. In short, when we find Lord John Russell quoting, and Mr. Spring Rice countenancing, certain dogmas of this 'intelligent and unprejudiced foreigner,' we must recollect that the topics they thus eulogize had been previously infused by themselves and their followers into this German machine, which really does no more than spout them out again.—The Professor, in one of the most ludicrous pages of his book (vol. i. p. 11.), says exultingly—

'There have been hours in which I have been Alexander the Great, and Charles V., and William of Orange, and a Hohenstauffen Emperor and Pope! There have been moments when, like Melusine, I was
transformed

transformed into Cambyzes and Philip II,!! This is a richer and more pregnant existence than can be understood by those who despise it!!! Because I imbibe life from those magnificent spirits, am I a mere parasitic plant? I deny that.'

If we cannot all guess at the worthy enthusiast's meaning, he must now consider himself as having reached the climax of his glory—for he appears to us to have been, for as many hours as this book cost him, either 'imbibing life' from Mr. Spring Rice, or 'transformed' into Lord John Russell—a more congenial *spirit*, we suspect, than Alexander the Great or even King Cambyzes.

But we think we have reason to complain of Mrs. Austin, in her quality of *translator*. She says, in her preface, that 'it is the peculiar and invaluable privilege of a translator to have *no opinions*;' and she, accordingly, abjures all responsibility for the political sentiments of her author. Now we are very sorry to be obliged to say that this promise has not been kept; and that Mrs. Austin exhibits not merely a general leaning to one side (of which we should not have much complained), but also, on some occasions, a positive misrepresentation and distortion of Mr. Raumer's words, which we find it very hard to account for, except by the lady's zeal to favour her own party predilections. This, we are well aware, is a grave charge against any translator, but it is peculiarly so against one who endeavours to obviate all suspicion, by such a formal pledge as we have quoted from her preface: we therefore think it necessary—as we always do in cases where we are obliged to make anything like a personal charge—to lay the evidence on which we judge before our readers, and thus to allow the accused to be heard at the same time as the accusation.

Vol. i. p. 21.—Raumer, in speaking of the dismissal of the Whigs in November, 1834, says,—'The King attached extreme importance to the maintenance of the Protestant Church *upon the fundamental principles hitherto sanctioned*' (in dem bisherigen grundlagen—Raumer, vol. i. p. 27). But it did not suit Mrs. Austin to attribute to his Majesty a just or rational motive on this occasion, and she therefore *perverts* the last of the sentence into—'the maintenance of the Protestant Church *without the slightest change*'—a perversion which alters a judicious attachment to *fundamental principles* into a blind obstinacy about *slight details*.

Page 22. Raumer, after enumerating some of the greater difficulties and errors, as he thought them, of Sir Robert Peel's short administration, adds (p. 28 of the original) that there were some smaller topics besides of blame—

'some little corner-touches; for example, the putting off the affair of the London University, under *PRETEXT* of further inquiry, although that had been long and widely enough discussed and settled already.'

This

This must be '*wormwood*' to a partizan of Sir Robert Peel's successors, who themselves did *put off*, for the whole of the last year, and have *put off*, for the whole of the present session, this very question—while in this dilatory juggle the impatient friends of civil and religious liberty, who would not allow Sir Robert Peel a single fortnight, have implicitly acquiesced for two whole years: this passage, thus pregnant with disagreeable inferences, Mrs. Austin veils under the vague abridgement of '*many other and obscurer effects*.'

Page 23. '*Lord J. R.*' [John Russell] had sent for Raumer to make some inquiry. Raumer draws a picture of his lordship, which Mrs. Austin does not quite like; and she begins by suppressing the initials '*J. R.*', and writing '*Lord ———*,' as if a *title*, and not a *name*, were omitted, so that no reader would have guessed that Lord John Russell was meant. Raumer proceeds to say—

'From the engraving of him I expected to see a *tall* thin man; instead of which I found a *little, sharp, cunning-looking man* (ein kleiner, feiner, klug-aus-sehender mann.—Raumer, p. 29), with nothing of an imposing presence.'

A very tolerable sketch, as all who have seen Lord John will allow; but Mrs. Austin's pencil is much more flattering—not that she can venture to add a cubit to his lordship's stature, nor much of dignity to his deportment, but she *turns* the phrase thus:

'I found a small man, *with a refined and intelligent*, though not an imposing air.'

There is not, according to our reading, any more excuse for the epithets '*refined and intelligent*' in the original German than there is in the original gentleman.

Again, page 171. Raumer, contrasting the addresses of Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell to their constituents, says—

'they exhibit a remarkable difference even in form. The one (Peel's) eminently clever, employing all the arts of language, form and power of expression; the other (Lord John's) written as if *before the invention of rhetoric*!' (geschrieben wie vor erfundung aller rhetorik.—Raumer, p. 228.)

Mrs. Austin could not bear this disparagement of my Lord John's literary character; and she boldly transforms the sneer into a compliment,—'*written with more feeling than rhetoric*'; and this is the more absurd, because Raumer goes on to describe Lord John's statement as being '*a simple chronological enumeration of facts*.' The '*feeling*' with which Lord John is represented by Mrs. Austin as treating *chronological facts* is very droll; and we almost doubt whether his lordship, however pleased he may have been with the former interpolation, will be equally grateful for this second equally-well-intended, but rather ill-managed variation from the original. We wish that this discovery of how much of

Raumer's

Raumer's praise Lord John owes to the mistranslation had been made a little sooner. We strongly suspect 'the sharp, cunning-looking little man' might not have been quite so ready to exalt the Berlin Professor into a champion against the House of Lords.

Page 33. Raumer calls an argument of Lord Eldon's *one-sided*; Mrs. Austin, on her own authority, modestly adds—'and irrational.'

Page 33. Raumer, in discussing the question of the Irish Protestant Church, asks, in the *real language* of its opponents, 'And was there after all *any real necessity to keep up the Protestant Church?*' (Und ware nur ein wahres bedürfnis der protestantische Kirche vorhanden?—Raumer, p. 41.) This is a fair and open suggestion of the design to abolish the Protestant establishment *in toto*. Mrs. Austin felt that it would be, *as yet*, too candid an avowal, and she therefore perverts it into—'was there any real need of a Protestant Church *of such magnitude?*'—Raumer honestly advocates the *total abrogation* of the establishment. His prudent *Chaperon* makes him suggest a minor question of *proportion*.

Page 34. Raumer says that it is hard that the Catholics should pay the Protestant clergy 'who render them nothing in return, and *have not even the need of this revenue.*'—(Raumer, p. 42.) This, our readers see, is a mistake of Raumer's as to the incomes of the Protestant clergy, but not offensively expressed; Mrs. Austin contrives to envenom the error by rendering the last line, 'and who have not even the *tyrant's plea—necessity!*'

Of the liberal party Lord Brougham is the only man of whom the Professor speaks disparagingly, and he does so on many occasions. On one he says—

'that even the popular talent of so distinguished a mind as Lord Brougham's wears itself out, because it trusts more to rhetoric than truth—and *plays, moreover, fantastic tricks in a high region.*'—Raumer, vol. ii., p. 97.

This last sneer Mrs. Austin (vol. ii., p. 257)—who it seems has not quite given up poor Lord Brougham—kindly omits altogether.

In Vol. III. (which had a different translator) we find Lord Brougham's name coupled with some very ugly words; such as *dogmatising, false, calumnious, absurd, &c.*—(pp. 93—95.) All this a little surprised us, till we discovered that Mr. Raumer had taken all manner of pains (Vol. III.) to introduce himself to Lord Brougham's notice—but *in vain*. Whatever faults Lord Brougham may have, or however he may '*play tricks in high regions,*' he has too much spirit to play tricks in *low* regions, and would not condescend to purchase Mr. Raumer's panegyric at the expense of hearing his rhapsodies. *Inde iræ!* The same observation might, we believe, be made of two or three other distinguished

guished persons who are honoured by Mr. Raumer's disapprobation.

In all the foregoing cases Mrs. Austin interpolates or suppresses, it seems to us undeniable, from her eager anxiety to enlist her 'Herr von Raumer's' authority in furtherance of her own opinions. But there are other cases in which, for the purpose of bolstering up that authority, she omits or extenuates the absurdities and blunders of her author.

The Professor, after having passed the most decided opinions on every topic of English society and policy, adds, by way of a voucher for his capability of pronouncing such judgments—

'I might pay myself some compliments on my knowledge of parliamentary men. From my consideration of their *public speeches* I detected a Bishop and a Member of the House of Commons by their talk at dinner yesterday, before any body had named them to me.'—*Raumer*, vol. i., p. 75.

What a lynx!—the dinner seems to have been at the Archbishop's at Lambeth, where bishops usually, we believe, appear in their episcopal dress; so Raumer needed not the assistance of Hansard's Debates to enable him to detect a bishop at the archiepiscopal banquet. The truth is, as we are assured by a gentleman who was present at the dinner in question, that at this period Mr. Raumer had the greatest difficulty in understanding what was said to him in English, and his attempts to reply in our language, even to an invitation to take a glass of wine, were incomprehensible jargon. All this is so absurd that Mrs. Austin (vol. i., p. 61), again ashamed of her original, *omits the whole passage*; but she does not omit the silly stuff which he proceeds to give as what he heard from some of the Archbishop's clerical guests.

Again; Raumer, within the first week of his arrival in England, boldly pronounces that the Tories insist on maintaining inviolate all that he considers the abuses of our Church Establishment—

'Such for example as *one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum* to the Bishop of DERBY.'—*Raumer*, vol. i., p. 28.

There being no such Bishopric, and no such income to any Bishopric, Mrs. Austin felt that such flagrant inaccuracies in matters of fact could not fail to invalidate her *protégé's* judgments; she therefore corrects the blunder, and conceals the ignorance under the following version:—

'Such for example as the *celebrated* income of the Bishop of Durham.'—*Austin*, vol. i., p. 22.

Page 244. Raumer, adopting, as he generally does, all the ignorant calumnies which he hears or reads against the British aristocracy, asserts that the English bishops '*belong, for the most part, to the high nobility.*' (Gehören die bishöpfe meist selbst zum

zum hohen adel.—*Raumer*, p. 318.) This assertion is so exaggerated, that Mrs. Austin justly thinks it would tend to invalidate the general testimony of her friend, and she amends it to—*'Bishops are frequently men of aristocratical connexions.'* But this change, while it corrects the misstatement of facts, throws poor Raumer's subsequent arguments into irretrievable confusion, for he attributes the zeal of the House of Lords for the Church to the almost exclusive interest which its members enjoy in the distribution of bishoprics amongst their *sons and brothers*.

In the like spirit, when Raumer, in a bold and dogmatic discussion of our old representative system, shows such ridiculous ignorance as to assert that 'mayors and aldermen could not be elected for their own towns'—(See the German book, vol. i., p. 324), Mrs. Austin is ashamed of her oracle, and affixes a note that '*here she takes the liberty of omitting some details.*'

Again, Raumer, confounding, as it would seem, debates in the Lords and in the Commons, says, that Lords Londonderry and Winchilsea, Sir Robert Inglis, and other high Tories, resisted—though the Archbishop of Dublin and Bishop of London spoke for it—Lord Althorp's Irish Church Bill, and all similar reforms, 'as contrary to the King's oath, and to all sound principles—as likely to bring incalculable misfortunes upon Ireland and upon England, upon church and religion, and to play into the hands of the Pope,—*that Cerberus!*' "Do you believe," some one sportively answered, "that because the Pope has three crowns he has three heads also?"—*Raumer*, vol. i., p. 53.

This classical allusion to *Cerberus*, which Mr. Raumer seems to believe *might* have been made by Sir Robert Inglis in the *House of Lords*, and the happy pleasantry of the reply, stagger even Mrs. Austin, and she, graciously enough, once more *omits* the nonsense altogether.—vol. i., p. 43.

Again, Raumer says—

'Inscriptions and bills in the shop-windows sometimes allude to the measures of government. Thus a tea-dealer assures his customers that he will never have anything to do with "the miserable stuff called free-trade tea."'—p. 59.

We perhaps might forgive the subject of a despotic government—whose chief policy of late years has been a vast scheme against all freedom of trade—for seeing, in this attack upon the quality of certain bohea, a disrespectful allusion to the measures of the government which permitted its importation; but he adds a second example, of much more doubtful applicability:—

'Another shop-keeper (*careless of irritating the devil*) invites the passers-by to come in and taste the forbidden fruit—the apples.'

We confess we do not see how this invitation can be called an attack on the measures of the Government; but it is clear that

Raumer

Raumer imagines that the Whigs have some kind of mysterious co-partnership with the devil, and that to attack the one is to irritate the other. Nor do we make out why the devil should be irritated at an invitation to eat the *Forbidden Fruit*, which, as we suppose Mr. Raumer may have heard, was Satan's own original proposition. His fair friend, instead of solving these difficulties, cuts the knot by suppressing the whole *entyma*. We shrewdly suspect that neither Raumer nor his translator know that there is a kind of coarse orange, imported from the West Indies, vulgarly called 'the *Forbidden Fruit*,' and that seeing some of this article announced in a greengrocer's shop-window, our scientific German, with his peculiar ingenuity of ignorance, detects a complicated allusion to the Whigs, the Devil, and the book of Genesis.

We have already stated, to Mr. Raumer's credit, though his practice does not quite support his preaching, that he is very indignant at Prince Puckler's inroads into private society.—'I have,' he says, 'an insuperable aversion excited by P. [Puckler Muskau] to write down what might appear like gossip.'—p. 112. This very proper denunciation of Puckler Mrs. Austin wholly suppresses. Why? Mrs. Austin was the translator of Puckler's impertinences—at least of such of them as her Whiggism allowed her to translate—for among many other piquant pages she omitted, for example, a most unhandsome chapter on the *Duke of Devonshire*!!!

And finally—(we need not multiply examples)—Mrs. Austin confesses, in her preface, that 'Herr von Raumer' gave her a large discretionary power—to omit, abridge, or alter the original—a whimsical test of the author's sincerity and trustworthiness; but she adds that she made a sparing use of this latitudinarian indulgence for fear of being involved in a consequent responsibility for those passages which she might not omit or alter. In one instance, however, she avows that she did avail herself of it—'the name of Mr. Bentham frequently occurs in the work, accompanied with expressions of disapprobation or of contempt—she has constantly omitted it.'—p. xiii. She does not tell the reader what makes her so exclusively tender of the fame of Bentham—we will—he was her *uncle*! Now really this may be very amiable and dutiful, but it has very unfair and uncharitable consequences. We will concede to Raumer's patroness, as largely as she chooses, that Raumer's attacks on Jeremy were unjust—ignorant—false—cruel—what she will—but, the more unfounded they were, the less she should have suppressed them; first, out of respect to Jeremy's own character, which we hope is not to be endangered by such an ignorant and prejudiced critic as Raumer; but most out of charity and justice to the characters of other persons

persons whom Raumer attacks quite as frequently and more violently than Mr. Bentham. It would have afforded a scale and standard of Raumer's authority in those other cases to see how he had dealt with Bentham—and, supposing with Mrs. Austin that his evidence against *him* be obviously false, would it not be mere justice to afford to the other persons whom Mr. Raumer maltreats the benefit of so decisive a proof that his testimony was worthless? Would Mrs. Austin, if a witness was swearing away a man's life in a court of justice, plan a conspiracy to conceal that the said witness had been recently convicted of perjury in a similar accusation?

We have now done with Mrs. Austin, and we think that our readers will agree that we could not in justice, either to Mr. Raumer himself or to the questions which are discussed, have omitted to assign to the translator that share in the tone and spirit of the work for which she is really responsible*. Mrs. Austin's skill in the German language is so universally acknowledged, that we can hardly suspect her of having misunderstood her author in the passages in which we have confronted the original and her version; and we must, in parting, take the liberty of once more suggesting to her that the literature of Germany is not so poor as to afford her no better materials for her industry than such things as the English letters of Puckler and Raumer. We now proceed to the body of the Berlin Professor's work.

The two first letters relate to that portion of his journey which was performed before he reached our shores, and give us a foretaste of the care and caution with which he collects his facts and forms his opinions. For neither can the closeness of a post-waggon cramp, nor the rapidity of a steam-boat distract, his philosophising spirit, and he talks of scenes and subjects which he must have seen, if at all, very imperfectly, with as much confidence and pretension as if, like poor Goldsmith, he had been a patient pedestrian.

Mr. Raumer left Berlin at sunset on the 14th March, and on the morning of the 22nd he sails up the Thames and arrives at the docks, and then, even before he has set his foot ashore, he magisterially pronounces—

'Here one sees that London is the real capital of the world; not Paris,—spite of the pretensions of its journalists and coteries. Paris is more pre-eminently the Town, Germany the Country, but London alone is entitled to talk of being the World.'—vol. i. p. 7.

* By the bye, the lady even decks out Raumer's letters with *headings*, for which the original gave no warrant, and this too in a style but too indicative of her own determined bias and design. To take one example—the title of Letter XIX., in the original, is simply 'Radicals and High Tories;' but Mrs. Austin makes us read 'Radical Opinions and Tory Saws.' This is 'really too bad.'

Arrant nonsense! If London be the *capital of the world*, how can Paris be 'pre-eminently *the town?*' and while comparing these two cities, why does he introduce *Germany* as pre-eminently 'the *country?*' Has Germany no *cities?* are *France* and *England* not countries? what can the man mean? We venture to answer—*nothing*, except to wind up his letter with something epigrammatic and complimentary to all parties, to which this blundering antithesis was the nearest approximation that suggested itself to his genius.

He arrived in London on the evening of the 22d of March, but we find, by two letters of the 28th and 30th, that he had, in one week (besides pursuing his antiquarian researches in the Museum, —p. 14) enabled himself—by what superhuman means he does not tell us—to acquire and convey to his correspondents the most *enlarged*, as well as the most *detailed*, views of our manners, our politics, our parties—church, state, trade, law—in short of every topic, from such secret matters as the plans of the Whigs, the tactics of the Tories, and the wishes of the King, up to the great public questions of British Reform and Irish grievances—*within one week!* Wonderful! but still more wonderful would it have been if he had understood the real state of any one of the hundred topics on which he decides. As the first, the fairest and most tangible specimen we can give of his general manner, we shall extract his historical summary of the causes of the change of Ministry in November, 1834; and we shall afterwards subjoin, with corresponding references, our reasons for dissenting from Mr. Raumer's representations, or, as we think them, misrepresentations, of that affair.

'The Whig ministry was recalled, and the Reform Bill, as you know, carried. *Meanwhile* the king *was hissed in public* (1), which greatly diminished his zeal for, and his faith in, popularity, and lowered the consideration of the Whigs, whose power was based upon it. Next followed the resignation of *Lords Grey and Stanley* (2); the quarrel between *Lords Brougham and Durham* (3); and, lastly, the death of *Lord Spencer* (4). Add to this, that *Tories and Radicals combined against the Whigs* (5), as formerly (*in a contrary sense* (6)) the extremes of the French Chamber against the Martignac ministry. It was *necessary* to modify the ministry, or to dismiss it (7). Coalitions are always attended with great difficulties (8); the latter course was therefore preferred. But *for more than a century no King of England has resorted to it* (9); *except when the ministry has been repeatedly left in a minority*. To this rule the King resolved to form an exception.

'On occasion of Wellington's former unsuccessful attempt to form a ministry, during the debates on the Reform Bill, he and Peel *had affirmed that the majority in the Commons was on the side of the Whigs*,

Whigs, only because they had the King's name with them; that as soon as the King should declare himself against them, and consent to a dissolution of the Lower House, there would be *no difficulty in obtaining a decided majority in favour of a Tory administration* (10). It was also alleged (11) that the King attached extreme importance to the maintenance of the Protestant Church without the slightest change, and that this was wholly incompatible with the continuance of the Whigs in office. All this was *turned to account by the Tories*, and after Lord Spencer's death (12) was urged with redoubled vehemence, and accompanied with efforts and promises of all sorts.'—vol. i. pp. 20, 21.

To all which we reply:—

(1) Does any man in his senses believe that the king being hissed before the passing of the Reform Bill could have influenced the change of ministry at Christmas, 1834?

(2) The resignation of Mr. Stanley preceded that of Lord Grey. The order of these resignations, and the difference of their motives, which Raumer thus confounds, are very important. Mr. Stanley resigned because he disapproved some measures of Lord Grey's cabinet; and poor Lord Grey, in a couple of months after, was juggled out by his own colleagues.

(3) If Mr. Raumer means to allude to the differences which induced Lord Durham to resign, we have only to say that here is another *ὑπερὸν πρότερον*; for Lord Durham had resigned nearly three years before Mr. Stanley and Lord Grey; and if Raumer alludes to Lord Brougham's escapades at the Scotch public dinners in August, 1834, every body knows that it was not his squabble with Lord Durham, but his deportment towards a higher personage ('*fantastic tricks in high regions*'), that was really important.

(4) We almost doubt whether Mr. Raumer does not imagine that the late Lord Spencer was a cabinet minister; but our readers know that Lord Spencer's death need not have occasioned Lord Althorp's secession from the ministry; he must, indeed, have changed his office, but he need not have left the cabinet. Mr. Raumer, if he meant to have given any useful information on this subject, should have inquired why Lord Althorp chose to take the opportunity of his father's death to run away from the post which he had so lately re-assumed.

(5) It is utterly false—we cannot mitigate the term -- that there was any combination between the Tories and Radicals. On one or two minor and indifferent questions, some Tories and some Radicals may have voted together; but, during the whole of the sessions 1833 and 1834, the great body of the Tories, with the Duke of

Wellington and Sir Robert Peel at their head, voted with the ministry on all questions that involved the stability of the government. But this gross misstatement is worse even than it looks; for as to the difficulties of the *Melbourne cabinet*, which the Professor is discussing, there *could* not have been any parliamentary coalition of the Tories and Radicals, because Parliament was not sitting—it having risen shortly *after the formation of that ministry*.

(6) This is a new species of similitude—‘*in the contrary sense*.’ The truth is, that *if* the Tories and Radicals had combined (which, however, they did not) the case would have been, not in a ‘*contrary*,’ but in a direct, sense, very like what had happened to M. Martignac.

(7) Having shown that all his premises are either mistaken or misrepresented, we need hardly add, that the conclusion to which Mr. Raumer arrives is anything rather than *necessary*. We well know, and have heretofore distinctly stated, that the dissolution of that ministry was inevitable, but certainly not for the reasons suggested by his eminent Whig allies to Mr. Raumer; for, *all* the causes which he assigns for its dissolution had *occurred before it was formed*, except one—Lord Althorp’s change of title—and that, we repeat, *need* not, and, had there been no other cause, *could* not, have had any such consequences.

(8) There was at this juncture no more question of a coalition between the Whigs and Tories than of a joint voyage to the moon.

(9) A gross historical blunder: our learned Professor of what he calls the *science of history* had, it seems, never heard of the dismissals of the coalition ministry in 1783, or of ‘all the Talents in 1807’—to say nothing of other less remarkable cases.

(10) We do not believe that either the Duke of Wellington or Sir Robert Peel affirmed any such thing; and that they, and particularly Sir Robert, never thought of drawing the conclusion attributed to them, is proved by the fact that Sir Robert altogether declined, and his Grace soon abandoned, the attempt at a new government, because there was at that time no *expectation of obtaining a majority*.

(11) ‘*Alleged*’ by whom, when, and how? The king’s sentiments on this point were clearly and *voluntarily* expressed by *himself* in his celebrated address to the bishops; but by what follows it is evident that Raumer had been instructed to insinuate that there was some insidious allegation made on this subject by the Tories *after Lord Spencer’s death*, to suit their own purposes; which is, whoever was the prompter, a foolish, yet scandalous falsehood.

(12) This is the crown and conclusion of this series of blunders.

ders. Everybody knows—(even those who may have misinformed Raumer otherwise)—that ‘*after Lord Spencer’s death*’ the Tories urged nothing—promised nothing—did nothing—said nothing—and were even more surprised than the Whigs themselves by the result of the King’s conferences with Lord Melbourne, with which and their immediate causes and consequences the Tories, one and all, were as entirely unacquainted as (to employ the last type of ignorance) the Prussian Professor is of the transactions which he pretends to record.

We have taken the trouble of going thus minutely through this tissue of mistake and misrepresentation, because it forms the basis of all Mr. Raumer’s subsequent essays on English politics, and proves with what ‘*incredible audacity*’—to use the gentle terms which he himself applies to Sir Robert Peel’s cabinet—he has contrived to confound the dates and facts of transactions so recent and notorious, and to record as matters of history the transient calumnies of a political crisis.

In his researches into the present condition of England, our readers will smile to hear that Mr. Raumer had adopted for his chief guide ‘*Hansard’s Parliamentary Debates*,’ a work which, though it gives, in a commodious form, and sometimes improved by the correction of the speakers themselves, the speeches of individuals, is of no more authority than one of the morning papers, and is, in fact, authority for nothing but that this or that member said so and so; or, when the speech has been corrected, that this or that member wishes to have it understood that he said so and so. These debates Raumer mistakes for the indubitable history of England, though he received, from high authority, a pretty broad hint as to their value.

‘As I accidentally remarked to [S. R.] that I had been assiduously reading *Hansard’s Parliamentary Debates*, by way of gaining information, he exclaimed, “*Hansard’s is a hateful, abominable book.*” “How so?” “If you said a word ten years ago, it is picked out, taken from its connexion, misinterpreted,” &c.”—vol. i. p. 226.

By ‘S. R.’ the Professor means *Mr. Spring Rice*, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who seems to us to have treated the matter with truth and pleasantry, and to have laughed at this ‘assiduous reading of *Hansard’s Debates*,’ which he well knew was more fitted to acquaint Mr. Raumer with the inconsistencies of political speechmakers than with the real state of public affairs. But Raumer could no more comprehend a quiet little joke* of this na-

* We suspect that Mr. Raumer’s serious way of taking this pleasantry imposed on Mrs. Austin herself, for she omits Mr. Spring Rice’s initials, (which we have obtained from the original work,) unwilling we suppose to exhibit Mr. Rice as making a confession of any thing like *inconsistency*.

ture than he does Chinese or English; and, accordingly, in spite of Mr. Spring Rice's good-humoured warning, he went on, reading and mistaking Hansard as his political gospel.

Imagine a man dreaming that, by extracting insulated passages from the speeches of individual members of any public assembly, but above all of the reformed House of Commons, he would arrive at anything like impartial and systematic truth! As if there were any assertion made on any subject which was not sure to be contradicted by some other equally decided,—and not unfrequently from the mouth of the self-same speaker!

All this was so very foolish, that we at first did not think it worth while to verify any of Raumer's quotations from this recondite source, but happening to have been induced to do so in one case, and not finding what was referred to, we pushed the examination a little further, and are sorry to say that we have found that, ridiculous as the authority would have been for any purpose, (except, as Mr. Rice hinted, an argument *ad hominem*,) it assumes, in Mr. Raumer's hands, the character of, to say the least, a most incredible *negligence*.

This is a serious charge against the Professor, and our readers must therefore permit us to allow a little space to the proof of our assertion; and, that we may not be suspected of any unfair selection, we shall notice a few of the earliest references made by Mr. Raumer to Hansard's Debates, and with what accuracy these pretended quotations have been made they will have no difficulty of judging.

The first reference to Hansard is as follows:—

'As long ago as the year 1822, the experiment of tithe compositions was made*. It had, however, very little success.'—vol. i. p. 27.

* Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, ix, 239.

Now, on turning to the passage referred to, we see not only nothing like what it is quoted to prove, but indeed *the very reverse*; for the only allusion we find in that page to the 'Tithe Composition Bill is in a speech of Lord Clanricarde's, in support of Lord Lansdowne's motion for a committee of inquiry into the tithe system, in which his lordship says,

'There can be no reason to resist such a committee, sanctioned as the principle had already been by the great success which had attended the application of the *Tithe Composition Act*.'

Raumer then proceeds to give some heads of a speech of Mr. Stanley's, delivered on the 15th of December, 1831, and introduces—as if it were a statement of Mr. Stanley's,—

'Within three years there were 30,000 decrees issued against persons owing arrears of tithe, and only 292*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.* collected in consequence;

consequence; 4684 persons had each less than 1s. to pay. The *entire arrear* of tithe amounted to 115*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*—p. 29.

* *Ibid.* xviii. 1053.

This paragraph, thus introduced into the debate of 15th December, 1831, appears, by the reference, to belong to a debate of near two years later date—viz. on the 21st of June, 1833—and to have been in a speech, not of Mr. Stanley, but of Lord Grey; which is itself very obscurely reported, but which by omissions and interpolations Raumer has entirely falsified. Lord Grey could never have stated that ‘the *entire arrear of tithe was but* 115*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*’ after having just said that 2923*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.* had been recovered. The fact is, that Lord Grey (instead of stating so small an arrear as 115*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*, which would have defeated his argument,) states it at 52,000*l.*,—which Mr. Raumer omits altogether, though it is the main point of the whole discussion. The 115*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* was only the amount of tithes of the *class less than one shilling!*

His next quotation stands thus:—

‘While these affairs were discussed at great length, without arriving at any conclusion, there arose, in November, 1831, a *universal resistance to tithes in Ireland*. With the aid of an extremely expensive and overpowering military force, and of the most rigorous measures employed during two months, scarcely a tenth of the tithe had, according to Mr. Stanley, been collected.’—p. 31.

* *Hansard*, xi. 137.

Now, on turning to the place referred to, we find, indeed, that Mr. Stanley did state very strongly the difficulty which had occurred in the collection of tithe; but he *prefaced* this statement by the following, which Raumer garbles to an almost contrary meaning.

‘It was *only*,’ says Mr. Stanley, ‘about November, 1831, that, in a parish free from the most odious part of the tithe system, because it had been brought under the Tithe Composition Act, the first systematic opposition to tithe made its appearance.’

This is rather important, because it gives the distinct admission of a most competent judge, that it was not till November, 1831—when Lord Grey had been just a year in office—that the systematic opposition to tithes began, and that it began in a case where there was no real grievance—in short, that it was a resistance generated by the indiscreet measures and language of the government itself: this notorious truth Mr. Raumer attempts to conceal or obscure by garbling the authority which he pretends to quote. He then proceeds to represent Sir Robert Peel as replying to Mr. Stanley.

‘If (said Robert Peel) prescription affords no protection to the Church, neither will it to the lay proprietor*; and if the conspiracy against tithes is suffered to prevail, there remains no security for property or for life†.’—p. 31.

* *Hansard*, xi. 169.

† *Ibid.*, xi. 421.

Sir

Sir Robert Peel is very likely to have said something to this effect, because it is quite true; but he certainly did not do so in the time and place alleged by Mr. Raumer; for page 169 contains no speech of his at all, and the second reference carried us to a speech of Lord Mahon's on the Reform Bill. Raumer then goes on to state,—

‘Still more one-sided [and *irrational*, adds Mrs. Austin] was the assertion of Lord Eldon,* that the plan of Stanley and the government to abolish tithes, and give a compensation for them out of the land or the rent, was radically destructive.’—p. 31, 32.

‘* Hansard, x. 1297.’

We are not much surprised that Mrs. Austin should have added the epithet ‘*irrational*;

 for certainly it would be rather unfair to stigmatize a proposition for giving the tithe-owner ‘a compensation out of land or rent’ as ‘*radically destructive*; but on turning to the passage referred to, we find that Raumer has attributed to Lord Eldon nearly the reverse of what he is there stated to have objected to the bill—not indeed in such vague terms as ‘*radically destructive*,’—but

‘As a measure that went to the annihilation of Church property: they were not even told by those who brought forward the measure what they would substitute for that property.’

Lord Eldon, therefore, so far from calling a proposition of compensation in land or rent ‘*radically destructive*,’ complained of the measure because *no substitute, or principle of compensation whatsoever*, had been propounded. Raumer then proceeds—

‘The Archbishop of Dublin* remarked, with justice, that the tithe-system hitherto pursued could be maintained only by the sword, and at the expense of a civil war.’—p. 32.

‘* Hansard, x. 1277.’

Now, on turning to the volume and page referred to, we find that the Archbishop of Dublin made no remark whatsoever—that he was not even present in the House:—we believe that he was not even a member of that parliament. But Lord Lansdowne, in a speech of his own, quoted certain *evidence* given by the archbishop in another place somewhat to the effect stated.

Raumer continues—

‘The Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London also declared,* &c.’

‘* Hansard, ib. 1122.’

‘Also!’ as if the Archbishop of Canterbury had followed the Archbishop of Dublin, who was not even present; but on turning to the page designated we find, instead of a debate in the House of Peers on Irish Tithes, a debate in the House of Commons on the boundaries of the new borough of Clatham; but by searching further in the volume, we find the speeches which Raumer means

to

to refer to—the Archbishop of Canterbury says (page 1299) something like what Raumer attributes to him; but the Bishop of London's speech was on another and incidental subject, and did not contain a syllable to justify Raumer's statement.

He next asserts that—

Blackstone, Burn, and other writers, show, that of the tithes a quarter belongs to the bishop, a fourth to the church, a fourth to the preacher or incumbent, a fourth to the poor. *Nobody, however, thinks of any such division.**—p. 34.

* Hansard, x. 20.

The passage to which the mark of reference is affixed—is not to be found in Hansard, but the *very reverse*; for such a division was on more than one occasion insisted upon *as law*—and there is no hint that the principle of such a division was anywhere disclaimed. But as to the alleged state of the law itself; the assertion, 'that Burn, Blackstone, and *other writers* show that of tithes a quarter *belongs*,' &c., which Raumer makes as if he had himself consulted 'Burn and Blackstone, and other writers,' is nothing more than a passage from one of Mr. Sheil's speeches, the weight of which was in the same debate denied by at least equal legal authority. Whether Mr. Sheil was right or wrong is not our question, but whether the Professor has acted fairly, in giving, as the result of *his own* reading, a quotation from the speech of so warm a partizan as Mr. Sheil, and of not alluding to the adverse opinions urged in the same debate; but we have to charge him with a still more direct misrepresentation. Mr. Raumer states, that these great law authorities assert that tithes '*belong*'—in the *present tense*—'*to the poor*,' &c. Now even Mr. Sheil said no such thing. Mr. Sheil quoted the passage in Blackstone fairly in terms, though with some suppression of Blackstone's meaning. Blackstone is giving a history of the mode in which the early policy of the popish monastic orders *diverted* in some cases the tithes of a parish to their own use, and says—

'*at the first establishment of parochial clergy, the tithes of a parish were distributed in a four-fold division*,' &c.—1 *Bl.* 384.

Thus the practice which Blackstone states to have existed at the first dawn of ecclesiastical establishment, and which he proceeds to show had been for *many centuries abrogated*, is represented by Raumer, in aid of his eternal calumnies against the clergy, as *being at this very hour* the law of the land.

As a *very large portion* of Mr. Raumer's work is made up of these pretended quotations from Hansard, we have thought it right to give these specimens to show, that in the rare cases in which the quotation is accurate, it is the mere dictum of an individual—that in the majority of cases the thing quoted does not exist in the place

place referred to, and that in many instances the very contrary of what Raumer states turns out to be the fact.

We could have given other examples, more striking than those we have mentioned, but to avoid all suspicion of unfairness, we have confined ourselves to a few of the very first references which occur, and we think they must be admitted to establish that Raumer is the most careless at least of compilers. Our opinion is, that what between his scantiness of English and his scantiness of leisure, he undertook a task for which far greater acquaintance with our language, and a far longer residence here, would still have left any Berlin Professor utterly incompetent.

Inaccuracy of this kind is a serious offence in any writer, but it is the more so in Raumer, because his work is *nothing* but a *compilation*—a mere *farrago* of extracts from other publications—frequently misquoted—generally misunderstood—selected (if we may abuse the word) apparently with no other plan, certainly with no other result, than that of spreading the greatest possible quantity of falsehood—in the greatest possible confusion—over the greatest possible space; and exhibiting throughout the most perfect specimen we have ever seen of that style of composition which may be appropriately called *higgledy-piggledy*.

Because the Irish Church question had been made the pretext for defeating Sir Robert Peel's government, Mr. Raumer deems it necessary to trace to his correspondents

'the state and the institutions of the English Church generally during the eighteenth century.'—p. 81.

And yet in what follows there is not a word which has any more relation to the *eighteenth* century than to the nineteenth, the seventeenth, or the sixteenth—it being, in fact, a blind parody of the eleventh chapter, first book, of *Blackstone's Commentaries*, in which Raumer confounds the past and the present, the obsolete and the existing, the formal and the substantial, with the most extraordinary dexterity. 'The king,' he says, 'is head of the church, and *nominates bishops*;' but he carefully adds, 'that he cannot perform any of the functions of a bishop in his own person' (p. 82). But while bishops are thus *nominated* by the king,

'the archbishop is *chosen by a chapter* of the cathedral, after the royal permission has been obtained. This is accompanied by a royal recommendation,—a *commendamus*—which *almost never* [fast nie] encounters any opposition.'—p. 82.

Now here we must once more touch on Mrs. Austin. On looking at the original, we find the last words to be as we have now exhibited them; but for Raumer's '*fast nie*' she boldly says '*in practice never*.' And now we invite our readers to admire how, in copying these three lines, the author has had the ingenuity
to

to exhibit such profound ignorance even of the very elements of the subject on which he thus presumes to lecture. *Bishops* are 'nominated,'—*archbishops* 'elected,'—a '*congé d'élire*' is a '*commendam*'—and the '*congé d'élire*' almost never receives any opposition, implying that it sometimes does, and always might, if the chapter should be adverse. He immediately adds, that—
'the archbishop superintends all spiritual affairs, even to *filling vacant bishoprics*.'—p. 82—

though he had just said that bishops were nominated by the King. He then proceeds, without any visible connexion with the immediate matter under discussion, to assert—

'the clergy receive all their temporal possessions from the *hand of the king*.'—p. 82.

What this can mean we are at a loss to guess, unless it be a blundering allusion to Blackstone's observation, 'that the king is the guardian of the temporalities of vacant *sees*.' Our readers know that, except in the case of *vacant sees*, where the king acts in his general character of guardian of suspended rights, he has no more to do with the *temporalities* of the church than Raumer himself.

Every line of this part of the book is an error—and we have errors not merely of English language and law, but others, which prove that the *Berlin professor* is strangely deficient in general information. He says,

'*The office of rural DEAN or DEACON is fallen into disuse*.'—p. 83.

Why, then, if it be obsolete, does he mention it? because he found something about rural deans in a passage of Blackstone; which, for a reason we shall see presently, Mr. Professor was anxious to quote—but Blackstone never confounds, as the learned Raumer does, *dean* and *deacon*. We beg leave to acquaint the Berlin professor that the word *dean*, from the Latin *decanus*—chief of ten—implying *superiority* and *command*, is almost the very opposite of the word *deacon*, from the Greek *διακονος*—a servant—which implies *subjection* and *inferiority*.

In pursuing his blundering account of our ecclesiastical system he asserts that

'it is sufficient to pass *one day in the year* at a living to constitute a clergyman resident.'—p. 88.

False—a clergyman who, from whatever cause, does not reside *nine months* in the year, is deemed in law a *non-resident*.

'Every *modus*, every agreement as to the manner and rate [of tithe] is *void* whenever it pleases the clergyman to declare it so.'

False—neither party can break a *modus*.

'Curates have no established rights to the posts they occupy.'

False—

False—licensed curates cannot be displaced without sufficient cause, and then only on complaint to the bishop, and a curate against whom the bishop decides has still an appeal to the archbishop.

‘From the circumstance of tithes being levied on the gross income, and so many other things (for example, the *poor-rates*) charged on the rent, it has often happened that when the rent amounted to 100*l.*, the tithe amounted to 80*l.*’—p. 92.

False and impossible. *Poor-rates* are *not* charged on *rent*, and *are* charged on *tithe*. In another place he expresses the undue proportion which *tithe* sometimes bears to *rent* by the following formula :—

‘A superficial arithmetical view of the matter is made to cover a palpable injustice, so that the fraction $\frac{1}{10}$ might be changed to $\frac{1}{4}$.’—p. 26.

This hieroglyphic we do not pretend to understand clearly, but if it means, as the context leads us to suspect, that the tithe, in many cases, absorbs the whole produce—it is a ridiculous falsity.

‘In a district where the tithes amounted to 6000*l.*, various persons, holding no ecclesiastical offices, shared among them £ 4900

The absent RECTOR received . . 1000

The curate, who performed the whole duty . 100

And this crying abuse actually passes with many men for something sacred and inviolable—essential to the very existence of tithes—nay, of the Church itself!’—vol. i. p. 93.

He gives us no reference to this statement, and from what source he has *mis*-copied it we cannot guess; but how ignorant must the man be of the very elements of our ecclesiastical polity not to see that if there be a *rector*—absent or present—no *other persons* can receive 4900*l.*—nor so much as one penny—out of the tithes.

Not to weary our readers, we shall select but one more instance of ignorance and absurdity from this chapter, but that one we think will *settle* Mr. Raumer. He says the disuse of rural *deans* or *deacons*

‘increased the importance of the priests (*persona*, parson, *personam seu vicem ecclesiæ gerit*) and vicars;—and HERE we come to the matter now so warmly discussed—of APPROPRIATION.’—p. 83.

Our readers have all heard of the ‘*appropriation* clause,’ as it is called, of the Irish Tithe Bill. So had Mr. Raumer, who is a great stickler for this said *Appropriation*, which he, on all occasions, defends and advocates to the utmost of his power, and, as we shall now see, somewhat beyond his knowledge. It must, at first sight, seem a little strange that the mention of rural deans, or

or deacons, and rectors, and vicars of the *English* church should have led to 'the matter *now* so warmly discussed—of the *appropriation*' of the supposed surplus of the Irish church revenues. The connexion between the subjects, clear as it appears to Mr. Raumer, is to us altogether invisible, and we really had not—nor, we will venture to say, has any of our or his readers—the slightest idea of what Raumer meant. But we are, by the lucky chance of looking into *Blackstone*, (whom he copies without understanding,) enabled to solve the enigma by the exposure of the greatest blunder that ever, within our critical jurisdiction, audacious ignorance committed. *Blackstone*, in his explanation of the relative character of a *parson*, and a *vicar*, and of the *usurpations* of the monastic orders which produced the class of *vicars*, says—

'The parson is said *vicem seu personam ecclesiæ gerere*. A parson has during his life the freehold in himself of the parsonage-house, the glebe, the tithes, and other dues. But these are sometimes *appropriated*, that is to say, the benefice is perpetually annexed to some spiritual corporation, &c.'—*Black. Com.* i. 382.

Raumer had heard, aye, and *written* so much on the Irish *appropriation clause*, that when he meets the word—though employed by *Blackstone* *technically* in an entirely different sense, viz. that of *impropriation* or changing a *rectory* into a *vicarage*—he immediately exclaims in the triumphant hurry of ignorance—

'And *HERE* we come to the matter *now* so warmly discussed—of *APPROPRIATION*!!!'

We will not waste another word on the exposure of ignorance and impudence so monstrous as we believe not to be paralleled in recent literature—for not only is the blunder in itself one of the grossest kind, but it proves that the man talks and writes without even a guess at the *meaning* of the terms he uses, and it is made by a teacher—a *professor of political science*—who, on the strength of this and similar blunders of his own, presumes to pronounce, *ex cathedrâ*, a condemnation not only of the Church of England, but of individual statesmen, as Lord Stanley and Sir Robert Peel, because they resist this principle of '*appropriation*,' of the meaning of which it now appears he himself had not the most distant idea.

But it is not only in that class of blunders which may be attributed, in some degree, to ignorance of our language, laws, and manners, that Mr. Raumer deals; he makes the most flagrant mistakes in matters where a little common sense, or even common arithmetic, would have guided him.

For instance, after some vague commonplaces which he evidently does not himself understand, relative to the *civil* duties of grand

grand juries, he proceeds to treat of their *criminal* functions with all the solemn inaccuracy of statistics—

‘ Another evil was, that the grand juries were so entirely occupied with these *financial affairs*, that they had no time for their duties connected with criminal law. Thus, it is affirmed, 244 *persons* decided, in three or four days, above 5369 *trials or actions*; each *trial*, on an average, occupying *five minutes*.’—p. 57.

These are what the Professor would call statistical *facts*. Now we beg our reader's indulgence while we examine these *facts*. *First*. ‘ 244 grand jurors decided 5369 trials or actions in three or four days.’ There could hardly be any such number of grand jurors. Grand juries are composed generally of twenty-three members, and eleven grand juries would make 253, and ten grand juries only 250. *Secondly*. Grand juries ‘ *decide* ’ nothing except that there shall be a trial before a petty jury; and with ‘ *actions* ’ they do not deal at all. *Thirdly*. ‘ Each of the 5369 trials occupied *five minutes* on the average ’—but 5369 cases, at five minutes each case, give 26,845 minutes, or 447 hours, which, supposing the grand juries to have sat *ten hours a day*, would make—not ‘ *three or four days*, ’ but—*forty-four* ! Or take it the other way; suppose 5369 cases determined in three days of ten hours each, we should then have about 178 cases per hour, or nearly three cases in one minute, instead of one case in five minutes. And this from a Professor of Statistics ! The fact is, the man knows so little of English, that he cannot even transcribe what is before his eyes—for we have discovered that this strange mass of blunders is a distortion of a calculation in one of Mr. Stanley's speeches, who says that

‘ he had taken returns from *six counties*, and found the average, in *one year*, was 5369 *indictments*, or *presentments*, disposed of—the average number of sitting-days three or four; so that the average number of indictments, or *presentments*, disposed of by each grand jury, was 244 subjects in four days *.’

‘ * Hansard, vii. 840.’

Thus, then, besides the gross arithmetical contradictions of Raumer's statements, it turns out that the learned Professor mistakes 244 *cases* for 244 *judges*, and says that 5369 *causes* were *tried* in *one place* in three or four days; whereas the 5369 *cases* were *disposed of* in *six counties* in a whole *year*, which, instead of being 5369 causes in four days, gives only 244 cases; and, instead of five minutes to each cause, would give an average, at ten hours a day, of at least double the number: and, finally, Raumer states that there were 5369 *criminal cases over and above* the *financial business*; whereas, in fact, they comprise *both* the criminal and *financial business*—*indictments and presentments* !

After

After descanting on Parliamentary Reform, its causes and consequences, with great confidence, he adds—

‘It is remarkable that in 1835, only 114 elections out of 658 were contested: in the other 544 no opponent appeared.’—i. 268.

Now it appears by the Parliamentary Calendars now frequently published, that, at the general election of 1835, 383 out of the 658 seats were contested instead of 114—more than three times the number stated by Raumer.

With similar accuracy—the Church being the favourite object of his misrepresentations—he states, in vol. i. p. 41, the numbers of livings in the Church of Ireland at 1400—in the very next page they dwindle to 1306; and again in a subsequent passage they mount up again to 1385. But these are mere trifles—his discrepancies upon the same subject as to the Church of England are more considerable. He states, in vol. i. p. 86, the number of *livings* in England at 10,500, and, on the next page, at 11,533; and, on the same page, when stating the distribution of parochial patronage, he makes the number 11,330; and, on the subsequent page, when detailing the residents and non-residents, and the parishes in which there are dilapidated houses, or no houses at all, he gives items which make, in one view, 11,851, and, in another, 10,496—exhibiting, within *three* pages, five different statements, of which two differ to the enormous amount of *thirteen hundred and eighty-five* livings. We are aware that Raumer may have found all these numbers in different authorities, which vary by the different views in which the calculations were made—whether of parishes, or benefices, or parsons, or patrons: yet a *Professor of Statistics* should be able to discriminate in such matters; but discrimination is the very last faculty which Raumer ever thinks of exercising. For one of those calculations he does us the honour of referring to the Quarterly Review, as his authority, and, in another, to the Edinburgh Review: on turning to these references, however, we find no mention either of our northern contemporary, or of ourselves, but two references to the *eternal Hansard*. The explication of this riddle we do not think it worth while to pursue; but as the matter is thus brought into observation, we beg leave to protest against the use which Mr. Raumer makes of our name and authority (such as it may be) on several occasions. In the instance just mentioned, the reference is to another work. In another, vol. xlii. p. 234, he quotes us as giving a vague testimony to the merits of the *existing* clergy, in depreciation of their *predecessors*, which *we did not happen to give*, and wholly omits the real subject of our approbation, namely, one which Mr. Raumer thinks fit to deny them—thus, by a double misrepresentation, imputing to us an assertion which has no reference to

to the question we were discussing, and suppressing the statement which would have contradicted him.

Again, in vol. i. page 90, he affects to quote a long passage from us—vol. xlii. p. 110, *et seq.*—which concludes, according to his version, by recommending a commutation of tithes for a *corn-rent*—whereas, the passage referred to, distinctly states—

‘that a permanent and entire commutation of tithes, either for grants of land, money payments, or *corn-rents*, would perhaps be attended with so many ill effects, that no real friend either of the public or the church will give countenance to such a proposal!’—*Quart. Rev.* vol. xlii. p. 110.

We are not now to defend or explain the grounds of that opinion; we only produce it as a direct contradiction, *in fact*, to the assertion of Raumer.

Again, he quotes the *Quarterly Review*, No. cvi. p. 300, for some statements as to the Foundling Hospital; the passage referred to is *not* ours; but a *quotation* made by us from a work reviewed, without the slightest corroboration on *our* part of the fact stated, which, in truth, is to be found neither in our *Review*, nor in the author reviewed, but in a parliamentary document, and which, after all, had nothing to do with the matter in hand.

Again, he quotes the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xliii. p. 265, in support of the reduction of *newspaper stamps*—we, wishing to see how any general observation of ours could be fairly introduced in this question, which we had never discussed, turned to the place referred to, and lo! we find not merely nothing like what is quoted, but an entirely different subject—namely, that of *parish apprentices*. We care so little for Mr. Raumer's rejection, or even, which would be less agreeable, his *adoption* of our opinions, that we mention these facts merely as additional proofs of the inaccuracy of his pompous references, and the utter worthlessness of his pretended authorities.

Amidst more errors on important subjects than we could find room for, unless our *Review* were as voluminous as the work itself, we do not think it worth while to notice mere trivialities, yet one or two happen here to present themselves which are amusing:—

‘Homer, Sophocles, Plato, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Cervantes, these are the “Sunday children of God.”’—vol. iii. p. 123.

On this a note is subjoined by the translator—not Mrs. Austin but Mr. Lloyd, who seems to us to have performed his share of the task, (the third volume,) without any bias one way or the other. Mr. Lloyd says:—

‘The Germans give the name of Sunday child (*Sontags kind*) to one born on a Sunday. Such a child, in the opinion of the superstitious,

tious, is able to discern spirits; and is destined to be peculiarly happy. Even with this explanation the passage seems obscure.'—p. 123.

Certainly, it does seem hard to comprehend how, for the 2000 years that elapsed between Plato and Michael Angelo, or, the 300 since the death of the latter, no *Sunday child*—whatever Mr. Raumer means by the term—should have been born; and still more, how of all the countless tribes of mankind, Greece, Italy, and Spain, should alone have produced these six phenomena. We, at least, cannot help Mr. Lloyd in decyphering his author's meaning, nor do we believe that if found it would be worth the search.

When he visits the town of Wakefield, he says—

'I had become acquainted in London with Mr. S——, the vicar of Wakefield, and had besides resolved occasionally to pass a night in some of the smaller towns, in order to make myself, in some measure, acquainted with the difference which exists between them and larger cities. *The gooseberry wine maintained its old character at Mr. S——'s*, and in a future edition of the novel, honourable mention should be made of the excellent *beer and beef-steaks* of the hospitable family.'—p. 142.

It is not quite clear whether Mr. Raumer is in jest or earnest, and whether he really mistook Mr. S——, for Goldsmith's identical vicar. It seems certain that he mistook the busy town of Wakefield, for the rural hamlet—the imaginary scene of the first chapter of the novel. Be this as it may, the proposal for celebrating in a future edition of a novel written in 1763, the *beer and beef-steaks* swallowed in 1835 by Raumer, in addition 'to the gooseberry wine, which maintains its old character,' is a specimen of taste and literature well worthy of Lord John's 'intelligent foreigner.'

But this is only absurd—we must now produce some *practical* instances of Mr. Raumer's inaccuracy, self-contradiction, and misrepresentation, which we cannot characterize by a milder term than *offensive*.

It is not surprising that the Professor should throughout his work take every occasion of disparaging the English universities—particularly Oxford—which he never mentions, we believe, without a sneer or a censure, and hardly ever without making some egregious blunder in the matter of fact which he censures. But it is surprising, *after all this*, that towards the end of his last volume, he should say, with '*incredible audacity*'—

'No person should give an opinion of Oxford, its scientific, political, and ecclesiastical position, *who has not seen it*.'—p. 241.

Mr. Raumer had *then* just returned from Oxford, and adds, that having seen it—

'Much that appears inexplicable then becomes intelligible, and a severe judgment is softened into equity.'—*ib.*

And he proceeds to state at considerable length (twenty pages) his views, 'scientific, political, and ecclesiastical,' of the university and colleges (between which he makes some amusing distinctions). Now, will our readers believe, that this scientific visit to Oxford—this survey of its localities—this critical examination of its whole system of education and discipline—which *alone*, even in Mr. Raumer's own judgment, could authorize the giving any opinion about Oxford—this visit, we say, was not of a *month*—nor of a *week*—nor perhaps of a *DAY*!

We find from a comparison of his dates and movements, that he arrived in Oxford by the Birmingham coach, on the evening of *Saturday* the 29th August, and we find him writing in London on *Monday* the 31st. So that his acquaintance with Oxford was made during—at most—some hours of a Sunday in the long vacation—and although, *after his return to London*, he picks up, either in conversation, or from the '*Oxford Guide*,' a few vague ideas of its magnificence and utility, he was so little struck *when he saw them*, that his letter, *dated from Oxford*, does not make the slightest local allusions, and is entirely occupied 'in writing down various scraps as they occur to me,' which scraps are (*with one exception*) the conversation of the coachman and outside passengers of the Birmingham coach. The *exception*, however, is a curious one:—

'At Newcastle-on-Tyne I had to pay 2s. for my dinner, which consisted of some cold meat and a few potatoes boiled in the peel.'—p. 236.

Our readers will stare at any mention of Newcastle-on-Tyne in the neighbourhood of Oxford; nor will they be able to reconcile the important event recorded, and *so worthy of being recorded!* with the fact stated some pages earlier, that when he, *about a month before*, had visited Newcastle-on-Tyne, he

'had occasion gratefully to acknowledge the kindness and hospitality of the English. A brother of Mr. P——r, a physician, *received me in the most friendly manner into his house.*'—p. 153.

The glorious proscenium of Oxford could not put out of the man's head '*two shillings for cold meat and potatoes boiled in their peel*,' nor, on the other hand, could the lively interest he felt about this contemptible trifle so overcome his natural inaccuracy as to enable him to tell the silly anecdote without a blunder. Such was his visit to Oxford, and such the high and holy thoughts which in that venerable seat of learning occupied the thoughts of the *Professor of Political Science in the University of Berlin*.

But worse, in our opinion, even than all this, are the excuses he makes for the blind haste with which he hurried by these objects of,—(until we read Mr. Raumer we should have said,)—*universal interest*—

'It

'It was my intention to go from Birmingham to Woodstock, and to see Blenheim; but when I reached Woodstock on Saturday afternoon, I was told that the place not being shown on Sundays, I should have to wait two whole days before this *sanctuary* would be opened, and being a determined enemy to all delay, I hastened on to Oxford.'—p. 236.

Suppose the fact so, which it is not—for a small additional fee would have opened the portals to him, as it lately did to us on a Saturday evening—even at the time when the Duke of Marlborough was dining—but suppose that he could not have seen Blenheim till Monday, there was surely no need for his 'waiting' two whole days at Woodstock 'till the *sanctuary*' (a sneer at a nobleman's house not being exhibited on a *Sunday*) 'should be opened;' he might have gone on to Oxford, and we should have thought that one whole day would not have been too much to have spent in *that* 'sanctuary,' and during the Monday he might—if he cared about it—have gone back only *eight miles* and inspected Blenheim. But see how inconsistent is the Professor's romance; he hastened, indeed, to Oxford, because he would not lose two days at Woodstock, and when he gets to Oxford he *shortens his stay there*, because he

'was anxious to return to London, the centre of all public transactions, and to the State-Paper Office, where I hoped to make considerable accessions to my treasures during the three succeeding weeks.'—p. 240.

Which would have been a very good reason for not having left London at all, but none for having left unseen and unexamined the two, beyond all question, most interesting objects in their respective ways which England offers, but to which our illustrious inquirer would not dedicate even a day.

Still more wonderful was his tour to Scotland and Ireland. He left Newcastle on the outside of a stage on the morning, and arrived at Edinburgh late on the evening of the 9th August. In this rapid transit he appears to have *dined*, but *not* seen the abbey, at Melrose—and he

'had only a distant view of Walter Scott's house at Abbotsford. The scenery is in unison with his writings: softly-swelling hills, fields and copses variously divided, a gently-flowing stream, a harmonious combination of many diverse parts. Lord Byron never could have lived here a day.'—p. 165.

Why not? the scenery, at worst, is not tamer than that of the places where Byron passed his life; but, in fact, Raumer did not (how could he?) comprehend the real character of Scott's country. 'To my eye,' said Sir Walter himself, when he showed these scenes to Mr. Washington Irving, 'to my eye, these grey hills, and all this wild border country, have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like

the 'very nakedness of the land—it has something bold, stern, and solitary.'—*Abbotsford and Newstead*, p. 30.

The truth may be that Byron could not have lived there a day—but for a reason the very reverse of what poor Raumer imagines—because it was '*bold, stern, and solitary*.' In spite of the romance of Byron's poetry, his personal tastes and habits were very comfortable and common-place—he preferred 'the shady side of Pall-Mall' to all the stern beauties of uncultivated nature.

Raumer appears to have dedicated only *five* days to all Scotland; and

'as the weather continued gloomy and rainy, without any interruption, I was obliged to give up all thought of visiting the Scotch islands and lakes.'—p. 185.

Mr. Raumer is very unlucky, or very nice, in his weather—he was subsequently prevented from seeing the natural beauties of Ireland and North Wales by the same inclemency of the season. Now we happen to recollect that last August was, in our neighbourhood, remarkably fine: of course we cannot assert that it did not rain at Loch Lomond on the 14th, or at Killarney on the 19th, or at Holyhead on the 23rd of August; places, like all other mountain neighbourhoods, liable to showers in the finest seasons; but we have taken the trouble to examine diaries of the weather, kept in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, for the latter half of August, and we find from them, and are further assured by personal testimony, that the weather was, on the whole, remarkably fine and favourable to tourists and travellers. We therefore repeat, that Mr. Raumer was very unlucky in his weather—but he seems to have been proportionably fortunate in another point, which, from the deep impression made on his mind by the exorbitant charge of two shillings for his dinner at Newcastle, we suspect to be in his opinion much more important—for we observe that this bad weather always occurred at the precise moment when he must otherwise have spent a few additional shillings—the usual tax on sight-seeing. We wish, however, that *all* the blame had not been laid on the *weather*; for though *economy* is a good thing—*truth* is a better.

The Scotch islands and lakes he did therefore not see, but we were glad to learn that

'the time I saved in Scotland I determined to employ in Ireland, a country which has become doubly remarkable in our days, and it is scarcely possible to decide *without ocular demonstration*, which of the opposed opinions and assertions are correct.'—p. 188.

This, again, as in the case of Oxford, is really too bad. Here is a writer confessing nearly at the *end* of his work that Ireland cannot be fairly judged without being seen, when there is scarcely
a preceding

a preceding page—certainly not, we believe, a single letter—which does not pronounce upon all the questions in dispute relative to Ireland in the most decided and authoritative manner. But, however, ‘better late than never;’ he visits it at last, and with a determination to employ there the *additional time* he had *saved* by his rapidity in Scotland. We shall see.

At noon, on *Saturday*, the 15th of August, he lands from the Glasgow steamer at Belfast. On the morning of *Sunday* he mounts the stage-coach, ‘securing a *back seat*, to avoid the effects of the sun and wind,’ thereby securing also the worse view of the country, and arrived that night in Dublin. His passage through the most orderly, flourishing, civilised, and *Protestant* part of Ireland—the *North*—calls forth no observation, though we shall find him, by and by, very eloquent on the miseries of the Catholic *South*. In Dublin he remained, with astonishing perseverance, the whole of *Monday*, the 17th. On *Tuesday*, the 18th, he again mounted another stage-coach, again secured a middle place on the back seat, which, with the addition of short-sight spectacles (green?), and a capacious umbrella, made him nearly as comfortably blind to the country he passed through as if he had travelled in the dark. He sleeps that night at Clonmel, and, on the next evening, *Wednesday*, the 19th, reaches Coik. In the second city of Ireland he seems to have sojourned one short night, for we find him, on *Thursday*, the 20th, at Killarney, whence he writes a letter, of nine printed pages, without any more mention of, or allusion to, Killarney, or the Lakes, than if he had been in his own study in Berlin—but, *en revanche*, there is a deal about Philip II., Louis XIV., William I. of Orange, Frederick-William of Prussia, beggary, education, poor-laws, absentees, and all the other hacknied themes of his usual declamations about Ireland—subjects all very proper to be treated in due place and manner, but not, after he had already mangled and exhausted them through three mortal volumes, and, above all, not at Killarney. At Killarney he arrived, as we have said, on *Thursday* evening; and, as we learn, by a subsequent letter from Dublin, he

‘hastened to Ross Castle, in order to enjoy the prospect of the picturesque mountains and lakes.’—p. 213.

At Ross Castle we must inform Mr. Raumer, and any readers who may *not* have visited Killarney, he had about as distinct a view of the beauty of the lakes as he had had of the magnificence of London from Blackwall. For once in his travels, however, he is *de bonne foi*, and does not attempt, in this instance, to describe what he had not seen.

‘I the more willingly refrain from comparisons, because the *weather* all at once became extremely unfavourable, and compelled me to give up the plan of seeing the whole.’—*ibid.* There

There is no pleasing Mr. Raumer, in weather; when he wants to save his pence and get back to the Whig coteries of London, in which his vanity was hugely tickled—the *sun* obliges him to take the worst position for seeing the country when he travels, and the *rain* prevents his seeing the curiosities when he arrives. But then he adds—

‘if you desire descriptions of scenery, you may read over again what I wrote last year, about the same time, from Switzerland.’—*ibid.*

This last trait is the finishing touch to the picture of Raumer. He goes, we know not how many hundred miles, to see the lakes of Killarney, which he does not choose to do because it rains the day after he arrives, or because one cannot see them without hiring a boat; but if you wish for as full and accurate a description of them as he ever gives of anything, you have only to read what he wrote, ‘*about the same time last year, from SWITZERLAND!*’ We must not ask such a traveller and reasoner, why he went to Ireland at all, when he had been the year before in Switzerland? We pursue his flight.

Killarney he seems to have left on *Friday*, the 21st, and, hurrying through the south-west of Ireland, without paying his friend Mr. Spring Rice the compliment of passing even one day in Limerick, or so much as seeing a very remarkable column and statue which the gratitude of that city has erected to Mr. Rice, he reaches Dublin again on Sunday, the 23rd, and, on Monday, the 24th, we find him at Liverpool, ‘thanking God that he is once again in England,’ iii. 217; having, *in one week*, traversed Ireland, on the back seat of a stage-coach, from north to south, and from west to east!—*Hey presto! pass, and be gone*,—’tis perfect legerdmain; the Herr von Raumer is the actual personification of the old story of the *Flying Dutchman!* Mr. Green could hardly have done it more rapidly with relays of balloons, and would assuredly have seen more of the country; and yet, on the strength of this cursory glance, or, rather we should say, this *blind blink*—without any intercourse with the people—without any inquiry—without, as far as appears, having opened his ears or his mouth to exchange one single word with any *human* being (he relates, indeed, a long conversation with a pig), he bursts into the most eloquent lamentations over ‘the inexpressible wretchedness of Ireland,’ and the barbarity ‘of rich or bankrupt aristocrats, who can see the weal of the Church and of religion, or,’ [as he adds, with equal wit and truth] ‘their relations, only in retaining possession of that which was taken and obtained by violence.’—pp. 214, 215.

The meaning of this rigmarole seems to be—Ireland is only to be tranquillized by annulling all the transfers of property which have been made since the days of Henry II.

We

We have so often, so fully, and so recently—particularly in our last Number (p. 219)—examined the state of Ireland, its grievances, real and alleged, and the delusive as well as the substantial remedies which have been proposed for them, that we should not be justified, on the occasion of so flippant and ignorant a book as Mr. Raumer's, to enlarge upon these subjects. In a note to the article in our last Number, we alluded—it was all that on such an occasion we could do—to the cool absurdity of some of his speculations about Ireland. It is now, however, our duty to notice them a little—and it shall be but a little—more in detail, and we shall do so rather with a view of showing the flimsy and purblind style of reasoning adopted by this German *Gelehrter*, than from attaching the slightest practical importance to his incoherent reveries.

After several propositions for the remedy of the misfortunes of Ireland, he at last comes

‘to the point where, perhaps, a *final* measure is to be taken for the happiness and prosperity of Ireland; at least, *without this*, all others would be palliative remedies, and the complaints, sufferings, and wrongs *will continue unremovable*. This measure is, the complete abolition of the system of tenants at will, and the conversion of *all these tenants at will into proprietors*. On reading this, the Tories will throw my book into the fire; and even the Whigs will be mute with astonishment. The whole battery of pillage, jacobinism, dissolution of civil society, is discharged at me; but it will not touch me—not even the assertion that I would, like St. Crispin, “steal leather, in order to make shoes for the poor.” Even the Radicals ask, with astonishment, how I would work this miracle. There is a Sibylline book, a patent and yet hidden mystery, how this is to be effected; and there is a magician who has accomplished it—the Prussian municipal law, and King Frederick William III. of Prussia.’—pp. 198, 199.

His anticipation of the general astonishment with which this proposition would be received is perfectly just, because Tories, Whigs, and even Radicals are men of common sense—and know that, before you apply the same remedy to two different patients, you should be satisfied that the cases are, if not the same, at least in some degree analogous. Now what are the facts? Mr. Raumer nowhere distinctly states the Prussian system, which has thus converted the *tenants* into the *proprietors* of the soil—this perhaps was not necessary to a Prussian correspondent; but when he sent forth his work for the instruction of the English public, he should at least have let us know what the plan is which he so strenuously urges us to adopt. He does no such thing—but in a former chapter (vol. ii. p. 138) we find, not indeed any clear statement of the circumstances, but a few scattered and confused hints, from which we gather that he refers to the *enfranchisement* of that species of estate in which the peasantry were slaves—*serfs*,
ascripti

~~ascripti glebe~~, and belonged—with their wives and children, their labour and their produce—to the lord of the soil, as completely as the trees of the estate, their branches and their fruit. Now this Prussian reform, which Mr. Raumer advises us to *lose no time* in imitating, has been somewhat tardy in its march; for England had remedied this grievance—though this learned historian seems to have known nothing about it—long before the Prussian monarchy existed.* It is known generally that this relic of the darker ages (which still exists in Russia, and in many parts of the East of Europe) was reformed in our own days during Prince Hardenberg's administration in Prussia (somewhat in the same manner that the matter is supposed to have been arranged in the west of Europe hundreds of years ago), by giving the tenants a modified proprietary right in the soil, reserving to the original owner certain proportions of the produce, varying (as Mr. Raumer seems to say) from one-third to half of the produce—in the way of rent. But it is an additional proof of the practical utility of Mr. Raumer's lectures, that he does not condescend to *explain* how this conversion was operated in Prussia—whether it was general or local—compulsory or optional—how the new labouring *tenants*, who must grow up under the new *proprietors*, are to be dealt with hereafter—whether *they* are to be favoured, as they increase and multiply, with a new division and transfer; and *if not*, in what way these newly-constituted bodies of proprietors and peasantry differ from those of the same classes in other parts of the world, where this servile tenure was earlier abolished.†

But what, in the name of wonder, has all this to do with Ireland? or how could the reform of a system of servile tenures be extended to a country where such tenures are unknown, even by tradition? Moreover, we find from a little whisper of Mr. Raumer's, that the Prussian peasantry themselves were not altogether pleased at this alteration. If the lord was entitled to the labour of his serf in health and strength, he was reciprocally bound to his maintenance and support in infancy, old age, and sickness; and we can easily understand why, in some instances, the peasantry did not consider themselves as benefited by the change. But again, what has all this to do with the state of Ireland, where the peasants are already *free* in the ~~same~~ sense as a Prussian labourer, and ~~where~~ the only possible question is whether the proportion of rent received by the lord (a question which the Prussian law, as Mr. Raumer says, wisely leaves to be determined by local circumstances) may not be, in general, too

* See Bacon's Law Tracts, and Hallam's *Middle Ages*, vol. ii. p. 385—vol. iii. p. 264.

† We refer the reader who really wishes to understand this Prussian affair, to the valuable treatise on *Rent*, by Professor Jones.

high? We certainly believe it is, and that exorbitant rents constitute the first and most important of the grievance of Ireland. But that is a question of *degree* and not of *principle*, as this gentleman imagines. Indeed if he had made the exact converse of his absurd proposition, and if he had proposed that the Irish peasantry should become *ascripti glebæ*, giving their whole labour to their landlords—these in return providing for the comfortable support and maintenance, raiment, and lodging of the peasantry in health and sickness, in infancy, and old age—his scheme would have been something more rational, and infinitely more remedial of the specific evils which he wants to remedy—namely, the abject poverty of the Irish peasant, and the cruel want of all legal means of assistance and relief in sickness or distress. Such an idea, we admit, would be monstrous; but it would not be more monstrous in fact, and would be infinitely less absurd in reasoning, than the concatenated blunders of the proposition he has made.

Another of Mr. Raumer's *hobbyhorses*—we really can give no graver name to the speculations on which he rocks himself, and fancies that he is riding far a-head of ordinary men on the road of civilization—another of his hobbyhorses is, on the subject of education, to which he asserts, and we suppose believes, that the great Tory party in England, and every Protestant in Ireland, is a rancorous enemy. The secret of this calumny we believe to be this:—When the Whigs, for the purpose of ousting Sir Robert Peel, were obliged to purchase the support of the Radical party, by an attack on the Established Church, all the parties to this celebrated *compact* felt that it would be premature and dangerous to make so candid an avowal of their design, or to propose the direct transfer of any of the revenues of the Established Church to Popish purposes. It was therefore cunningly devised, to begin by *supposing* a *surplus* revenue, over and above the rational wants of the Church, and then to establish the principle of the appropriation of that surplus to the plausible (and in itself, laudable) purpose of general *education*. Every man in England—except a foreigner, just arrived, who knew no more of us, or, at first, even of our language, than he could collect from his pocket dictionary—knew that this question of *education* was a mere *stalking-horse*—that the first and immediate object was to defeat the Conservative ministry, by a *plausible* proposition, and that the remote but ultimate design was to sanction a *principle* for transferring the property of the Protestant Church to the use of the Roman Catholics: and because the whole Protestant party resisted this doubly fraudulent attempt, Lord John Russell's 'intelligent foreigner,' in fifty places, and in an hundred forms of calumny, accuses them of being the inveterate enemies of national *education*, though it is a fact—as notorious and indubitable, as that

that the sun gives light, and his absence darkness—that the Protestants in all countries, since their existence, have been the active promoters, and the Catholics, in all ages and nations, the artful but constant opponents, of general education.

We will not repeat what we so recently said on this subject, in our article before referred to; but we assert, in the teeth of this ignorant mangler of statistics, that, for every *one* Catholic person, who has voluntarily befriended *any* system of education in these countries, there are to be found one *thousand* Protestants—that for every single *shilling* sterling of Catholic money subscribed to such purposes, there have been *ten thousand pounds* from Protestant purses;—and that, even when the general question was narrowed by the subsequent discussion whether education should or should not comprise religious instruction, the Protestants made large concessions, for the sake of concord, while the Catholics made none; that the Protestants abjured—and proved that they had acted up to their professions—all attempts at proselytism, and insisted only that the *word of God* should be read in their schools, without those Jesuitical notes and comments with which the Roman Catholics have defaced, and endeavoured to obscure, the book of life. These are not matters of *opinion*, but of *fact* and *figures*; and we dare the Professor of statistics to answer our assertions.

Another of his eternal complaints is (as we have seen) the shocking injustice and enormous amount of the tithes wrung from the Catholic peasantry by the Protestant Church. That there are some real and many plausible objections to the system of tithes we are not the persons to deny; we have never denied, nor have we endeavoured, perhaps as strongly as we might, even to palliate or explain them; but a Professor of statistics should have known that, in point of fact, the burden, such as it is, of tithes, falls upon the Catholics, either *not at all*, or in a degree very inconsiderable, and, certainly not unjust. *Nineteen-twentieths*, as we have shown in the article before referred to (*Quarterly Review*, No. CXI. p. 263), of the titheable land of Ireland, is in the hands of *Protestants*, and the *one-twentieth*, which may be in the hands of the Catholic gentry, has been purchased by them or their ancestors, at a price which has been always reduced in the market, according to the estimated drawback of tithes—a *tithe-free* estate always producing a proportionably larger sum than one that is titheable. Nor even on the Catholic *tenants* of these landlords is tithe really an impost; for the rents are everywhere calculated at higher or lower rates, as the land may or may not be tithe-free. This whole question is so fairly and clearly put in the pamphlet attributed to Mr. Croker, which we quoted on the former occasion, that we extract the passage, for the better information of our German lecturer, and those readers, if there be any, who may be led away by the

the opinions of so awful an authority as the 'Professor of Political Science in the University of Berlin.'

'Tithes also—the pretence, and therefore the cause, of an hundred insurrections—belong to this part of the subject. A tax rather vexatious than oppressive, and more embarrassing than either: vexatious, because paid directly and in kind, at unequal and fluctuating rates; embarrassing because it is vexatious—because while a people, unanimous in this alone, declaim against it—no satisfactory substitute has been hitherto devised.

'But they are not unjust—not even oppressive—rather profitable to the tenant, computed as a tenth in his bargain, seldom amounting to a twentieth in his payment. Nor are they levied, as is often alleged, from the popish peasant, for the protestant parson. By the peasant, popish or protestant, they are not in fact paid; for his head-rent is always diminished by more than their amount. Those who occupy tithe-free lands pay, in the increased rent, a double tithe—hence follow, that tithes are really the contribution of the landlords; and that to abolish them, without condition or substitute, would be a direct donative to the rich, at the expense of the clergy and the poor.'—*State of Ireland, Past and Present*, pp. 48, 49.

This is the common sense of the question, and be it further observed, that this pamphlet, published thirty years ago, and recommending, for the sake of removing even an apparent grievance, a liberal system of *commutation*, was written by a Protestant and a Tory.

Another of Mr. Raumer's proposals is, the introduction of a general *compulsory* system of education into England, by which every child in the land should, without reference to the wishes of its parents, or even in direct opposition to them, be compelled to attend a national school; and he hardly forgives Mr. O'Connell, and wonders at Sir Robert Peel, and soundly rates Lord Brougham, for hesitating to approve a proposition so consistent with parental responsibility, domestic order, and individual liberty.

In a like discriminating spirit he vigorously urges that there can be no possible danger either to church or state, from placing the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland on a perfect equality, in all respects, with the Protestant, because, as he wisely argues, no such danger has been felt from a similar principle in *Prussia*. We should have thought that a great historian—who must have read something about the Revolution of 1688, its causes and its consequences, and who might have heard that the present royal family ascended the throne only because they were Protestants, and to the exclusion of heirs-at-law—excluded only because they were Roman Catholics—might have doubted whether there were not some *fundamental* differences between this country and *Prussia*, as to the treatment of its Catholic subjects. But, though he has overlooked this

this circumstance in a manner somewhat unbecoming an '*historiker*,' he ought at least to have considered some practical and contemporaneous differences. Has he ascertained that the Pope would grant to the king of England the nomination of Roman Catholic bishops, &c.; or, which is still more doubtful, that the Romish Church in Ireland would submit to any such arrangement? these are preliminary and fundamental points, on which he should have satisfied himself and us before he proceeded to build the lofty edifice of a Catholic Establishment.

But suppose all this were arranged, has he considered how he is to create and maintain in this kingdom the real power which renders Prussian toleration so easy—namely, the army of 400,000 bayonets—subject to no law but the monarch's will; not crippled by a mutiny bill; not awed by trial by jury; not controlled by a free press; not amenable to an act of habeas corpus; operating upon all sects, and all controversialists, and all agitation civil or spiritual, with one and the same stern, uncompromising, perpetual, and irresistible autocracy. King James II., and the nation who expelled him, were alike convinced that the *establishment* of popery—the maintenance of an irresponsible standing army—the abolition of trial by jury, and of the freedom of the press—the abrogation of the habeas corpus act, and the indefinite intermission of parliaments, were all links of the same chain of slavery. It was in the same spirit, and for the same ultimate object, that James assembled his army on Hounslow Heath,* and issued his fraudulent declaration for religious toleration; and until Mr. Raumer can have persuaded us to put our *civil* and *political* institutions on the footing of Prussia (with which King James would have been abundantly satisfied), it is, to use again his own phrase, a rather *one-sided* argument which invites us to adopt her *ecclesiastical* system. Mr. Raumer does not indeed venture, in distinct and specific terms, to advise us to get rid of a free press, juries, parliaments, and so forth, but he uses, on many occasions, general terms, which, if they have not that tendency and meaning, seem to have none at all; and it is very remarkable that, in the reiterated counsels, in which he urges us to the adoption of the *whole* Prussian system, he makes (that we recollect) no exception whatsoever.

It seems at first sight so incredible that any man should have ventured to make such a proposition, that we think it right to develop the fact a little more.

* 'Ever since Monmouth's rebellion the king had every summer encamped his army on Hounslow Heath, that he might both improve its discipline, and by so unusual a spectacle overawe the mutinous people. A Popish chapel was openly erected in the midst of the camp, and great pains were taken—though in vain—to bring over the soldiers to that communion,' &c.—*Hume*, vol. viii. ch. lxxi.

At the glimpse he took of the misery of Ireland, he breaks out into the following eulogy on his native country:—

‘Thrice-happy Prussia, with its free proprietary peasantry, its agricultural nobles, its contented and tolerant clergy, its well-educated youth!’—p. 215.

Now that the government of Prussia, like every other despotism which falls into the hands of a wise and good prince—is a paternal one, we readily admit; so is that of Austria—so sometimes is that of Turkey—so might be that of Runjeet Sing; but that any man professing, not merely liberal, but what are called radical opinions of English policy, should propose to substitute institutions congenial to the absolutism of Prussia, for those which have grown up under the freedom of England, seems an obliquity of mind almost worthy of Bedlam. It adds to the wonder excited by such a proposition, that it should be a Professor of History that advises a nation—the parent and nurse and guardian of the civil and religious liberties of the modern world—whose freedom, dating from the night of time, has been by each succeeding century developed and enlarged—which had not merely been, for ages, the sole example of a representative government, but which has been proved, in recent times, to be the only one where a popular constitution has ever been found compatible with the stability of government—that it should be, we say, a Professor of History that advises us to sweep away all our lumber of antiquity, and to adopt institutions so recently established in Prussia, is really worse than madness.

On another occasion he tells us that being at some dinner—

‘At last it came to my turn to give a toast, I gave “The King of Prussia, the greatest and best Reformer in Europe.” The latter half of my toast of course excited the scruples of the *opposition*.’—vol. i. p. 238.

This *opposition* seems to have been some of his own countrymen with whom he was dining, and who were naturally a good deal surprised at the new uniform in which Mr. Raumer had *affubled* his sovereign—but they should have remembered that Mr. Raumer, though by principles a liberal, is by trade a servant of his government, and was, therefore, quite pardonable for throwing in (as, indeed, he always most assiduously does) a little spice of what he means for *flattery*—though we much doubt whether the good sense of the King of Prussia will thank him for such absurd compliments which only make their object ridiculous.

We lay no stress on this little awkward effort at adulation—but what will our readers think of the following assertion:—

‘The number of the Radicals of bad character in Parliament is very small; the others ask for no more than we Prussians are so happy as already to possess.’—vol. i. p. 16.

What?

What?—The British Radicals—as a party—ask no more in the way of popular influence than Prussia already possesses! That this wonderful assertion is not a blunder of the translator, we must do Mrs. Austin the justice to admit—nor is it even a hasty and inconsiderate burst of partiality to his native land—for it is often and solemnly repeated:—

‘The contest [between parties in England] *really* is, whether England shall *Germanize* herself;—shall enter, at least in part, on the German career of civilization. This is the real point for which Whigs contend and which Tories resist; though neither know enough of Germany to be aware of the fact. In regard to all the measures just alluded to, *Germany stands exactly at the point towards which Whigs are steering*, and at which Tories can discern no land. Without helm or motion the ship is lost; with bad pilotage she may, indeed, be run on the French rocks, *instead of reaching the German port.*’—vol. i. pp. 219-220.

And again:—

‘Instead of entering into any detailed observations on the Prussian municipal system, or any comparison of its several provisions with what I have now told you, I shall content myself with one most important and conclusive fact; viz., that in Prussia—thanks to the king’s wise and beneficial reforms—*all the grievances* of which the English now complain are redressed, and all the improvements which they demand are introduced.’—vol. ii. pp. 38-39.

And again, after expressing some *regret* at Sir Robert Peel’s resignation—(Sir Robert it seems had *asked him to dinner*, in consequence of an introduction from Baron Bulow the Prussian minister)—the acute professor of political science, who boasts of his long and successful study of English politics and history, proceeds to show, how, if Sir Robert, in addition to asking him to dinner, had taken his, Professor Raumer’s, advice, he might not only have kept his political power, but extinguished all the party feuds, and remedied all the public grievances which divide and distract this unhappy empire:—

‘It grieves me to think that Peel, under different circumstances, and with modified—*I will say, with Germanized—views*, might have *commanded a majority of two hundred*, and have put an end to all these pernicious vacillations.’—vol. i. p. 215.

This sentence is a more perfect sketch of the mingled ignorance and presumption of this man, than we ourselves could have ventured to draw. In other passages (some of which we have quoted), he explains, that by ‘*Germanized views*,’ he means, that Sir Robert Peel should have granted ‘all that the Radicals require’—that he should have broken with Lord Stanley—that he should have also discarded all his ancient friends and colleagues, and abjured all

all his own former principles—and that by thus divesting himself of his own identity, and metamorphosing himself into the Herr von Raumer, he would have secured a majority of *two hundred* in the House of Commons, and established his power on an immutable foundation of universal approbation and general content. But the Herr does not tell us how Sir Robert was to manage all this—how he was to have conciliated the Whigs if he had coalesced with the Radicals—or the Radicals if he had adopted the Whigs;—or, if he could have united some of both these factions, how he was to have had the co-operation of the Tories (who, Mr. Raumer himself admits elsewhere, are the strongest party of the three). Assuredly, if Sir Robert Peel, by some *German hocus pocus*, and under the instruction of Herr von *Katterfelto* Raumer, could have amalgamated *all* parties into *one*, and secured the cordial co-operation of Tories, Whigs, and Radicals—he might have had a majority of rather more than two hundred: but to us, who are not adepts in the mystic art of *transmuting* men into automata—without friendships, passions, prejudices, ambition, interests, principles, or honour—the propositions of Mr. Raumer sound like the extravagance of intoxication or delirium.

Such, however, is the oracle whom Lord John Russell consults on the British constitution—such is the censor with whose disapprobation he hoped to awe the British House of Lords! We will not profane their august character by repelling the impertinences towards them of this charlatan—who, to use his own decorous description of Lord Brougham, ‘*has uttered things so certainly false, nay, so utterly absurd, as cannot in any way be justified or even excused*’ (p. 94). Indeed, we should have hardly thought his work worthy of even a passing notice—certainly not of so detailed an exposure as we have made—if the senatorial panegyric of the ministerial leader of the House of Commons and the official co-operation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer* had not given to their chosen champion a fictitious importance, which it therefore became our duty to show to be not merely unmerited, but, in

* Raumer writes:—‘Mrs. Austin kindly undertakes the translation; and I have just received the following news from London:—“*I was with Mrs. A. on Sunday, and she desired me to tell you that she had seen Mr. Spring Rice on that day, and that on speaking of your intended work and her translation, he has requested her to transmit the MS. to him; and that if there were any financial statements or statements of any kind relating to government he will take care to have them officially verified.*”’—vol. iii. p. 160. We know very well that Mr. Spring Rice is a master hand in the art, which no Chancellor of the Exchequer, perhaps, can wholly avoid, of *juggling with figures*; but that he is responsible for the asinine blunders of Raumer, we never can believe. Could Mr. Rice have suggested or sanctioned such a statement, as—‘under the reign of Queen Anne, a year of peace cost 2,000,000*l.*, and a year of war 4,336,000?’—vol. iii. p. 273. When the fact is, that a year of war—1710—cost 14,370,000*l.*, and a year of peace—1713—3,062,000*l.*

almost equal proportions, mischievous and ridiculous; and unworthy as the original occasion is, we cannot refuse—since Lord John Russell has chosen it as his arena—to say a few words on the spirit with which his Majesty's ministers are actuated against the House of Lords—that is, against the very fundamental principle of the British constitution.

We observed in a former Number, as an instance of revolutionary effrontery, that when *Robespierre* had, after some hesitation, made up his mind to take an active part in the overthrow of the recently established constitution of France, he began by publishing a Journal entitled, '*The Defender of the Constitution.*' That effrontery is no longer singular. Every night and every day bring to our ears and eyes the audacious inconsistency of declamations and dissertations which, under vague professions of respect for the *Constitution*, attack its very foundations and essence with the most violent and (in all other respects) *candid hostility*. When the former constitution of the House of Commons was to be destroyed, the operation was conducted under the plausible character of *Reform*—but in the next step of the revolutionary march—the destruction of the House of Lords—the rallying cry of *Reform*, though occasionally used, is justly thought too absurd, as well as too hacknied, to excite popular sympathy, and the assailants have, therefore, adopted the less inappropriate, and more comprehensive description of *organic change*. This altered phraseology has, moreover, deeper motives and objects. To talk of *reforming* a body which never has been, either in principle or practice, other than it now is, would be, as we have said, too absurd even for revolutionary credulity. But it would have had also another, and in the opinion of the Movement, a graver inconvenience; it would have implied that the House of Lords was to be *only* reformed—that is, that a House of Lords, however maimed and mutilated, was *still to exist*—a result on which the advocates of the proposed alteration are so little agreed, that we believe the majority of them to aim at its entire annihilation. The phrase, therefore, of *organic change* has been adopted, which, while it may serve to satisfy the few dupes who perhaps dream of the necessity or possibility of mere *Reform*, will also suit the larger and more consistent views of those who contemplate the *total extinction* of that branch of the legislature, and of the aristocratical principle of our ancient constitution, of which it is the representative.

There are in mathematics certain original principles, so simple, and so clear, as not to admit either of proof or question; and the man of science would smile at being invited to demonstrate an *axiom*, or even to assign any other reason for it than *it is, because it is*. The position and composition of the House of Lords is
one

one of the axioms of constitutional science. It would be, therefore, worse than idle to waste time in proving that any *organic change* in the House of Lords would be, *ipso facto*, a Revolution. Those who advocate such a change may avow, if they will, that they think 'a revolution expedient—they may fancy, or profess, that a *new and different* frame of government—with a second legislative house, elected for years, or for life—or with no second house at all—ought to be substituted for our present constitution; but, in the name of candour and common sense, let them not pretend that such a change is or can be *that* British constitution—the hard-earned triumph of our glorious ancestors, and the pride and palladium of, we hope we may be justified in saying, their grateful posterity.

Mr. O'Connell and, after him, such empty echoes as Raumer, may tell us that the practice of *election* and of *peerages for life* already exist in the House of Lords, and that they only advocate an extension of an admitted beneficial principle. We deny, first, their statement of the facts; and, secondly, even if their facts were true, the inference they draw from them. 'The Scotch and Irish peers,' they say, 'are *elected*, and the bishops are lords *for life*.' The only circumstances in the composition of our House of Lords, the propriety of which was ever, before these discussions, questioned, were these very elections of the Scotch and Irish peers, and this very parliamentary privilege of the bishops. These have hitherto been the object of the jealousy and obloquy of the patriots of the day; but *now*, with equal inconsistency and cunning, they wheel right round, and advocate the once *reprobated* exception, as the proper basis for the general rule. But we pass this, as only an argument *ad homines*, and will close with them on the *facts*.

The Scotch and Irish peers are elective, we grant it; but are they *elective* in the sense in which Messrs. O'Connell and Raumer recommend *election*?—they are elected *by their own body*; they are representatives of the *peerage* only. If the argument was that the English peerage had become too numerous for a deliberative assembly, and that it had therefore become necessary to elect one or two hundred lords, by and from the general body, to sit in the Upper House of Parliament, *in their own right and on the behalf of the peerage*, we could not say that such a modification (however much to be lamented) must be destructive of the powers and essential character of the peerage; for the peerage would still remain a distinct, independent, and self-responsible body, acting for itself, by its own selected representatives, and would not be less, in a constitutional view, the House of Lords than it now is. This is the case of the Scotch and Irish peers, and the fallacy

of Mr. O'Connell's argument is, that by *election* he means *popular* election, which we assert is utterly revolutionary—while election of *peers by peers* to represent the peerage might not be essentially inconsistent with the constitutional duties of the House of Lords. There are some analogies which will elucidate this proposition. The States-General of France were, in their origin, very analogous to our parliaments—they had their three estates, with distinct powers and duties, whose concurrence was necessary to legislative acts: one of these was the Chamber of Nobles, answering to our House of Lords; but from the number of what were called the *noblesse* in France, the *body* of the nobility could not possibly sit in council—the Chamber of Nobles was therefore elected from and by the nobility at large: but did this election alter their distinctive character, or—and we beg attention to this point—did it prevent their being swept away, the first victims of the revolutionary torrent? But we have, in our own House of Lords, a still closer analogy—the *vote by proxy*. What, in principle, are the Scotch and Irish parliamentary lords but *holders of the proxies* of their respective peerages? Thus, then, the case of these peerages, which these shallow inquirers so much and strongly recommend for imitation, is, in fact, but an extension of the privilege of *proxy*, which, in the next breath, they will call the most crying abuse in the present House of Lords!

But, say they, 'the bishops are *lords for life* only.' Will they please to tell us who is more?—the *Earl* of Chichester is as mortal as the *Bishop* of Chichester. In either case the man dies, but the dignities and duties devolve upon his successor. Nay, of the two, the right of the bishop is the more permanent and enduring. The *Earl* of Norwich, alas! is dead,* and has left no successor; the *Bishop* of Norwich never dies; and when Dr. Bathurst shall be gathered to his fathers, another member of the great ecclesiastical family will succeed, and the *Bishop of Norwich* will still fill his place in the councils of the country.

Thus, then, Mr. O'Connell's boasted analogy is a mere *play upon words*; and a member of a second house, elected after *his* fashion, would no more resemble a Scotch representative peer, or an English bishop, than a horse-chestnut does a chestnut-horse.

But if there had been anything substantial in the analogy, what sort of reasoning is it which would turn an exception—arising *ex necessitate rei*—into the general rule: all customs, all laws, all human affairs are full of exceptions; but the wisest and most wholesome *exception* would become an intolerable grievance and burden if *generally* applied. The king, as the first functionary of the state, can do no wrong, and his person is inviolable: would

* The late deeply and generally lamented *Duke of Gordon* sat in Parliament as *Earl of Norwich*.

any reasonable man think of making that exception a general rule, and extending the same immunity to all the other public functionaries? Mr. O'Connell receives a vast pecuniary tribute from his Roman Catholic countrymen—and we do not at present ask whether he does or does not deserve it from them—but would he approve of the exaction of a similar *voluntary or involuntary* contribution for every other Roman Catholic member?

But why waste time in such discussions? Mr. O'Connell talks of an *elective* House of Lords; but he means—and hardly disguises his meaning—no such thing: he means to get rid of the lords altogether; and, as a mere stepping-stone to that ultimate object, he proposes, under the old name of a House of Lords, a secondary and ancillary House of Commons. It is not now our object to inquire what might be the consequences of this measure, or how long these two Houses of Commons might, like the two kings of Brentford, go on smelling to the same nosegay; it is enough for our present purpose to conclude, what no one, we suppose, will deny, that such a change would be the radical *destruction of our present constitution*.

But what are the motives of, and what the pretexts for, this design which, a few years since, would have been called insanity or treason? The first are pretty clearly avowed—to bring the House of Lords into *harmony*, as it is called, with the House of Commons—that is, to limit its independence—to remove the control which impedes the revolution. We understand this argument, and admit its reasonableness, in the mouths of those who use it. Our only objection to it, *as an argument*, is, that it does not go quite far enough; for, pushed to its fair logical conclusion, it would justify and require the *total abolition* of the House of Lords; and indeed of *any* second house, whatever be its character. To this conclusion we know that its advocates have already arrived in their own minds: some of them distinctly avow it; but the more prudent think it safe to proceed more slowly till the *constitutional prejudices* of the people at large can be gradually eradicated.

For this purpose various complaints are made of the misconduct of the House of Lords; but—as these relate only to individual and temporary cases, and are not, therefore, with any show of reason, sufficient, even if true, to justify its annihilation—we are told of vices so inherent in its original composition, that nothing but its dissolution can remedy. On each of these classes of objection we shall say a few words.

First, as to its misconduct. 'It opposed some of the provisions of the Reform Bill, and would, *if it had dared*, have rejected it altogether.'

And were they so very wrong? Is not the phrase '*if it had dared*' pregnant with a justification? What assembly, with independent

dependent and deliberative duties, could without scruples adopt a measure which, they were told, they *dared not* reject?

— Were they so very wrong? Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and the first duty of society: might they not, therefore, hesitate to pass a measure which—as they foresaw, and as is at length avowed and urged against them—must inevitably bring them to the state in which they now are, of fighting for their very existence, and for the great public interests, which they and their country have, for a thousand years, believed to be indissolubly connected with that existence?

— Were they so very wrong? After the general danger to our constitution, which they saw in the Reform Bill, the most prominent difficulty was suggested in the Duke of Wellington's celebrated and unanswerable question, 'How is the *King's* government to be carried on?' Two years sufficed to show that to talk, in old constitutional language, of the *King's* government was become an insulting farce. The administration that passed that bill comprised some men of high public character and unquestionable personal talent; where are *they* now? Where are Lords Grey, Brougham, Durham, Althorp, and Ripon?—where Mr. Stanley, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Ellice? By no efforts of political adversaries—by no Tory opposition—nay, with all the support that the Conservatives could afford them—all that was eminent in that cabinet, for station or talent, has been excluded—we will not say by their internal *intrigues*; it would be unjust; but by the operation, amongst themselves, of their own great measure. Is a cabinet that can survive *after its brains have been knocked out*, and '*andava combattando ed era morto*,' a fit government for this great country?

— Were they so very wrong? They foresaw, in the consequences of the Reform Bill, *danger to the Church*. Will any man deny that the Church *is* in danger? They foresaw danger to the ancient constitution! Will any man deny that the ancient constitution *is* in danger? Does not every event that successively arises to astonish our old English understandings, and derange our old English manners and institutions, justify the provident apprehensions and prophetic warnings of the opponents of the Reform Bill?—Were they, then, so very wrong? But they passed the bill, and placed themselves in harmony with the Commons; and while they and the majority of the nation are deploring that, necessary perhaps, but unhappy *concession*, they are, on the other hand, arraigned for it as an instance of insane obstinacy, and doomed to the retributive punishment of *annihilation*!

But they further presumed to make *some* amendments in the English Municipal Bill. What sober-minded and honest man who has witnessed the local workings of this bill—who has examined

amined Lord John Russell's selection of magistrates—who has traced the democratic and disorganizing spirit which it has spread over the face of the country—what friend of good order and the constitution, we ask, does not wish they had made *more*?

As much might be said of every other accusation which has been made against the conduct of the House of Lords. We have not space to go through them, but we assert in one word, that if any blame could, with a colour of justice, be charged upon them as an independent branch of the constitution, it would be—not of an irrational resistance, but—an *over-anxiety* for conciliation and concord—we presume to call it an *over-anxiety*, when we have such bold evidence that it has failed in its object.

But Mr. O'Connell attacks them in the very essence of their constitutional character—'They are hereditary;—hereditary legislators! Who ever heard of an hereditary doctor or tailor?' The question would be foolish from any one, for we believe there is no man who happens to follow the profession or even the trade of an eminent father who does not claim, and to whom the public does not grant, a certain degree of hereditary confidence—but from Mr. O'Connell it seems to us, with all respect for his talents, something worse than foolish—'*Hereditary legislators!*' Will Mr. O'Connell be so good as to inform us what claims his three sons—his son-in-law—his brother-in-law—and his nephew, have to be *legislators*, except their descent from and their connexion with *him*? Will Lord Stauley or Lord Howick, when they appear in the House of Lords, owe more to their fathers, than Mr. Maurice or Mr. Morgan O'Connell do, in the House of Commons, to *theirs*? Nay, we may ask, in what practical sense Lord John Russell and Lord Morpeth are less *hereditary legislators* than the Duke of Bedford and Lord Carlisle. If their fathers had not been peers and proprietors of boroughs, would they have ever forced their way into the House of Commons by their reputation and fitness as legislators?

But this ~~again~~, we admit, is only an *argumentum ad homines*; we will, therefore, take the question on higher ground.

Without involving ourselves in antiquarian discussions, we may assert, that the House of Lords and its hereditary rights are coeval with the nation—at least, long prior to the existence of a House of Commons. It obtained Magna Charta some centuries before the influence of the Commons began to be felt, and, then and since, the liberties of England have been in a most especial degree founded and fostered by the hereditary peerage—till the House of Commons in process of time grew up, as it were, to manhood, and became enabled to take its proper share in public concerns. When the state began to assume a regular form, chance—or more probably a combination of circumstances suggested by experience and guided by

It is very remarkable that at the moment chosen for insisting on the incapacity of the House of Lords, and the superior experience and competency of the House of Commons, there should be actually sitting in the Upper House no less than 175 peers who have *themselves*, and 119 others whose *fathers* have been members of the House of Commons. We should like to know, supposing the school to be so good a one as we are told, what other process would have introduced into the Lords a greater proportion of political education.

We know there are and must be, from the diversity and infirmity of human nature, *numerous exceptions* to the general approbation which we bestow on the House of Lords. We know that some men neglect, and that some abuse the great advantages of birth, wealth, and station—but we are talking not of individuals, but of a system, and we hesitate not to assert, that the result of that system is, that the House of Lords, taken collectively, contains, and has always contained, not mere *hereditary legislators*, but legislators the best educated, trained, and fashioned to their high duties, of any assembly that the world has ever produced.

But this is not all—the duties of that assembly are more grave, more deliberative, more judicial, than the House of Commons—they are in the Constitution a kind of Conservative senate—a court of revision—a balancing and adjusting power.*

Now it happens again, by a happy accident of its constitution, that men commonly arrive there at a mature period of life—when, after having perhaps expended some of their vanity and vivacity in the House of Commons, (which seems even more than ever a favourite mart for those articles,) they are sobered, as it were, to the graver and more consultative dignity of the House of Peers. The Abbé Sieyès and other constitution-mongers felt the importance of such a difference, and provided a council of *ancients*, or some such

* The great Lord Hardwicke in his time drew a distinction between the legislative duties, or at least the practice of the two Houses, which modern circumstances have rendered still wider. In his speech on the Militia Bill in 1756, we find the following remarkable passage:—'He was brought up to it from a child;' and is it not notorious that the noble families of England, and especially the eldest sons, are educated with a peculiar care, and on a more general system, than persons designed for the ordinary traffic of life? We hear of the early self-sufficiency and impertinences of young noblemen—but if they sometimes abuse, they cannot be insensible to the advantages, of their position: are they not human creatures, with the same springs of emulative action as other men, and must not that emulative action be, by nature and education, directed towards their ulterior destination?

Lords, we are sometimes told with a *sneer*, are *but men*—very well!—let them be *but men*—and how is it possible that their high destinies

assembly, from which inconsiderate youth should be excluded. This, like all such *à priori* schemes, utterly failed—these *uncients* were generally found to be of *middling* understandings and acquirements, as well as of *middle age*; and being *all* of this mature time of life, without that infusion of youthful blood which invigorates, by a constant succession, our House of Lords, and having no personal *advantage* over the antagonist assembly but the *disadvantage* of age, they inevitably became the objects of ridicule and contempt, and could not, even for a session, maintain the imaginary superiority which their theoretic constitution had assigned to them. And they hastened accordingly to the ‘tomb of all the Capulets.’

There is still another important consideration. The peers are, generally speaking, men of large fortune and corresponding influence; the vulgar may think wealth and influence are nothing but lazy enjoyment: they are mistaken—they are grave matters of business, often sharp stimulants of anxiety, and require from and necessarily impart to their possessors caution, shrewdness, dexterity, knowledge of mankind, and a practical acquaintance with the pecuniary and territorial interests of the country. When to these considerations it is added that all *professional* superiority and every other kind of personal eminence has a tendency to *gravitate towards that house*—witness the Wellingtons—the Hills—the Howes—the Nelsons—the Eldons—the Lyndhursts—the Broughams—the Barings—we boldly assert that no assembly could, by any system we have heard or read of, be collected which should contain so much practical information on the general interests of the kingdom, and so little temptation to misapply that information, as our House of *hereditary legislators*.

But the duties and peculiar utility of the House of Lords are not confined to general legislation—we shall say nothing about it as *the supreme court of justice*, though we are confident we could show—in answer to cavils almost as hasty and short-sighted as those which attack its legislative powers—that it affords, by a concurrence of circumstances incident to its station and composition, the best supreme tribunal that has ever yet been suggested for this country. But we have not time to pursue this branch of the subject: we mention it that we may not be supposed to have forgotten it.

But there is another *quasi* judicial character in which the House of Lords, *because they are hereditary legislators*, confer the most extensive and important advantages on the country: we mean in guarding private interests from being unjustly—and public interests from being corruptly, dealt with by legislative acts. The system of estate bills, road bills, inclosure bills, and other private bills, has grown of late years into great importance;

ance; and if it were not for the vigilant superintendence of the House of Lords, this system, so advantageous, under good control, to the development of modern prosperity, would have become an enormous and intolerable grievance. It is an additional example of the happy way that our ancient institutions assimilate themselves to new circumstances and connect the wisdom of antiquity with the vigour of improvement, that this *modern* system of legislation on local and private matters should have found in the most *ancient* of all our constituted authorities at once the most judicious encouragement, and the most effectual control.

We will say nothing of the mode in which the committees of the *elective* House are said to *do private business*. To the scandalous stories which we hear now-a-days in the purlieu of the House of Commons on this subject we give little credit. It is *impossible* that anything so monstrous as some of these stories are *can* be true; but there can be no doubt—because it is the subject of frequent complaint in the House itself—that there is a great deal of haste and irregularity in the mode of transacting private business, and that individual members are not always so entirely unprejudiced and disinterested in the matters on which they may be called upon to decide as might be desired. Of the integrity of the House of Lords, no such scandalous rumours have ever been circulated. Of culpable haste or corrupt bias on *their* part no complaint has ever been made; on the contrary, every man who is either the mover or the subject of any private legislation looks up to the House of Lords as his counsel and guardian. A recent writer, who complains of the hurry and injustice of modern legislation, shows that, without the vigilance of the House of Lords, it would be intolerable—

‘The House of Lords has been careful to throw protection around private rights and private property, so far as they may be affected by private bills, or by public bills, when for certain *specified* objects.’ *

Why is the House of Lords thus honoured in a peculiar and superior degree by the confidence of the country? *Because they are hereditary legislators*. Just as some of the abuses alleged against committees of the House of Commons are chargeable, not so much on the misconduct of individuals, as on their position and duties as *representatives*. Putting aside all imputation or suspicion of what might be called corrupt motives, it is undeniable, nay, perhaps it may be thought laudable, that in discussing the interests of contending parties a *representative* can hardly avoid some kind of bias in favour of his own constituents: in some cases he may even think himself entitled to look on his *constituents* as his *clients*, and of his constituents it is only natural that his bias should

* West, On the Present Mode of Legislation, p. 12.

be somewhat stronger for his friends than for his enemies. Moreover, his election contests bring him into familiarity with men of the law and of other departments of business whose opinions he is bound to hear, and by whose suggestions he is liable to be influenced. These and many other considerations lead us to think that an *elective* assembly,—even if we could suppose such an assembly exclusively composed of upright and independent men,—is not likely to be so fair a tribunal for dispensing individual justice, as an *hereditary* body; which by birth, by rank, by society, and by wealth is separated from, and we may say elevated above, the personal familiarity, the private obligations, the local interests, which must in some degree trammel and influence a *representative*.

Thus, then, not only is the House of Lords venerable by its primæval origin and rank, its ancient services, its large proprietary interest in the well-being of the country, in short, by all the sources of authority, but it is even, in a *utilitarian* view, from lucky circumstances, most admirably fitted for all the various functions which the constitution assigns to it. And after all this, we think we may ask what becomes of the sneer which compares hereditary legislators with hereditary apothecaries and tailors?

Far be it from us to disparage the other branch of the legislature, but we appeal to public opinion, nay, even to mob orators and their gaping audiences, whether, on a comparison of the composition of the two houses of parliament, and the talent, dignity, and honesty with which they execute their respective functions, there is any ground for imputing to the Upper House any incompetence or inferiority? Of one thing we are sure, that Mr. O'Connell's elective plan would never collect one with a quarter of its talent, or a tithe of its respectability.

We have thus offered in a very hasty and imperfect form a few considerations on the *practical* advantages, and, if we may use the expression, *working* qualities of the House of Lords as at present constituted. They are, we feel, feebly stated, but they may serve to guide others to a deeper consideration of the *details* of this admirable combination, which we are satisfied must appear still more admirable the closer it is examined.

We shall conclude with recalling to our readers' serious reflection the historical warning, and we hope instruction, afforded by four most remarkable epochs and stages of the Grand Rebellion.

I. The Bishops were excluded from Parliament.

II. The House of Lords was first reformed, and then abolished.

III. The King's head was cut off.

IV. Cromwell burst into the House of Commons, and ordered his soldiers to *Take away that bauble!*

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